

*The* NINETY-FIRST  
THE  
FIRST *at* CAMP LEWIS

ALICE PALMER HENDERSON



355
























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# THE NINETY-FIRST THE FIRST AT CAMP LEWIS

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By ALICE PALMER HENDERSON

AUTHOR OF  
THE RAINBOW'S END : ALASKA

Member of the Jury of Ethnology at World's Columbian Exposition,  
and of Same at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition: Member  
of the American Association for Advancement of Science,  
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Americanists, and Honorary Life Member  
Washington State Historical Society



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This book, attempting only to lay away a few Remembrances, to indicate some Compensations for those who have given their dearest to the Service, and who, like Mrs. Greene herself, live on bravely and helpfully at Home: a book upon whose blank pages they may themselves indite the deeds of those who go, and in which, returning from Over There, men of the Ninety-First may re-live their experiences at Camp Lewis—this inadequate book is

## DEDICATED

To Major-General Henry A. Greene, U. S. N. A.

First Commandant of Camp Lewis, which Camp, Namesake of this Region's

First Explorer, was of its kind the

First Gift to the United States in all its History, and the

First Cantonment Completed for the

First National Army our Country had assembled:

To Major-General Greene, Commanding the

First of Divisions trained at Camp Lewis, and

Ranking Officer in the Honor and Affection of that

Ninety-First Division not only, but in the widespread Homes of those who entrusted their young Men to their Country.

—THE AUTHOR.





## FOREWORD

This book was written with more thought of doing its mite for the war, for the men who are fighting it, for their people who are giving them, than for gain.

It was published without assistance from Anybody or any Body. A latter went so far as to endorse the book, a fifth wheel if ever it "got to go"—published, it would speak for itself. If it died a-borning, the project not the wheel, that endorsement would be a wreath upon its coffin—and no coffin. To be sure, the 91st had brought prosperity but had left it behind, so why trouble about that Division? Another had taken its place. The king is dead: Long live the King!

It was published without Anybody's assistance, even in advance subscriptions, nor did any civilians even know they were mentioned, will not, unless some one tells, or they draw the book from the library. Furthermore, nothing but photographs was furnished for half-tones.

The most entertaining material gathered for this book was what was wisest and kindest unsaid, and is therefore unwritten, while literary style has been sacrificed in speech to many men of many minds.

The 91st, the First at Camp Lewis is under no obligations save and except to the man who will, at the very last, amazedly set this:

"Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith," John at that, of Smith-Kinney Co., Printers of the book, whose faith, and works, it embodies. If then, any part of its object is achieved by the book, Ninety-First, Kin, Descendants, you owe him thanks, and so, a thousand thanks, does

—THE AUTHOR





# The 91st, the First at Camp Lewis

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## CHAPTER I.

ONE TO MAKE READY—FOR CAMP LEWIS—CAPT. LEWIS—  
COMMODORE WILKES—COMMITTEES—GEN. BELL—LYLE—  
ACCEPTANCE

Nature is always prepared, always her work is well forward; it is Man who is unprepared. Neither does Nature dawdle nor hesitate; she strikes while the iron is hot or the ice cold. Both primeval tools she employed in fashioning a worthy camp for the God of War. She burned out the mountains and pushed them back with the strong white arms of her glacier. Her icy fingers clutched the shoreline, breaking it in many places wherein the sapphire sea rushed. This much accomplished, the glacier receded, having graded the great stretch, leaving behind a bed of gravel to drain the area for a people yet unborn, material for solid roadways to be trodden by hundreds of thousands of marching feet, for highways crowded with huge motors run by a force not yet harnessed. Upon this stone foundation, one hundred, aye two hundred feet through, for Freedom's fortress must be a mighty stronghold, Nature laid a stingy soil, that in a land of heavy loam, this should be slighted till the need arise. She sifted it over with black lava ash and seeded it with grass, frugal Mother Nature, that the land should at least pay for its own keep. Indians came, pastured their horses upon it, dug the camas, gathered the little wild strawberries, but never the wild flowers, though they loved them, these, say they, belong only to Mother Earth. So the baby name of the waiting land was Nisqually.

But this was long after. Nature enclosed these low hills covered with tall straight trees and no underbrush

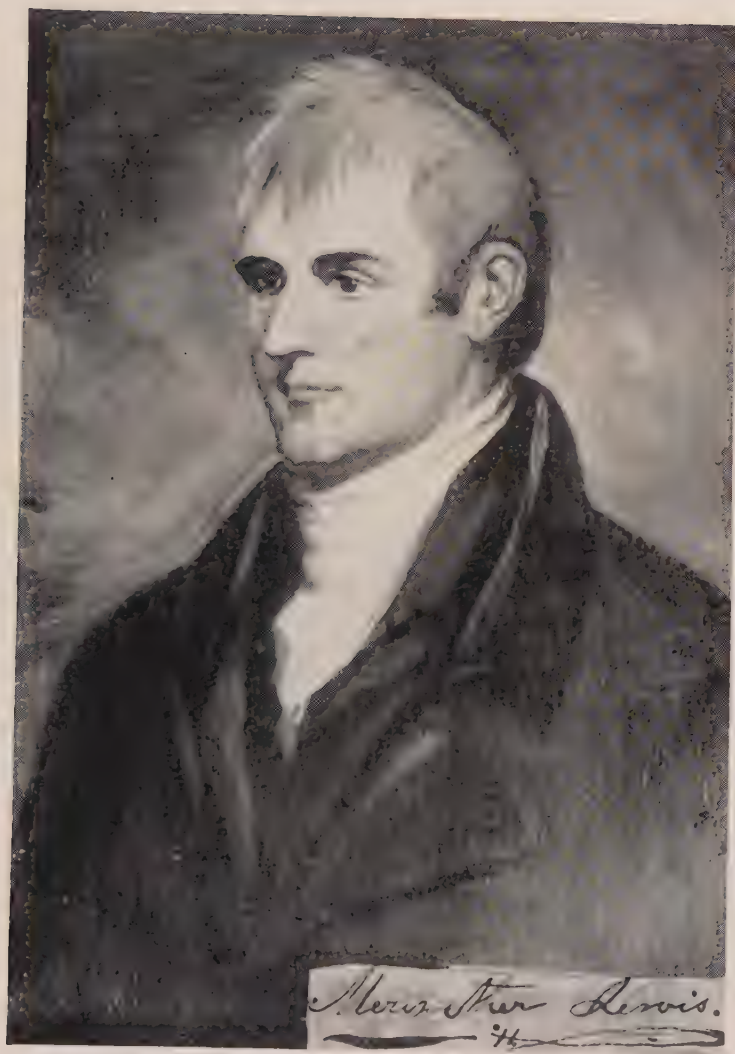




NISQUALLY PLAIN

such as all nearby forests bear, that the snow-clad Cascades might loom behind in full glory. She fertilized patches here and there and planted the camouflaged sterile ground itself with groups of stately firs, their branches sweeping the grass, father tree and mother tree, with their children gathered close, to the tiny baby tree, each family within its own stately park. Of course, you understand why all this beauty was, that the predestined land should not be forgotten, even if it did not all invite the settler. To make sure, she added a large and very beautiful lake to attract the pleasurer, and a smaller for a bathing place for the great need. She filtered many mountain springs through the gravel and gathered them to furnish water for the hosts to come, saw to it that the wood supply was ample even for them, set the great mountain sentry over the place, and her work was done. What next?

A continent's breadth away, in old Virginia, Meriwether Lewis was born two years before the Revolution.



CAPTAIN MERIWETHER LEWIS, U. S. A.

From a painting in possession of Missouri Historical Society, Jefferson Memorial, St. Louis.

Signature from a letter written by Capt. Lewis three days before his death.

At twenty he volunteered to help the young Republic down the Whisky Rebellion and was next year commissioned ensign (lieutenant) in the regular army, and captain in 1800. For three years thereafter he was private secretary to President Jefferson. In a manner, this vast West had accrued to the country by the unbounded purchase of "Louisiana" from Napoleon, and the Secretary Jefferson, persuaded Congress to authorize an expedition to discover what lay beyond. Captain Lewis was placed in command, Captain Clark second, of twenty-eight men, the munificent sum of twenty-five hundred dollars was appropriated for special outfit and trading goods for the Indians, and the *First Exploring Expedition by our Army*; and one of the most remarkable ever conducted, started Westward in 1803, to be gone two years. This is the first First of this book. Nothing, methinks, is more interesting than the very first time *anything*, almost, happened; and when, like this and the many other Firsts you will note hereafter, the accomplishment was so great in itself and so long a stride in the progress of Destiny toward this Northwest, it is noteworthy indeed. So, throughout what follows, you can trace the Firsts gathered upon a silver thread, and upon a golden, Compensations.

To return to the expedition: It ascended the Missouri to its turbulent headwaters in Montana, it descended the Columbia to its mouth, *First Explorers North of Mexico to reach the Pacific*. No other ever accomplished more, obtaining diverse information, making observations, visiting many tribes of Indians that had never before seen white men—another First—and bearing everywhere what came to be known as the Flag of Peace, and has ever since gloried in the title, the *First Flag* to fly throughout that vast domain, the same that flies today save that forty-eight stars fill its blue sky, where then but thirteen shone; the only flag which has ever flown over much of this territory—and the only part of the United States which can boast that over it no foreign flag was ever hoisted. Does not that spell Freedom? "As it was in





*Charles Wilkes.*

COMMODORE CHARLES WILKES, U. S. N.

From picture painted by Sully in 1845, photographed especially for *The 91st, the First at Camp Lewis*, by order of his daughter, Miss Jane Wilkes: Original signature also furnished by her.

the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen”

The Army first, then the Navy, nearly forty years afterward, made early preparations for the cantonment to be. Commodore Charles Wilkes, U. S. N., had sailed the Seven Seas. In 1828 he began the exploration of the Islands of the Pacific, years after charting the Sandwich Islands—now our own Hawaiian Islands—and in 1841 surveyed the countless harbors which the glacier had fashioned for Puget Sound. The Commodore was a many-sided man. His “Narrative” of this expedition was well-named, for its five huge volumes, profusely illustrated with steel engravings, are so delightfully personal that it is like spending a thousand and one nights before an open fire watching the flames dance, while your host the keen observer of myriad experiences, tells you of them, never prosy, forgetting nothing of the little things you want to know. His books, and they were many, will never be old. From his Narrative was taken this quotation, which, in bronze upon a boulder of granite, commemorates his landing at what is now Point Defiance Park, Tacoma:

*“Nothing can exceed the beauty of these waters and their safety; not a shoal exists within the Straits of Juan de Fuca, Admiralty Inlet, Puget Sound or Hood’s Canal, that can, in any way, interrupt their navigation by a 74-gun ship. I venture nothing in saying there is no country in the world that possesses waters like these.”*

Yes, and the best is none too good for Camp Lewis, which slopes down five hundred feet to this inland sea, as blue and beautiful as the Mediterranean. It was here that Commodore Wilkes’ expedition landed in 1841 for the first celebration of the Fourth of July, West of the Mississippi, on the very site in Camp Lewis where now a monumment erected by the State Historical Society, marks the spot, between Sequelichew Springs and



Courtesy of Pacific Builder and Engineer.

#### SEQUALICHEW LAKE AND SPRINGS

American Lake. Wilkes renamed the latter that day, which was a mercy, for its Indian name was Spotsyth, and Sequelichew is quite enough for one such lovely place, especially as American Lake was prophetic. It would be fitting to gather about that stone July 5, 1918, the the second anniversary of the adoption of plans for building the cantonment. Oddly enough, Wilkes celebrated the 5th; the 4th being Sunday, and the plans date from the 5th.

Of course, Old Glory was raised, and the Commodore mentions that one of his party saw an old Indian who bore the first flag to be seen in the country. *"Lewis and Clark presented an American flag to the Cayeuse tribe calling it a flag of peace. This tribe, in alliance with the Walla Wallas had, up to that time, been always at war with the Shoshones or Snakes. After it became known that such a flag existed, a party of Cayeuses and Walla Wallas took the flag and planted it at the Grande Ronde. The Result has been that these two tribes have ever since been at peace with the Snakes, and all three have met annually in this place to trade."*

Americans, how can we be otherwise than proud of our flag of peace, its white never sullied by dragging through the muck of a market-place, nor borne by them



who are whipped into battle, but dauntlessly flying over them who have *chosen*, staunching its defenders' blood with its own broad stripes, its blue sky serene in the faith that while the stars shine, it shall float.

Of Whitman's ride, which saved "Oregon," as Paul Revere's ride did New England, a continent away, there is not space to tell, only that it preserved this cantonment to our Country against The Hour.

Then this part of Oregon became Washington Territory, and President Lincoln sent Isaac Stevens as its first governor, who made treaties with the Indians in 1855, since which time, unbroken peace. Young Hazard Stevens came with his father from Boston to Olympia, just beyond. Commodore Wilkes had written: "*The ascent of these mountains has never been effected, but it was my intention to attempt it if my other duties had permitted.*" It was young Hazard Stevens who, with one companion, P. B. Van Trompe, performed the hazardous feat in 1870. Accompanied by all the young people of Olympia, who crossed this cantonment, for an all-day picnic, to see them off, they reached the top of Mount Tacoma, the first to break the solitude of its eternal snows, to wave the Stars and Stripes into the blue itself, to gaze down upon the Pacific and five States-to-be, from its solemn viewpoint. From yet a higher vantage, Van Trompe looks down today, but General Hazard Stevens, his stars won in the Civil War, is now living in Olympia, just beyond Camp Lewis.

Washington, along now, is a state. Its militia have discovered the ideal spot for annual encampments; regulars follow. For twenty years it had been talked of and reported upon for government needs, Generals Murray and Funston being of many who had recommended the site, but there seemed to be no need for hurry. Suddenly there was need for hurry. Europe was at war, and this country was drawn into the maelstrom in that ocean which had seemed to isolate it. Men there were who realized that the place had been prepared for just that contingency when this coast was drawn, and

that a star had been set directly above the shore of American Lake. Foremost among these was Stephen Appleby of Tacoma. "The old men shall dream dreams," but 'tis "the young men who see visions." Appleby saw that cantonment while it was still in the air and determined to bring it to earth. So, though there were many others, so many that it hardly seems fair to mention but one, his name is set here, in glorious company, because he not only saw the vision but made his dream come true.



MAJOR GENERAL J. FRANKLIN BELL, U. S. A.

Maj. Gen. Bell is the next man whose name must go down upon the Honor Roll of them who, having seen the vision, visualized it for the blind. Second only in command of the entire army of the United States, General Bell's word would have great weight officially, but the man himself is highly magnetic. He is more than a convincing and entertaining speaker, he is a real orator. At a mass meeting, which packed the Tacoma Theater, he was not allowed to end his address for hours, so insistent were demands for more. Gen. Bell delivered several addresses to large audiences, insisting upon the

imminence of war and our unpreparedness. He promised recommendation for a Division, rather than a Brigade establishment, should the lands be donated.

Then the volunteer committee, Stephen Appleby, Frank S. Baker and Jesse O. Thomas, went to the Capital. Now,



FRANK S. BAKER

from Washington to Washington is even a greater distance politically than physically, and had these three determined men not been furthered by a state of determination, they could not have traveled it, though they came bearing gifts. In fact, Gen. Hugh Scott, Chief of Staff, asserted that the War Department could not accept gifts, there was no precedent. But the West does



its own preceding, always has done. General Bell was in Washington, District of Columbia, and familiar with the advantages of that Washington district in which Columbia was invited to house the army which was rushing to her defense, he proved a friend at court. Maj. Gen. Crowder, Judge Advocate General, true to his name, pressed to the fore with the opinion that the lands might be accepted without special act of Congress. Next day the committee was received by Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker, after an interview with Elbert H. Baker, of Cleveland, father of Frank S. Baker. No, it was not cooked up then, despite the three bakers, they only served. Dame Nature did the baking and laid the cake away in cold storage, to be cut ages hence.

A month later, came a letter to Chairman Appleby from the Secretary of War:

“Acquisition by Pierce County by purchase or condemnation \* \* \* site for division cantonment and mobilization and training camp for Puget Sound area \* \* \* 108.2 square miles, 70,000 acres \* \* \* if Pierce County tenders a deed conveying \* \* \* for purpose of maintaining thereon a permanent mobilization, training, and supply station \* \* \* if the United States should ever cease to maintain said tract for, etc. \* \* \* title to lands so donated will revert to the County of Pierce \* \* \* you are further advised that as soon as and as long as the appropriations made by Congress and the military demands upon the mobile forces of the United States permit, I will establish and maintain upon said reservation a division of mobile troops with such improvements as are provided for in said appropriation.”

This was the gist of it. The letter itself, unique in the archives of the War Department as an acceptance of the First Gift of its kind to the Federal Government, has been presented to the State Historical Society and placed in its museum in Tacoma.

Secrets will leak out: never mind who betrayed this one. When Mr. Appleby opened a certain letter, December 2, 1916, he leaped to his feet holding aloft something in the nature of a scalp and began, to the consternation of the force, to execute a war-dance, solo, joined shortly by the other committee braves, seemingly under orders extraordinary from the War Department, as the scrap of paper which passed from hand to hand bore that seal. Then the mayor joined the pow-wow. Two days later a large number of chiefs of the Tacoma tribe were gathered for council and the campaign started. In other words, following the mayor's proclamation of the news, 150 business men presented a petition to the Board of County Commissioners, asking them to call a special election to authorize the issuance of \$2,000,000 in bonds, for purchasing the American Lake site for a cantonment. This was done and set for January 6, 1917. Only a month in which to bring to Pierce County citizens' attention, the importance to the Country, their State, and their locality, of the proposed cantonment. Everybody talked: the entire county buzzed like a giant bee-hive. Men and women volunteered for service and worked without pay at the polls. Never was such an election anywhere, and of the 29,194 votes cast, 25,049 showed a good heavy X over the YES.

But there were entanglements. J. T. S. Lyle, former Assistant Attorney-General of the State, is the man who untied the knots and rolled the red tape into a hard ball which should be fired from one of the big guns on the Fourth. Employed by the County, he went to Washington to consult the powers that be, and directed the legal battle. When the bonds had been voted, many lawyers thought the proceedings open to question. Lawyers are strong for precedent, so Mr. Lyle proceeded to establish a precedent. Assisted by four lawyers from as many cities, he drew up a bill to be presented to the legislature at Olympia. This was immediately and unanimously passed. Even then a suit was instituted against the State Board that decision by the Supreme Court should answer any question that might arise.

You might consistently think it was now clear sailing: money appropriated, validity established, and Lyle put in charge of appraising and purchasing said lands. Not so. Just as the force was good and ready, the war-cloud burst over the United States and there just had to be a place to go in out of the rain. The War Department asked that enough should be immediately given over to provide a 50,000-man cantonment. Columbia has always been an improvident housekeeper, or rather, never "fore-handed." *Pro-German?* We have fought in every war in this Country since Walter Palmer opposed his six-foot-seven body to the Indians. The Mayflower being over-crowded by the thousands who crossed in her first voyage, he took the next ship. There was a Palmer with Washington at Valley Forge; the Herkimers, Van Rensaellers and the rest of them officered in the Revolution. Commodore Perry in 1812, General Grant and other such Pro-Germans are of my blood, rather I of theirs. Frederick Palmer, war correspondent, is the only one who has fired "*The Last Shot.*"

It was April, Lyle had 6,000 acres secured, upon which contractors might build to celebrate the 4th of July, 1917, and not a penny's outlay except for crops loss, for a promise had been made that the value of every parcel of land condemned should be assessed by a jury. Attorney Lyle was not dining out those days, nor, indeed, did he sometimes dine in. In fact, the first idler to have the slightest connection with Camp Lewis since Captain Lewis came over to make preliminary arrangements, has not, to this day, been located. For three months a score of expert appraisers did their work so thoroughly and well and rapidly, that discrepancies in the amounts finally allowed were inconsiderable.

Done, you sigh; again, not so. That was July 5, 1917. Uncle Sam was delighted with his estate, thought it could not be bettered. Springs he had, a beautiful lake for yachting, but why had he not secured tidewater frontage? So the War Department, Uncle Sam's Chief-of-Staff proffered another request, and aid-de-camps



Pierce Commissioners condemned 3,500 acres, all of the Nisqually Indian Reservation, very rich lands, and Camp Lewis may now "go down to the sea in ships," may build its own warehouses and docks, and perhaps, who knows? its own shipyards. No other cantonment in the country, in the *world*, equals Camp Lewis in size, advantages, situation, or beauty.

This all then, is the "*One to Make Ready*.".. Let us catch our breath after this rush and give three cheers for—Ladies first—Dames Nature and Columbia, Captain Lewis, Commodore Wilkes; Appleby, Baker and Thomas; Major-General J. Franklin Bell; Attorney Lyle, and Pierce County citizens—Hip, Hip, Hurrah and a Tiger for the Committees, and,—and Everybody!

## CHAPTER II. TO SHOW

CAPT. EHRNBECK NOT THE FIRST TOPOGRAPHER—CAPT. DAVID STONE—ROBERTS AND GODFREY AND HURLEY—MASON AND NEHEMIAH—THE FIRST CANTONMENT

Everything we call Real was born Ideal. So the city which is now Camp Lewis rose behind the eyes of several men, differing in each according to his angle of vision. Of them who follow the Dreamers, first of the Doers is the Engineer. "And there was given me a reed like unto a rod \* \* \* Rise and measure."

It is generally supposed that Captain, now Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur B. Ehrnbeck, U. S. A. Engineer Corps, was the first to map that site, but recall, it was Captain, afterward Commodore, Wilkes, U. S. N., sixty-seven years before. However, on April 3, 1917, Capt. Ehrnbeck and Lieutenants Scott, Gross and Bonfils arrived. They surveyed two proposed sites on opposite sides of American Lake. The Southern was selected.

General plans for all the cantonments were sent from Washington and must be adapted to the camp. These patterns had to be laid upon the table-land, fitted and cut to the best advantage. Literally, this was done, Projecting a survey upon a topographical map, bits of paper, cut to scale, were shaped to represent Brigade groups, Infantry, Artillery, etc., then pinned on as patterns, till the material had been best utilized, a strip two and a half miles long by a mile wide. To the North and South lie low hills and the camp follows them on both sides from a rounded end near the station, formerly Dupont, now American Lake, seventeen and a half miles from Tacoma. From this U end, the cantonment branches in a mammoth wishbone, its ends properly turned a little back. Should the Germans pick this bone with us, we

shall surely get the long end. It encloses a magnificent parade ground, level as a floor, bare of trees save for the stately firs which picket its limits. Snow-clad Mount Tacoma guards its Eastern horizon and American Lake bounds its West.



LIEUT. COL. A. R. EHRNBECK

Upon Capt. Ehrnbeck's map appeared the wards of his city, and a white flag marked the limits of every military unit. A railway and two roads followed the curve of the Wishbone, and two parties of engineers now worked upon each side. Roads and streets were defined and building groups so skillfully computed that as the workmen dogged their steps, for construction began July 5, structures rose from the ground exactly where they were pinned to the map. Had the engineers hesitated in that Titan game of checkers, they would have been swept from the board by the carpenters.

May 26 came. Capt. David L. Stone, whose accomplishment in building more than seventeen miles from the nearest city, the furthest of all cantonments from bases of supply for everything except lumber, a city of 1,757 buildings and 422 other structures, lighted, heated, for 50,000 men, in ninety days, is little short of miraculous.



LIEUT. COL. DAVID L. STONE

But then he has always been rushed, since the days when he was graduated from West Point three months ahead of time to fight in the Spanish-American war. In at the capture of Santiago, he was in plenty of time for



the Philippine war. For nearly three years he managed to keep busy in one expedition after another, when he became commander of Cabiao, town and district. Organizing American methods of government and sanitation, and starting schools filled the days and he often did his sleeping hunting bandits. He returned to the States for a short nap, but was sent back, to the Moros. Home again, with a wound. Twelve years ago he left destructive for constructive work in the Army. These are a few of the things that have trained the young Kentuckian—he is only forty now—for the huge work ahead: rebuilding Fort Omaha, constructing a reinforced concrete post at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and taking charge of work in the Hawaiian department such as building Forts Kamehameha and de Russey, finishing Forts Shafter and Ruger, not to mention Scofield Barracks, near Honolulu, with its water system of nine dams, eighteen tunnels and five miles of concrete ditches. People don't just happen. So when Gen. Bell wanted a possible man for an impossible job, he just naturally thought of Capt. Stone, and rung him up. He was made Major, then Lieutenant-Colonel while at Camp Lewis.

Big boys play follow the leader. Workmen recognized a master workman. Labor troubles looked petty when, in a uniform resembling butternut jeans, a man keeps at it for his country, and *theirs*. It seemed stupid, not to say disloyal, to recognize divided labor. All was Union labor. So, though the whole country was pestered with propaganda strikes, none were serious at Camp Lewis, though 5,000 workers increased to 10,000 from five cities. At a banquet tendered him before leaving for Camp Dix, Col. Stone blamed the whole thing upon everybody but himself.

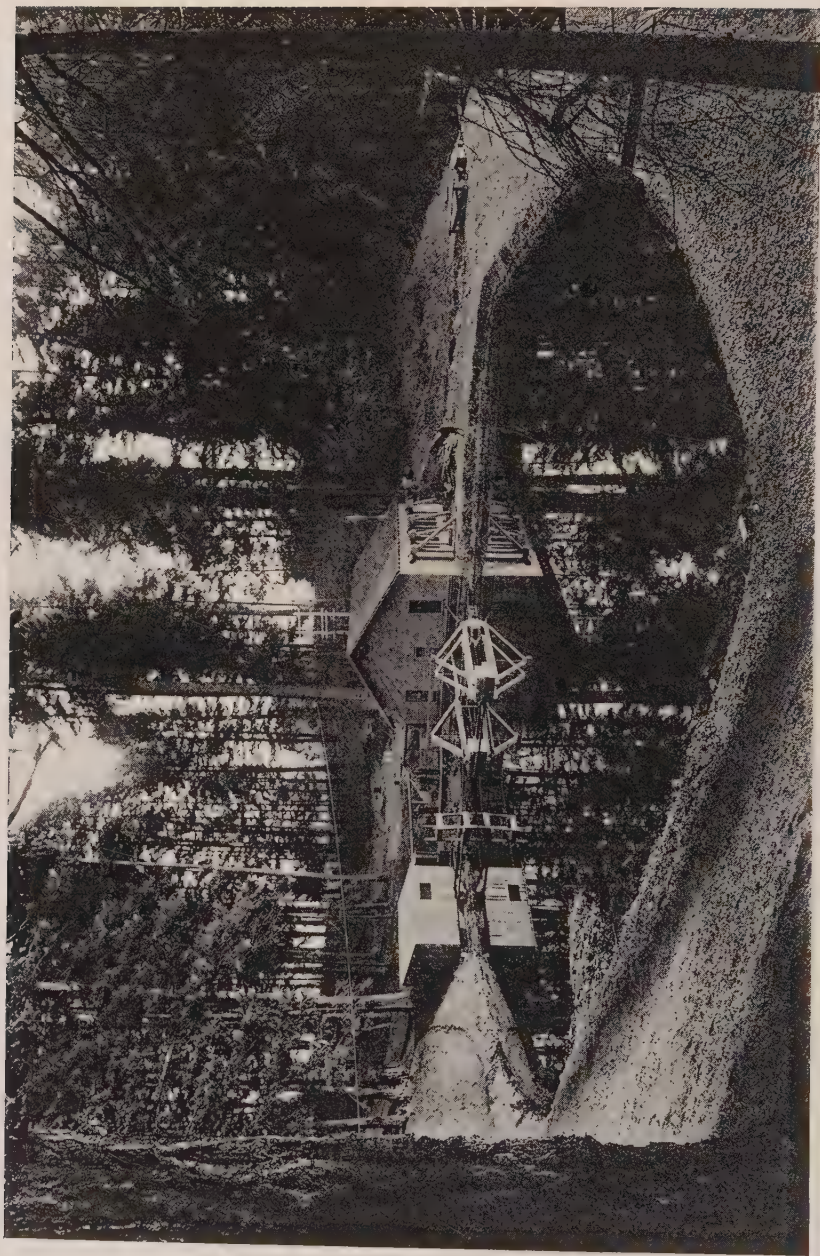
“The splendid work of the contractors, Hurley-Mason Co. and associates, the fine government staff, all trades members, waiving conditions and rules under which they ordinarily work, to help their government in time of need, united business

men, a spirit of patriotism throughout Tacoma and Pierce County permeating every man and woman."

Of, course, you see plainly that Stone had little, if anything, to do with it. However, Goliath, Defier, was killed by somebody and suspicion points persistently towards this Stone slung by David. He was was there, and heaven knows there's a stone to your hand anywhere in Camp Lewis.

The best is none too good for ours, so Tacoma contributed an engineer to work out railroad facilities for immediate handling of many men and vast supplies. W. J. Roberts, foreseeing war, had offered his services to the government through his Alma Mater, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He was ordered to consult with Capt. Stone who seized upon his intimate knowledge of the locality and site. Then he became engineer for water and sewers. The exceptional health of Camp Lewis troops is largely due to Mr. Roberts. All inspectors rate the systems far beyond those of any other cantonment. We took Roberts at the flood, where he was chief engineer of the Inter-County Improvement Association, which is handling millions to keep the White and Stuck Rivers stuck, so to speak, preventing disastrous annual floods. Forty-two cities and towns in United States sent for Roberts for water projects. He's a member of all the societies that be. Intensive training! We had its benefits everywhere at Camp Lewis. Water came down from the mountains to reappear in the sparkling lake and springs of Lake Sequelichew and was piped into every building.

Almost as if following a second command, "Let there be light," "There was light," light and the power of light, a strongly suggestive connection. F. H. Godfrey, electrical engineer, a lineal descendant of Aladdin, of lamps-new-and-old fame, was placed in charge of the work of lighting an entire city, inside and outside, in ninety days, and he did it, Capt. Stone had picked another winner. In neither sense is our army kept, like the Germans,



Courtesy of Commercial Bindery & Printing Co., Tacoma

SEQUALICHEW SPRINGS



in the dark. Brilliantly lighted buildings have done much to dissipate gloomy spirits and so actually conduce to the morale of the soldiers.

It was as if every building was struck by lightning before completion, for, ere carpenters had closed in the end of a structure, the wires were threading it from the other, stringing the dazzling beads of light.

Oh, it's all like a Giant's fairy story. Huge firs were felled and ere the last breath had sighed from their boughs, they were thrust into the sawmills, ten, built along both sides of the cantonment, sawmills which buzzed and whizzed, and shook the sawdust perspiration from them as they hurried on, day and night, cutting to dimensions till they shrieked from sheer nervousness. Flat cars spurred up with the lumber, motor trucks carried it, marked, to the spots the paper bits indicated, and the last engineer to leave the spot was struck in the heel by a board. A swarm of workmen descended upon the lumber and ascended upon the building as it rose. Literally true, "We build the ladder by which we rise and we mount to its summit round by round." Think of barracks, housing two hundred and fifty men erected in fifty minutes! That was actually done. It is quite true that workmen lost their way back to their quarters at night, so many buildings having sprung up during the day that landmarks had changed. The plumbers piped the bare body of the barracks and circulation began, while the electricians put in its nervous system. Wind-eyes shone in its face. Door-lips closed over mouth, and the magicians rushed on.

Once a week, progress was photographed and prints mailed to Uncle Sam who couldn't believe his own eyes.

All barracks are identical: hall through the middle, door back and front, half the length mess room and kitchen upon the end, other side sleeping quarters, and dormitory over all; stove-heated. Behind and between the barracks facing the next avenue, are a laboratory and shower bath, equipped with the best of everything, and a drying house for clothes. Avenues are named



for the States contributing to the camp draft, cross-streets are numbered, and so are barracks.

Each Brigade has its General's headquarters and Brigade flag over-flying at the Parade edge; then the general headquarters for each regiment, officers' quarters heated by steam, assembly hall for the men, an infirmary, a machine gun and supply company and a post exchange.

Camp Lewis was the First Completed of all the can-



CHARLES B. HURLEY

tonments. The constructing contract was signed June 14, the building plan handed over July 5, and recruits entered the barracks September 5. It cost \$7,000,723.52 and is the only cantonment built for the estimated \$158 per capita, an enduring honor to Hurley-Mason, since other cantonments averaged \$220, some costing double the estimate. The cantonment could not have built at that cost nor in that time, had they not built themselves into their work in the spirit of America. As stated, everything but lumber was brought from a distance—except Patrio-

tism. That was an integral material in every structure, and in every part, "from turret to foundation stone." Though shy on turrets, all agree foundation stone is there with both feet, was the classic wording of a college boy.

Camp Lewis is by far the largest of all the cantonments, over 108 square miles, has the greatest parade ground, and variety of terrain to suit every requirement, rolling ground and flat, dense forests and lush pasturage, fresh water lakes, brooks and sea front.



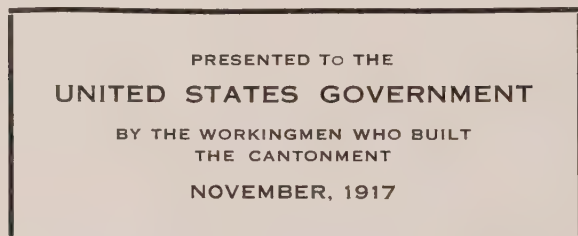
LIBERTY GATE

You may not like Puget Sound Winters, but you cannot help respecting them. Even as bad a specimen as the camp's first, showed the lowest thermometer  $9^{\circ}$  above, while Camp Travis, 1200 miles South, dropped to  $4^{\circ}$  above zero—the Japan current, you know. Beside, the climate is all but exactly that of France, where the troops are to fight, so they are being acclimatized in their training. Trench mud, too, will be an old friend—or at least, acquaintance.

Yes, Camp Lewis stands alone, in every way. If the country, not counting Alaska, were halved, fifteen cantonments would be on its Eastern side and only one, Camp Lewis, on the West, 1800 miles from the nearest one, Camp Funston, Kansas.

Camp Lewis has handled the largest mail and most economically, in fact, every inspector, every comparative

writer, every foreign officer has awarded palm in every particular to this cantonment. So everybody who has had the least thing to do with the building of it is justly proud, and those who labored with their lands to create it, gladly subscribed \$4,000 for Liberty Gate, which spans the road to Divisional Headquarters, a road which is to be bordered by trees. The arch is built of field stones below and squared logs above, resembling the old block houses which stood in this Northwest as forts against the Indians, and connected by a gallery pierced for rifles. Foot passengers enter through "sentry boxes." Some of the cantonments present illiberal objects lessons of grabbing, Camp Lewis, one of giving. It is truly American, "of the People, by the People, and for the People." Upon its front a copper tablet bears this unique inscription:



One man stands alone, pre-eminent in universal experience, so that countless writers have "proved" Shakespeare to be lawyer, physican, courtier, on through the list. One Book there is wherein every man may find his prototype, and instruction along his own line. Wonder if Stone "consulted with" Nehemiah? It certainly looks like it, but there is glory enough for both and for all. Long, Long ago another people found themselves naked to their enemies. Rose then another man to the occasion. The parallel is extraordinarily interesting, let Nehemiah tell you just how he did it:

Nehemiah volunteers: *"If thy servant have  
found favor, that thou wouldst send me \* \* \**

*that I may build it" \* \* \* "So it pleased the king to send me and I set him a time." He asks for passes: "Let letters be given me to the governors beyond the river that they may convey me," and also for a requisition upon "Asaph, the keeper of the forest, that he may give me timber to make beams, etc." Accompanied by his staff and Aids, Nehemiah presented his credentials: "I came to the governors \* \* \* and gave them the king's letters" \* \* \* (who) "had sent captains of the army and horsemen with me."*

The great project within his single brain preventing sleep, *"I arose in the night. \* \* \* neither told I any man what my God had put into my heart,"* and he made a careful reconnaissance, riding along alone in the moonlight, only his dream for company, from one place to another rode he, thinking, planning. Water first, of course,

*"I went on to the gate of the fountain \* \* \* to the pool \* \* \* then in the night went I up by the brook \* \* \* and turned back, and entered by the \* \* \* valley, and returned."*

Like every leader, he kept preliminary plans to himself till matured: *"The rulers knew not whither I went nor what I did \* \* \* neither had I as yet told it to \* \* \* the nobles (the head contractors) nor to the rest that did the work."* Having made his survey, however, and settled the water question, he said, *"Come, let us build up \* \* \* Jerusalem, that we be no more a reproach"*—and we, too, had become a reproach among nations in that we tarried so long. Evidently, Nehemiah had the later leader's power of transmitting enthusiasm, —*"And they said, 'Let us rise up and build.' So they strengthened their hands for this good work."*

Now Nehemiah and Stone both were limited as to time, so they pursued identical tactics, dividing their men



into working parties, one "*at the furnace tower,*" our heat and power plant, another "*against the going up to the armory,* ordnance supply quarters, a third upon barracks of Eliashit "*from the door of the house even to the end of the house of E—,*" you see, they put that up all at the same time, too—"from above the horse gate," or Remount Station, "*everyone over against his house* \* \* \* *and to the going up of the corner against the gate,*" which Nehemiah called *Miphkad*, and we, *Liberty*.

Finally, both leaders could triumphantly announce, "*So we built the wall, and all the wall was joined together unto the half therefore:* (both cantonments being built from ends toward) "*for the people had a mind to work.*" Both Nehemiah and Stone were unstinted in their commendation of their workmen, who evidently only followed their examples, for "*Neither I, nor my brethren, nor my servants, nor the men of the guard which followed me, none of us put off our clothes, saving that everyone put them off for washing.*"

There was the same trouble with high taxes and complaints: "*We have mortgaged our lands, vineyards and houses, that we might buy corn because of the dearth* (cornmeal is an ancient standby, it seems, and the people didn't really like it then any better than they do now. "*There were also that said, We have borrowed money for the king's tribute and that upon our lands and vineyards.*" There was the same contemptible profiteering—human nature, from the Olden Jews to the modern packers. They have waxed so great that they think themselves among the nobles over whom Nehemiah grew "*very angry*" \* \* \* "*and I set a great assembly against them* (even Congress) "*and I said, Ye exact usury, everyone of his brother* \* \* \* *Will ye even sell your brethren?*" You see, "*the reproach of the heathen our enemies*" was quite rightly that brought against our ignoble nobles by the heathen Hun, that we were Dollar Worshipers. So the income tax was instituted. "*Restore* \* \* \* *the hundredth part of the money, and of the corn, etc.*" They said they would,

but, with experience old in that olden time, he "took an oath of them that they should do according to this promise." Even then he knew they would bear watching. "Also I shook my lap and said, So God shake out every man from his house and from his labor, that performeth not this promise." Do you suppose he did? If so, well, we should have many palatial homes vacant and many great lumber and packing and other corporations' labors ended if *we* shook out the oath-breaking profiteers.

Read along, is it not a curious coincidence? "*I continued in the work, neither bought we any land (remember, the building of Camp Lewis went on before any of the land was paid for, and it was a gift) 'Moreover, there were at my table one hundred and fifty of the Jews and rulers, (staff and contractors) beside those that came from \* \* \* about us,'—several cities sent workmen. The commissary department increased amazingly and was a work in itself. Pink teas were out of the question, both to Nehemiah's staff and Stone's. They were oft invited. 'I sent messengers unto them saying, I am doing a great work so that I cannot come down, why should the work cease whilst I leave it, and come down to you? Yet, they sent unto me four times after this sort; and I answered them after the same manner.'* Society people have always found it impossible to understand that a great work is more fascinating than themselves.

There were I. W. W.'s also, a perpetual nuisance, "*For Tobiah and Sandballat had hired him, that I should do so \* \* \* and that they might have matters for an evil report.*" Nehemiah had German propaganda to contend against, as his adjutant, one Ezra, reports: "*Then the people of the land weakened the hands \* \* \* and troubled him in building, and hired counsellors against them to prostrate their purpose, all the days of*"—for "Cyrus, king of Persia," read Wilhelm, Kaiser of Germany.

But in spite of all these drawbacks, Camp Lewis was finished in sixty days and Nehemiah beat that record by eight, though his was probably a smaller job. "*So the wall was finished in fifty-two days.*" The effect upon

the heathen of his time was exactly that upon the heathen Huns of our, *"And it came to pass that when our enemies heard therefore, and all the heathen that were round about us (the Pro-Germans) saw these things, they were much cast down in their own eyes."* Even Politics conspired, *"Moreover, in those days, the nobles \* \* \* sent many letters unto Tobiah, and the letters of Tobiah came unto them, for there were many sworn unto him, because he was the son-in-law of S——."*

There is one striking difference, however, in Nehemiah & Co. and Stone & Co. The latter were invariably modest, letting their work speak for them, and asking nothing, though all were bid to come up higher. But Nehemiah is exultingly calling upon his Superior to remember his good works, to contrast them with the poor jobs of the other fellow, and to reward him accordingly with promotion or decoration, or both. Nehemiah lives near us.

But, to return to Camp Lewis: It was One to make Ready, now Two to Show. These have shown. So, again, Three Cheers for the Engineers, Stone and Northington and the constructors, and the Workmen, and a Tiger for Nehemiah.

## CHAPTER III.

WELCOMES THE FIRST, WHICH IS THE NINETY-*and*-FIRST DIVISION TO CAMP LEWIS; TELLS OF ITS MUSTERING, BUGLE CALLS, AND A DAY'S ROUTINE.

Did the young fellows who sprang from trains at American Lake those golden September days, realize they were the a's in that primer whose alphabet would record History? \*I love my love with an A because she is America, because she assures, advances, assists, attacks, atones: I love my love with an A because she's an Ally.

Strangely enough, the name of the *First Recruit* at Camp Lewis is known, probably the only one, definitely, in all the cantonments, since men arrived in numbers which overwhelmed receiving offices. Col. Davison was in Seattle under orders to proceed to Camp Lewis, and was driven there, the first week in September, 1917, by a chauffeur who had been drafted. So Col. Peter W. Davison and private *H. W. Hauck* arrived together, and for three days constituted the entire Depot Brigade.

To begin before the beginning, the local draft board of every town sending recruits had beforehand furnished the Division Adjutant with lists of men entrained. Upon arrival, the party handed receiving officers a

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\*This game was common at least 250 years ago when Samuel Pepys, Secretary of the War Board of England, remarks in his celebrated Diary: "*Did find the Duke of York and Duchess with all the great ladies sitting upon a carpet on the ground playing at, "I love my love with an A because he is So-and-so, and I hate him with an A because of this and that; and some of them, particularly the Duchess herself and my Lady Castlemaine, were very witty."*



list of names, occupations, physical conditions, etc. There were compared and checked off. Physicians at hand made examinations of every man from cow-lick to sole, and an officer conducted the men to the organizations to which they were assigned. At the beginning this was, necessarily, hit and miss, as



HERBERT W. HAUCK, FIRST PRIVATE AT CAMP LEWIS

the Depot Brigade was not then ready. Men were placed, as far as possible, in companies from the same state and city, that they might feel less lonely and more quickly catch the spirit of competition and comradeship. The boys were beginning at the first form in Freedom's military school—hard study, intensive training, but its

graduates to take the degree of M. A., Master American, Soldier! Hurrah for the Rookies! You will think this book a continual Hurrah. Well, it is. Quit right here if you don't like throwing up your hat and shouting, for this whole thing is too inspiring to allow anyone to act "the puffek lady," and know this, that it is an honor to have any part in Camp Lewis, if it is nothing greater than Yell-Master. So there! *Hurrah for the Rookies!*

From the first, this cantonment has been favored of the gods—to be quite up to date, favored of God. Its high officers have been one hundred per cent efficient. No other man, it would seem, could have so handled this difficult situation as Lieut.-Col. Guy Knabenshue, of the General Staff, Mustering Officer. However, he is another man who had not just happened. When the Spanish-American war broke out, he broke out of his editor's chair, in Sanduskey, Ohio. Appointed Second lieutenant, he was assigned to duty at the Recruit Concentration Camp at Atlanta: went with 4th Infantry to Manila, commanded a detachment of scouts, served as Aid-de-camp on Gen. Frederick Grant's staff. Within a year he was First lieutenant, went to China for the Boxer Rebellion; back to his regiment in Luzon, campaigning constantly to clear out insurgents. Again Aid to Gen. Grant who was back in the district. Captain in Monterey, Major in border troubles at Nogales, Arizona, Lieutenant-colonel of National Army, August 5, 1917, and came to Camp Lewis the end of August. He had done good hard distinguishing work upon fortifications in the Philippines, would not even knock off for an attack of malignant malaria which he "camouflaged" to get to China. It finally downed him at Tien Tsin where, for years, his father was U. S. Consul-general. The only thing German about the Colonel is his name, for he is of the seventh generation in this country, a big, cordial man, with a smile that welcomed the recruits, and which seldom failed through the ceaseless rush of days and weeks which carried their burdens until midnight, two, three o'clock sometimes.

"This formation organizing was a new game to all of us, we had to learn to play it. We went slow at first, only 65 that first day, September 11, 1917, but we mustered in 2700 men in one day, later." The doctors, he admits, were sadly overworked. It would never occur to him that he was the hardest worked man on the cantonment, which was "some going."

So Col. Knabenshue mustered in the First drafted personnel of this First, this Ninety and First Division to Camp Lewis.

Assigned elsewhere and promoted, Col. Knabenshue was followed, in both respects, by Lieut. Col. Richmond Smith. Capt. W. H. McConnell succeeded him as mustering officer and, with First Lieut. W. Q. Van Cott as assistant, remained throughout the year.

\* \* \* \* \*

Want to follow Jack from the mustering office through his day? Then you must waken at 5:45 A. M.—American time,—which is black night in Winter. Alarm clocks for stay-at-homes, bells aboard ship, bugle calls for the army. It is Reveille—not the French pronunciation, just Revilly, awakening. These are the words connected with its tones by regulars who, by the way, call buglers *hell-cats*:

*I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up in the morning; I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up at all.*

*The Corporal's worse than the private, the Sergeant's worse than the Corporal, the Lieutenant's worse than the Sergeant, and the Captain's worst of all.*

*I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up in the morning; I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up at all.*

A bugler wears his instrument, in felt, upon his sleeve.

Jack's bed has no sheets, and his mattress is stuffed with straw, but he is not disturbed by its rustle. He is so tired by night that if he hears it at all 'tis as a

breeze sighing over a wheat field. His bunk is comfortable. Jack must heed the bugle's call as he never did yours. Fact is, Mrs. Mother American, Jack was not being built for a prop to home or state. Decidedly he needed jacking up—and he's getting it. This is the great Compensation of the war. So Jack is up, and he must be washed, dressed for inspection, buttoned to the chin, ready to fall in when the bugles blow *Assembly* at six:

*If you don't come now, Why you needn't come at all  
For you'll lose five dollars if you miss this call.*

Jack responds to his name in the roll call and at 6:15,, pre-cisely, Mess call sounds. The old words are a libel upon the really good food.

*Soupie sloppy soupie, without a single bean,  
Porky salty porky, without a streak of lean,  
Coffee sloppy coffee, so muddy and so mean.*

At first there was some ground for complaint; not all messes were lucky enough to have experienced cooks, though there were many who had hotel and restaurant men, some cooks that were chefs. But as the camp settled down to business, classes of recruits qualified at a cantonment school for cooks, and now no large body of men is anywhere better fed, plenty of variety, of best material, prepared under sanitary conditions, and well-cooked. You need express no poor-dearing about Jack's food. It isn't served in courses, and agate ware is not dainty, but uniforms tighten 'till it is "clothes pressing done within." Many a man who literally and figuratively picked at rich food and elegant service at home, sits down to "chow" at camp with a zest which spares only the plate. On the other hand, many a man is eating the best food he ever sat down to. In fact, we stay-at-homes are not living so high as they, these war days. The army is not Hooverizing, not by a long shot.



Many a good-natured gibe or kick is directed against a tall slender "hash-slinger" who, a week ago, was sitting under mahogany at his fashionable club. He has been accustomed to dressing for dinner, and Mike, there, to undressing for the evening meal. Both are attired the same now, for Uncle Sam is most punctilious in such matters, and khaki is *en regle*. It is astonishing how strong a resemblance his nephews bear to one another, so attired, though the family had scattered so widely, married among various foreigners, and traveled such myriad roads to this. At first, Jack "could not place Dago;" not odd, because Jack usually read a paper while Dago was polishing his boots, but it's surprising how entertaining Dago is, and all four of the Italians under him in his "gents blacking parlor" invested in several Liberty Bonds every issue, and Jack remembers there was a service flag over the center chair. "So Dago is that star—nice fellow, Dago, queer, but full of ideas," new to Jack.

But you have lingered longer at the table than he. There are no chamber-maids at Hotel de Barracks. Jack must make his bed neatly and sweep around his bed. It is all inspected, too, he soon learns. *Drill at seven.*

*Get them out, Corporal Krout,  
If you can't get them out, then put them in mill;  
Get them out at a rout, get them out with a shout,  
Outside, you soldiers, for drill."*

You want to watch his drill? He may be on K. P. today, Kitchen Police. Glance into that very clean kitchen. Why does that young fellow look familiar? Because you have seen him playing opposite the leading lady in many a moving picture. He is playing opposite an ex-farmer now, who may have grown those very potatoes both are peeling. He bears a name to conjure the stage for it is that of Belasco. A week ago, in an elegant apartment in Southern California, he was being served creamed potatoes, ignorant of their grimy skinning. But the fun which ran through his comedies enlivens this "new engagement." He insists he's the best spud peeler in camp and quick as a Hun digging their eyes out.

Last month his income was seventeen hundred dollars—and lost: this month it is thirty dollars “and found.”

Great luck! Jack's not on the K. P. this morning. Seven o'clock, drill. The first they take up is “physical torture,” or “up-setting exercises.” Those of the early first draft, labored under many disadvantages, not the least of these being unable, because of no advanced recruits, to see what these setting-up exercises did for them. Hollow-cheeked, office-bleached many were, ambling, stooped; others red-faced from drink, and dissipation, shaking and nervous from their deprivation; college boys quitting before Commencement, athletic and eager; swells with white hands, miners with black, farmers with brown; some speaking our language, but more our slang-  
uage; foreigners with little English, and foreigners with none; men of every profession and business and trade; loafers penniless and loafers millionaire, authors and teachers and preachers; professional singers and players and actors, vaudeville headliners and headlights of Science; movie and philanthropist posers; stock brokers and banana peddlers, bankers and bank-diggers; black and white and red and yellow men; in brief, all sorts and conditions of men, excepting only old men; an overwhelming majority eager for the Great Adventure, a few unwilling, a very few boobies and cowards.

Uniforms are few and far between, these first days, most men appearing in overalls, the nearest to size obtainable, the result being that the setting-up exercises are not impressively martial. Jack felt he had made some progress toward France when he could march by fours in a squad, eight men, the smallest army section, with its corporal in the center to bellow orders. In fact, Jack became corporal himself soon, for, as he whimsically says, “You can't keep a big man down.” A corporal is the lowest officer in the army, non-commissioned at that. There is even a *lance* corporal who is just an acting corporal, but Jack skipped him, advancing as he insists, “by leaps and bounds.” As corporal, he sets and relieves sentries and receives thirty-six dollars

a month. It is highly entertaining to hear the men's comments on their pay, insufficient to many army privates for cigarette bills, to others a decent living, since Uncle Sam settles for transportation, board, lodging, doctor, dentist and medicine. At any rate, ours is by far the best paid army the world has even known, and it always *is* paid.

But it isn't the money increase that Jack rejoices in, but that bit of felt sewed upon his sleeve, half way between shoulder and elbow, that chevron which tells of advance by reason of merit and hard work. The first, from ordinary private and bugler at thirty dollars, to first-class private at three dollars more, enables him to wear the insignia of his corps upon his sleeve, a horse's head for farrier, cook's cap, saddler's knife, mechanic's crossed mallet and pick, same with palm underneath for chief mechanic field artillery, signal flags, etc. The lance corporal's point of one line, adds another for a corporal, and two for the sergeant, from to serve. He it is who instructs recruits in company discipline and forming ranks, is general boss and butt for witticisms. From company sergeant at thirty-eight dollars and three stripes in the point of his chevron, he advances to sergeant-major and as bandleader draws eighty-one dollars. The corps is shown by the insignia below the point, and his degree by the lines under that. The sergeant-major is highest non-commissioned officer in the army. As for importance, officers rank themselves: 1, second-lieutenant (lowest commissioned), 2, top-sergeant, 3 major-general.

Jack has still to salute *almost* every man first. Of course, you can tell a private as far as you can see him, by his canvas leggings and his colored hat cord. Officers wear spiral cloth leggings or leather puttees.

All the time we have been talking, Jack has been drilling. Here and there near the barracks, bodies of men are endeavoring the first rudiments of war. Young lieutenants, themselves not long graduated from a training camp, are striving to train their men for the captain

to handle as a company later. Lieu-tenant means holding in place of, you know. All are very earnestly at it; now that at last we are in the war, we want to make up for that lost, that eternally lost, time. And beware of that man, or that nation, which is slow to anger. Everywhere about Camp Lewis there is, and was from its first day, an eager earnestness that is most inspiring even to a casual onlooker, and which is contracted by every recruit who strikes the camp. An army in the making, an army while you wait, while They wait, those poor Belgian and French women who know what war means, who are suffering such hell horrors while you are safe at home, or here visiting Jack.

After noon, more drill, with intervals of rest, the men sitting in a wide circle upon the ground that lovely Fall, each group listening to a young officer reading and explaining this new testament of war, reverently it is said, the manual of arms or special instructions to the soldiers. Even the games were contrived to further fighting efficiency. See that board carried rapidly by a private at each end down two lines of facing men. It is like a disaster coming upon you, you down it or it downs you. As the board approaches, every man must leap it. Sounds simple, almost silly, but it is neither. Some men are flighty and spring too soon, other are slow-witted and delay a second too long. Both are disastrous, arousing shouts of ridicule. Indecision in battle would cost a life, mayhap many.

"What I learned of physiology at school is rot," asserts a former clerk, "why I have one thousand three hundred thirteen and one-half bones, one was broken today on the rack of physical torture; and I have one million muscles every one up in arms. It's a riot." Yet, it was not long before that very boy was pitching for a base-ball game after hours of drill or a long hike. It was most interesting to note how rapidly recruits hardened to drill, grew quick to hear, to do, acquired soldierly bearing, lost their irresponsible air, gained dignity. Yes, dignity, they found it in obedience, in the consciousness of steady



acquisition of a man's worth for battling in the fiercest war the world has suffered. And co-operation! Never was so democratic an army, for the privates are largely college-bred, learning literally by *heart* of officers, men big enough to lose nothing of dignity by recognizing manliness, the result being that all deference is accorded them. Between highest officers and privates there exists an understanding, a sympathy, and a genuine admiration, which are as rare as they are binding.

If dress parade is held, 'tis at 4:30 on the parade ground, bands playing, but it is generally *Recall* that is sounded and the troops march to their quarters and stand in double rows before them. At 4:45 sounds first call *Retreat*. Then do the bugles call the colors. Traffic stops in the ways, orderlies dismount and stand beside their horses, absolute silence falls over the many thousands facing the flag at salute. 'Tis a solemn moment. The heart swells as eyes lift to that fair flag, slowly responding to the calling bugles, lowered by its own people, never by aliens since the stars first shone in its sky, and reverently caught breast high by waiting hands, for the colors must never touch the ground. And as it descends, everywhere the bands greet "The Star-Spangled Banner" by name. With its careful folding and housing, official day is done.

Then the boys rush in to their mess halls for a third hearty meal and all are free for the evening and for amusements so many and varied that they would fill a book.

A long hard day it seems and yet, in peace times, the Old Hudson Bay Company's at its post hard by, began earlier, ended later. Its Commandant was Dr. McLaughlin when Captain Wilkes visited there in 1841. A bell at early dawn rang all hands, breakfastless, to work. They were recalled for their first meat at eight o'clock. At nine they were back at work. Dinner at one; at two they returned to labor till six, when they "called it a half day and went fishing," or rather, supped.

At nine o'clock, just the start of the evening at home, Jack says, bugles sound *Tattoo* and lights go out in bar-

racks. No need to be in quarters but darkness and silence fall there. At a quarter of eleven, "Call to Quarters" and here and there belated soldiers are rushing toward barracks, for at eleven *Taps* must find everyone in his narrow bed in the two long rows of the dormitory. Men have not been long in camp before they are accustomed to sleep early, so they are likely already dreaming of home and you when *Taps* says goodnight:

*"Go to sleep, peaceful sleep,  
May a soldier or sailor God keep,  
On the land or on the deep."*

And they sleep. The moon looks in to see that all is well, or the rain patters upon the roof which shelters your Jack and mine. Safe they are, at least for today, and today is done——*Taps*.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE BASE HOSPITAL—TEAM WORK OF NOTED INDIVIDUALISTS  
—DIVISION SURGEON FIELD—LIEUT.-COL. NORTHINGTON—  
MENINGITIS, PNEUMONIA AND LIEUT. ROCKEY—X-RAY  
AND CAPT. DIEMER—ORTHOPEDY AND MAJ. RICH—SAR-  
GENTICH AND SERBIAN—TUBERCULOSIS AND THE MAT-  
SON'S—MAJ. WHITACRE, SURGERY AND THE ROCKEY'S.

Before ever the Ninety-First took the field, a critical engagement was fought within the cantonment. No bands and banners preceded the charge, no buglers sounded the onslaught. Pretentious historians may ignore this pioneer skirmish and the two officers commanding the sorties, Lieut. Col. Peter Field and Maj. Northington, promoted to same rank as result of the campaign.

Upon the Division Surgeon devolves responsibility for the bodily health of all the thousands of our family of the cantonment, and of camp sanitation. Well named is he, for he holds Prevention before Intervention: and Peter, the rock, set in a wall of defense against Contagion from without, takes the Field in a ruthless offensive should it break into camp. The only inappropriate part of his signature is *lieutenant-colonel*, since tenant is holder in lieu of a superior, and the Ninety-First's has none. Not in any camp, anywhere, anytime has the record been equaled, though Camp Lewis has repeatedly broken its own. For instance, official report for week ending February 15, 1918, with 30,650 men encamped: "There have been no deaths during the last two weeks. No new cases of cerebro-Spinal meningitis have developed during the week. Mumps and scarlet fever cases are fewer in number than reported during the preceding week. Some cases of

measles have been admitted to the hospital which were undoubtedly infected outside of the camp. The latest report from the surgeon general's office shows Camp Lewis below the average of all camps for admission of disease to the hospital and the non-effective rate."

"F. R. MOUNT,  
*Major, M. R. C. Division Sanitary Inspector.*

R. C. FIELD,  
*Lieut.-Col. Medical Corps, U. S. A.*  
"Division Surgeon."

In passing, Major, following the Division Sanitary Inspector's name, is a recent appraisal, he was Lieutenant when he came, emphasizing opportunity for men to Mount rapidly in this great new army.

Camp Lewis stands First in all history of encamped men to the number of 50,000, in health rating. Womenkin, is not that reassuring? Beginning at the beginning was not soon enough for these men; they were on the ground when ground was all there was. Col. Field admits that he was a perfect nuisance to everybody. He was quite willing anyone should have second chance, but the hospital simply had to be built first. He posted special sentries, so to speak, in tents beside the railway station, where day or night, every man who arrived was challenged: "Contagion, stand and be recognized." Capt. Cooley and Lieut. Hilgenberg assert that the intensive training they underwent for this work should have been at the Tower of Babel instead of at Fort Harrison. Lieut. Reidy in the assigning tent, quite a linguist, eased things. Nine nationalities, including a Chinese and a Greek, were under examination at once. If alien germs appeared, into quarantine went the man, if ill, to the hospital, so disease never gained the foothold it did in some camps. Every "rookie" was later "shot" for typhoid, and vaccinated. His second physical examination was before a board of experts and if there was anything in his anatomy, inside or out, which they did not investigate, it was the meditations of his heart—and they were only too apparent.



The second efficiency cause was Col. Field's checking system. At Divisional Headquarters hang maps stuck with pins, vari-colored heads for various diseases. As the battle rages these pins are moved daily. The maps resemble those of a commanding general at the front, and they are. The Colonel is fighting Contagion, Disease and Death, not only in the Division but, in a sense, in the eight great contributing states, California, Oregon, Washington, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Nevada and Utah, an empire larger than all the battling powers in Europe. He works with the Health Department of nearby cities. For instance, Colonel Magruder informed Tacoma's health officer that the city's water system would be investigated, and the latter recommended a second chlorine gas machine. How much happier that country where chlorine gas is ordered to protect, not to destroy.

There are eighteen infirmaries scattered throughout the cantonment, with staffs of physicians, dentists, and enlisted men each with its dispensary. So, mothers, you need not fear Son is ill without care. Sick men are of no use to anybody. The government, as a plain matter of business, must have efficient soldiers, so every morning at seven the bugles sound Sick Call—

*Come all ye sick, come all ye lame,  
Come all ye lazy and blind,  
Come on down to the hospital,  
And they will give you quinine, quinine, quinine.*

The "regs" say that's what the bugle calls, but quinine is clean out of style now. Instead of being lined up and given quinine from one end to the other, for every ailment from "a to zed except housemaid's knee," he is ordered to his regimental infirmary, under care of a corporal and cured in short order unless it is a case of contagion, surgery, mentality, or serious disease requiring specialists and trained nurses—there are only men at infirmaries, in which case an ambulance takes him to the base hospital, and if the ailment is contagious, in an ambulance devoted to that

especially, a new and sensible idea. Likeliest, it is "Kaiser measles," in which event, I grieve to say, Son will be heartlessly cussed with a unanimity of company sentiment which, otherwise directed would prove most desirable *esprit de corps*. Excuse French which we all are learning or relearning. No, that is not polite for corpse—me, I never thought French any politer than English, anyway. You know German measles only make a man ugly. You are well out of nursing His Hatefulness, for he won't be sick enough to be saintly. So Son goes to the base hospi-



Courtesy of Commercial Bindery & Printing Co., Tacoma  
SCREENED IN ISOLATION WARD

tal, enters one of four isolation wards under charge of Lieut. Smeal, to lounge on flowery beds of ease out in the screened porch—"What, turned out of doors!"... Yes, quite the latest thing in scarlet fever, measles, pneumonia, etc., "He is fed up on good eats, hocks drill while his whole company is quarantined in barracks for two or three weeks on the very eve of a dance with some nice girls chap'd from Tacoma. This very date the 364th Infantry recalled invites to a dance for the *fourth* time, because of Quarantine for Measley Kaisers. "It's a darned shame, and another guy'll break out."—I assure you this language is not my own, which is invariably gentle and refined—"and nix for our vaudeville. No such luck as company skipping drill, drills by itself;" and if

She comes out, she must stand ten feet away, in wind and mud, while conversation ebbs and flows with the advance and retreat of the sentry, "that infernal joker Jones" who exacts heavy toll of angel food which you may receive only on the fly over the prescribed ten feet. He says angel food *should* be delivered by wing, and that kind was never baked

"For you, and not for me,  
For me the angels singaling—aling  
They've got the goods for me."

That is from a rather sacreligious trench song. Still, as Jones says, angels lay themselves open to such remarks with their wings and things. But you see, yourself, now don't you, mother of Son, that sympathy for him could hardly be expected under the circumstances? However, sympathy is real and ready in any trouble or pain.

\* \* \* \* \*

The head of the Base Hospital is Lt. Col. Eugene Northington, head in every sense. Following three years as assistant at Letterman Hospital, San Francisco, he came to Camp Lewis in June, 1917, as sanitary inspector, to forestall disease among workmen numbering 10,000. For that, Maj. Northington received his training in the Occupation of Havanna, in 1899. He was appointed by the Government to command an institution yet to be, and ordered to build it. No wonder that he feels toward the Base Hospital as a father, rather than a Commander, loving it as a child grown into distinguished manhood, for he put his heart into the body of it and infused his spirit into its development.

Maj. Stone turned over the whole Base Hospital business to Maj. Northington, who began building it August 20. In *eighteen* days it was ready for 405 patients; by April it accommodated 2200 and before the Division left Camp Lewis, double that number. For months, less than forty doctors treated 1400 patients at a time. So over-worked were they that enlisted men were pressed into the service. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and all day Sunday were camp holidays for all but medics.

The sign of the army medical corps is the Caduceus or wand of authority borne by Mercury, messenger and interpreter of the gods, its staff, force, entwined by two serpents, wisdom and subtlety—search and research—surmounted by wings, alertness and activity. The Great Physician Himself authorized this Caduceus, “Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves,” and used its staff to drive money-changers from the temple. The Hospitalers are upon His personal Staff, having themselves driven forth the money changers from the temple, “which temple ye are.”

Nothing could be more different than this hospital and that erected 875 years ago for the purpose, both, of sheltering Pilgrims, pilgrims to the City of Jerusalem and to this City to Enforce Peace, but both institutions conducted by Hospitalers, Knights of St. John, who, you remember, was called by the Great Physician, the Beloved, because *he* loved much. These men are not averaging twelve and fourteen hours a day for a bare living, but for a full one; love for country, for the work, for men. These Hospitalers now number 98, two or three missing from the picture, and the roster is an honor roll in that it bears many of the leading medics of the Northwest. There are more than twice as many in the hospital, not counting those in the infirmaries, as are left to the whole population of Tacoma, which is many more than twice that of Camp Lewis. So Home folks, you see the army has about six times as many doctors as civilians have, yet Dr. E. C. Wheeler, chairman of the Medical Section of the State Council of Defense, just received this telegram from the National Council of Defense at Washington, D. C.:

“An urgent need exists for several thousand additional medical officers in the army and navy, some for immediate service, some for training and others to be held in reserve. Urge your state and county committees to speed up enrollment as effectively as possible.”



The Japanese discovered during their war with Russia that a plenitude of surgeons gave confidence to the soldier as well as providing instant attention to disease or wounds, with incalculable life-saving. We have benefitted by their experiences and the bitterness of our own unpreparedness and unorganization in this respect during our Spanish-American war. Add to all this, that our soldiers live such regular and out-of-door lives under perfect sanitary conditions that they are far less liable to disease than we careless Stay-at-Homes, and you readily see the folly of worry.

But brilliant individualists cannot accomplish what has been done at Camp Lewis. It must be teamwork, a type of labor, generally, as un-American as I. W. W.'s. As in football, the game is won by the side which is one, not eleven, and the successful coach is he who reduces his number to that common denominator, making every player one-eleventh of one. Col. Field is that coach for the Division, and Col. Northington for Base Hospital, and the score for the first five months of Camp Lewis stood 52 to 50,000!

Pneumonia! Not a moment is lost rushing him to a ward where wonderful cures are made and experts grow more expert every day, for they treat such numbers. *Comparison*, as Col. Field points out, is great opportunity, especially in Pneumonia and Meningitis, the Compensation in self-growth for the sacrifice which physicians and surgeons of the rank of these make in foregoing lucrative practices to work like slaves for paltry salaries.

Yellow fever and typhoid have been annihilated, as pneumonia and meningitis, disease Huns of today, will be. Pneumonia is a race with death, every second counts, so a man is rushed to the hospital where immediately his sputum, urine, and blood from his arm are submitted to a laboratory expert that cultures can be made, for a serum which conquers one of the four forms of pneumonia has no effect upon the others, and the phase can only be known by inoculating young rabbits bred for the purpose. Rabbits are mercifully especially susceptible to pneumonia. White mice develop it even more quickly but are not now obtainable as the

fad for them as pets has passed—strange connection between fashion and death! Six hours is the record of tests thus far, but they hope soon to inject a serum obtained from the patient himself into his arm. The serum now used is drawn from horses that have been inoculated with pneumonia germs which, introduced into their blood, immediately set upon the destroyers. The survivors are used as vaccine. The weakest pneumonia form demands twenty-five percent of human life; the strongest, lung germs, fifty-six per cent. Lieut. Rockey has recently obtained wonderfully satisfactory results in draining pus after pneumonia by an original device for connecting an ordinary water-pipe running from the ceiling down the wall behind each bed, with a small rubber tube which, kept inserted in the incision day and night, discharges the pus into a bottle containing disinfectant standing beneath the bed. Thus a uniform, constant suction, painless, is produced and is regulated at the faucet of the ordinary water pipe in a sink to which all are connected. A glass tube partly water filled, indicates the force, which is eighteen inches, producing a partial vacuum. Men of the Ninety-first unfortunate enough to be attacked by pneumonia, which would happen anywhere, are fortunate in benefiting by advance science.

Base Hospital has done wonders in pneumonia and in meningitis. A young lieutenant taken there, paralyzed by its fearful suffering, is not only alive, but able to return to his company. Capt. C. S. Wilson handles these two diseases, largely, and performs autopsies which will furnish from the dead advice to the living.

One expert, working entirely gratis, and not even listed with the staff, is called upon to assist them all, Dr. Climate. If the pneumonia patients on those screened porches had been attacked in the East during this last Winter, they would literally have frozen out of doors, yet it is the open they must have. Most of the "epidemics" are in porch wards.

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And don't you think for one minute that because the nearly two hundred buildings are unpainted, that hospital

is anything but the last word in plan and equipment. Not the most noted in New York City is superior, because it has the latest and best of everything at any price, down to the eminent personnel.

The wards have concrete bases and ridgepole ventilation without drafts. Windows close together admit light, sun, and beautiful views of its sixty acres at the cantonment's edge. Beds and bedding are of the best, and the hospital's own steam laundry furnishes clean linen every day. Every unit has an office with man in charge, a ward, a two-man room, diet kitchen, with lavatories, shower baths, bathroom, and a linen closet which would do your heart good, mother; towels are even pretty, with that comforting Caduceus woven into the blue border. Everything is immaculate. Wards are heated with hot water brought underground from the hospital power house, 180 degrees water. Were you as warm this Winter, Home Folks? Surely not back East, where schools closed and elevators stopped, and well-to-do's had only a kitchen fire, for lack of coal.

All buildings are connected by broad, railed, roofed, lighted corridors, which can be traversed by invalid chairs or stretchers borne by husky orderlies, enlisted men, for more than *two miles*, without leaving them, all level with ward doors. Attaches of the regimental infirmaries and this base wear the Caduceus, and privates a maroon and white cord around their service hats. They do the lifting, the ordinary work, go to the diet kitchen for patients' meals, serve them, etc. Convalescents who are able help, too. They cannot be said to resemble assistant angels of mercy, attired in Turkish toweling bath robes over pajamas of outing flannel, hoods ditto, and bedroom slippers. Some, with faces nearly covered with dressings like masks, resemble a curious order of Monks.

When Son arrives, his underwear is sent to the laundry, his uniform to the disinfecting building, and he receives a ticket. When discharged, all are returned, sanitary, to him.

The hospital has its own telephone exchange, every building connected. It has a private telegraph and postoffice,

its own post exchange where Son can buy most things, be shaved, play billiards, have clothes repaired, etc.; its own Y. M. C. A. where convalescents may sit about in their robes, playing games, writing, playing piano or phonograph, smoke, or take down one of the 500 volumes from the Camp Library, changed often. There are gift pictures on the walls. One shows you, Mother, seated at a table with Son's photo against a pot of flowers. You are reading the very letter he wrote you here yesterday; see the red triangle on the paper? It's on all the Y. M. stationery given those well enough to write, or carried to the bedsides and there written to order by his "private secretary"—well, he is a private and he is a Y. M. secretary. This room tides Son over the hardest confinement, that of convalescence. While I think of it, the Base Hospital has just established another new feature, a Convalescent Camp for the guests who hitherto taxed their hospitality, being too well to stay and too weak to go back to the arduous life of the barrack, and who sang with feeling "*I don't want to get well, I'm in love with a beautiful nurse.*"

To return to the Y. M. hall, there's always some one to talk to, foolery, music. He is not preached at, he need not even read the mottoes, but it is likely they will hang, unseen, on the walls of his dug-out in France. Perhaps it was Son who copied them for me. They are a gift from school children in Sumner, nicely printed upon cardboard. *No man is free who is not master of himself.*—Eva Scott. *Do little things now; so shall big things come to thee by and by, asking to be done.*—Bertha Webb. *Impatient people water their miseries and hoe up their comforts.*—Ruth Purvis. *If you can't do anything else to help along, just smile.*—Eleanor Kirk. *Happiness is a matter of habit: contract it.*—Margaret Renaud. There were others, but the very best, printed by Lwearri Lorenzo, you will find just after Gen. Greene's picture, for it must have been written with him in mind. Thank heaven there is always something funny, and this, recalling the Kaiser, is IT: *There is nothing so kingly as kindness, and nothing so royal as truth.* Neva Parker never thought of ridicule when she



printed, *Count that day lost in which you have not laughed.* The soldiers enjoy the joke books, too, which school children made.

Evenings, there is music among themselves or visiting talent, even boxing bouts. There's a young colored boy who used to travel one of the circuits who is in demand at smokers all over the cantonment. "He is sure the funniest thing that ever happened. He told this one night: Bill saluted me and the Corp. said he shouldn't of. Bill says the Sergeant told him to salute all standards and colors."

Then in the hospital tailor shop there's a mild-looking fire-eater, a very devil of a fellow though, when, dressed in his Mephistopholies old suit, he spits flames and eats red-hot coals, and all that, as, in fact, I have seen the Eskimos do 'way up on Bering Sea. This soldier, E. E. Barnes, covered much of the world when for twelve years he traveled, "eating fourteen kinds of fire." Now he distracts the weary hours of his comrades' pain with his "art." Truly we have given of many things for this war, given and received, so that all are richer, another compensation.

Of necessity, Doctors' lectures and everything else was held in the Y. M. C. A. hall until April, when officers' and nurses' quarters were built, the hospital's capacity doubled, and a pleasant assembly hall with a fireplace, such as every other unit on the cantonment had long enjoyed, was finished and if the doctors ever do have a minute, it will probably be spent there.

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As the airplane is the eye of the army, the X-Ray is the eye of the hospital, peering into a man's very heart. There is no better equipped X-Ray department on earth than Camp Lewis', and Capt. F. E. Diemer is bright enough to be distinguished in it, by turning strong light into at least two hitherto dark corners. He has contrived, though he insists it is a composite idea, what will prove a moving picture of a stomach—this is neither a joke nor a sea story—a stomach showing action and reaction, caught in the very act of digestion or indigestion. One of the men in the developing room is a mechanic. Obtaining a

three days' furlough he went home and made this model, which is held up till payday for attaching. It is a box in three sections, fastened to the wall at standing height, with two electric wires attached. In the first compartment are many photographic plates, bits of wood at present; in the middle part, the plate to be pictured. You pull a slide, this plate opens into the third section, and another from the first automatically takes its place. The man, stripped to the waist, stands with his stomach before the middle plate and the X-Ray machine behind his back. Barium prevents the ray from "taking" beyond the stomach under discussion, as barium is impervious to the ray. A picture can be made a second. Think how valuable to science such a series thrown upon a screen would be, but it makes a layman feel "sort of sick at the stomach."

Another bit of original work done in the X-Ray department is in computations of the heart area and weight, with and without blood, in normal and in abnormal hearts. Again that eager word *Comparison*, no richer place for it in all the world than right here, says Capt. Diemer. They have thousands of large negatives in which to compare all this, and they photograph many dead hearts, too, which have ceased from troubling. Upon these plates they pencil a line around the organ and compute its area with the same little instrument which a surveyor uses to bring his acres down to scale. L. A. Wadsworth, formerly of Physics in the University of California, is working with Capt. Diemer along this line.

Then there's W. J. Slater, born and bred in Tacoma, a star among Stadium High's 300 on the service flag. Slater enlisted from the U. of W. He works the Ultra-Violet ray machine with a devotee's joy. All sun-rays are good doctors, but the U. V. is a specialist in skin diseases, persistent sores, foreign growths, even portwine birthmarks considered ineradicable, and in humbling proud flesh. The U. V. cured a Lieutenant, in only a score of treatments, of tropical ulcer on his leg, the result of Oriental service, and which many doctors had not helped. The Ultra Violet ray lies beyond the seen violet of the rainbow; un-

seen powers are strongest. Within a hemisphere of aluminum is a quartz tube filled with mercury which vaporizes when the ray passes through the quartz—glass would hold it—when the electric current is turned on. This tube shines like the sun and its light has exactly the effect of sun at great altitudes, only more applicable, so that Son is treated by a four-hundred-dollar actinic ray, instead of living at Alpine heights for costly exposures, or suffering along with stubborn ills. Under the hemisphere comes up another half to cover the intense light except where allowed to strike the affected part. A soldier, eye and ear protected with cotton, was sitting before it, he takes it but three minutes at first, increasing generally to nine, never more than fifteen, twice or thrice a week, with no sensation whatever at the time. Hours after there is a burning, and the skin may peel, there are three of these rare machines at Base Hospital, one with an attachment for treatment of small areas. They have accomplished wonders already, and the field of their cures extends daily.

In four months the X-ray department took 3,500 plates, everyone labeled, name, date, particulars, recorded, then stored for reference in pension applications, etc. From them hundreds of lantern slides are made to illustrate doctors' lectures, which may be attended by outsiders, and are extremely interesting. There are unlimited opportunities for education and advance at Camp Lewis.

As Capt. Diemer showed the large plates, he chuckled over one, nothing unusual with this all-alive expert. "No, I'll not tell you the joke. Yes, it's too good to keep, and on three perfectly good doctors, too. See the spot on top this stomach? The man had once been stabbed thereabouts, was suffering again, and a consultation was held. They sent him to be X-rayed to settle the matter. This spot decided them that the knife had pierced the liver. Now that spot happens to be a picture of the gas bubble that, you know, floats on top of everybody's stomach"—never heard of it, but didn't say so, having already admitted as much ignorance as seemed advisable. Of course Capt.

Diemer didn't enlighten the soldier, but showed him other plates with similar floating islands when the man exclaimed, "Well, now, what do you know about that? All these guys stabbed exactly where I was; ain't it funny?" It was, too funny to keep to himself and three learned doctors, or even with me added, in a world as solemn as this one's growing.

The X-ray has taken hundreds of dental plates—no pun. The glass is placed in the mouth. This shows a double impaction of the molars—why don't you know what that means? (I didn't either) two teeth, instead of doing their part of the everyday grind had literally "laid down on the job," and grown together under the gum, top to top. The soldier suffered with severe headaches, diagnosis saw no reason. This picture was taken and the question answered in the negative, the slackers were rooted out. Many hidden anatomical mysteries these speaking likenesses reveal. The X-ray is the airplane of the medical army, and like everything else at Camp Lewis, is not only in the superlative degree, but adds to the firsts.

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The Base Hospital staff lacks one widely known, Dr. Everlasting Sawbones. Before operations are resorted to, Orthopedy is—No, nothing to do with handwriting, nor, necessarily with feet. Why don't you look it up yourself in the dictionary? That's what I did.

"But it says just *straight* and *child*, and the Base isn't a child's hospital."

Well, all soldiers have, so to speak, descended from children, haven't they? Sometimes 500 a day visit the Orthopedic ward for corrections of bone and joint defects, ankle and foot deformities, strained spines, and all that which manipulation often cures; if not, surgery.

Dr. E. A. Rich of Tacoma was a pioneer in treating these born-in troubles with "that divine tool" the hand, and its works, succeeding even with children who had never walked. He was Rich in helpfulness before he enlisted his skill as a Lieutenant at Camp Lewis hospital.



Soon, as Capt. Rich, he had charge of two wards with 80 regular patients. Such men as Lt. Col. Starr, of the Imperial Canadian service, himself an orthopedic specialist, waxed enthusiastic over his originality, scope, success. So now Camp Lewis has lost him, first, the War Department appointed him supervisor of orthopedics over the Southern and Western departments of the army, everything West of the Mississippi and South, sixteen camps and forts. His one regret was not going with the 91st Division, his first, to France. And now Major Rich has gone to Washington to assist in the office of the Surgeon-General of the Army in the War Department.

Mother, are you not thankful Son is rid of that thorn in the flesh which has worried him since boyhood? He has been treated by an authority, the unsuspected, perhaps, discovered, and costly cure effected *without* cost. There are many compensations for losses in this war. One will be the physical uplift of our entire man-force which means the next and into the third and fourth generation. Dr. Rich was formerly Tacoma Health Officer. So was Doctor, now Captain Sargentich. When the war broke out, he hastened to Serbia, his native country, though Tacoma had been his home many years. He served supermanfully combatting typhus in an unequipped hospital, untrained old men for nurses, three or four assisting doctors, 600 and 700 patients, the dead often unburied because the countryside had not enough men strong enough to dig graves. Only in that great Account Book will it ever be set down, every horror itemized. Suffcient that, in a country of heroes, Sargentich was accounted a hero. He was in that terrible Serbian Retreat, constantly inspiring the suffering; prescient was the mother who named him Spiro. Severely wounded, he returned to this country and gave many Red Cross talks while crossing the States. The very night our entrance into the war was declared, he was speaking at the Tacoma Hotel. It was an awed and strained audience with "extras" in their hands, that hung upon his simple, forceful words. Sargentich enlisted at once and later Camp Lewis and the

91st gained another great man. This inadequate tribute to Sargentich gains from the quiet words of a fellow Serbian at this very hospital. I was sitting at the bedside of Bosko Samarazich who fought through the first years of the war, was with the heroic Serbian army in Macedonia, had been wounded five times. I saw where the shrapnel had torn his head, the finger from which a rifle had taken half, but the worst was the hole in his leg where the dum-dum had exploded. Oh yes, he would be quite fit if the Division went over. He had come to Montana to visit a brother while recovering. He could have been exempted. Had he not done his share? Did he really wish to go back? His face wore the detached look one notes upon the faces of all who have descended into that Hell. His eyes were steely but he tonelessly replied, "I *must* return. My brothers were killed fighting in the Serb army so only I remain to remember my two sisters, who with their friends in our village were—*finally*—locked into the church and burned to death. I am fast recovering, I *cannot* be discharged".

I asked this man if he knew anything of Sargentich, his eyes glowed. "He dressed my wounds on the retreat. I traveled the whole two hundred miles on crutches," this in quite a casual tone. No wonder the soldier in the next bed stopped grunting.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some men seem to possess an almost uncanny power of diagnosis, the day is past for treating an ailment for anything it resembles, until, the patient not first succumbing, the right is blundered upon.

When the Department asked the services of Dr. Sippy of Rush, Chicago, considered leading authority upon stomach and intestinal disorders, he said he was too old for army work, but he would spare his first assistant, another case of "just as good" substitution. No one could accuse him of being too old, for he looks boyish even for his thirty-one years, so it is Lieut W. H. Stutsman—be it said in passing that a doctor cannot be appointed captain



Photo by Parish &amp; Smith

MEDICAL CORPS OF

before 35, though he may be promoted to next rank before.

Another young man, Capt. Kenneth Staniford, is to be found at the head of the laboratory service, another kind of diagnosing and treating in one. As Lieutenant, he was here at the first and began laboratory work with two helpers under a tree. Work increased till he begged the mustering office to secure names of drafted pharmacists, chemists, anybody who could help. His force grew to ten, fifty more are needed, for work came very near being a "continuous performance" averaging fourteen hours a day for five months without a solitary day off. And all the doctors work the same. Capt. Terry admits that he is "*hopeful*" over the results of experiment in his laboratory for materially reducing the time of tubercul-





## HOSPITAL

osis development. No wonder when an assistant asked for a furlough to do some specializing in the Rockefeller Institute, Col. Northington told Capt. Staniford that the man could do it just as well in his laboratory.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mother, are you not, again, fortunate in having Son's incipient tuberculosis discovered, for physicians agree that it is most easily and permanently cured of disease, if early detected, and Son was paying no heed. At Camp Lewis he is brought before a board of twenty specialists. If signs of "T. B." are found, a guinea pig, beneficently susceptible to it, is inoculated. The president of the T. B. examining board, Dr. Ray Matson is twin brother to a twin expert, so alike are they, that the picture of the one in the group is the portrait of the other who



will follow, for the twins have "taken turns" ever since graduation. In Portland, the doctors Matson are medical directors of a sanatorium, in charge of a free tuberculosis dispensary, and associate professors of medicine at the University of Oregon. All that is a trifle misleading, should be, throughout, singular,—and is—, for, while Dr. Ray is *one* of all that, Dr. Ralph is working in some clinic abroad for a year; and when Dr. Ralph returns, Dr. Ray takes his year off. So alike in person, voice, skill and ideas are they, that the change of occupant is not noticed. In this cut-and-dried old world, isn't that—whiffy? Dr. Ray was doing his turn in Austria when war broke out, leaving three months after, so it was the other's first chance with the British Expeditionary Forces in France, doing research work for best treatment of wounds, at Hospital 13, and Huns for enemies! Dr. Ralph was hardly seated before Ray was at Vancouver Barracks in August, and October 2 found him at Camp Lewis. This T. B. board has examined 40,000 men within the last six months. Humanly speaking they are responsible for their deductions. If Son is retained he will be cured. It is not hopeless if he is discharged, may mean it would take too long to cure, for every minute counts and every soldier must be one hundred per cent effective. Is not this allied attack against the great White Plague a war compensation? 'Twill do more to relegate it to the oblivion of the Black Death than a century of desultory, spasmodic effort.

\* \* \* \* \*

A soldier must see and hear perfectly. Every vital organ is worthy a man's life study. The poor unresting heart in Capt. Kerr's field. He and other specialists aided by X-Rays, have examined 500 beating hearts at Camp Lewis and rejected half from war service. Capt. E. C. Wheeler could probably operate upon tonsils in the dark, he removes an average of 150 a week. Maj. Roberts is head of the eye, ear, nose and throat department.

Late years have shown that teeth play a very important part in health. Many a soldier has been ordered to the chair and approached it with all the dread which he

would feel toward the electric chair, which indeed, it is, with the latest electrical dental appliances. Uncle Sam only draws the line at gold fillings and gas exemption from extraction pains, otherwise, without money and without price one may have his teeth put in perfect condition. Wish I had an Uncle Sam. I have heard only two complaints about the hospital: one corporal who used to take men there in the beginning said he had seen a whole line receive white pills from the same bottle; and another said he thought most of the dentists were first class, and kind, but that one of them removed an old filling "with a tack hammer and chisel, and I took the next tooth to a dentist in Tacoma who seemed to guess I was part human." The dental outfit goes with the Division too, packed small like the Field hospital, with all that suffices to bring a man trembling to the chair, who had rushed without a tremor, Over the Top. Another compensation: better digestions and smiles and more reason for them. A dental infirmary was opened in April. Twenty-six dental surgeons will occupy the structure, caring for all the men in camp, save those belonging to the depot brigade. Serious cases, requiring that the patient go to the hospital following operation, will still be handled in the dental surgery ward at the base hospital.

\* \* \* \* \*

Major H. J. Whitacre is a physician whose rise has been rapid. As commander of the Tacoma Yacht Club I had seen him running his motor boat on the Fourth. Soon after he entered the service as Lieutenant at Camp Lewis, and now he is Major and head of the Surgery Department. Many soldiers have suffered from impediments which operation would remove. These are sent to Base Hospital to surgeons who have no betters in famous hospitals nor private practice. Think what this would cost outside, loss of business, the hospital and that fearful surgeon's bill, which would rustle till the patient could sleep never a wink the pain-filled night. The Operating rooms have the best of equipment and the surgeon most expert in that particular ailment, who performs so

many, that the experience of hundreds of ordinary surgeons clings to his fingers, operates. The patient is taken to a cheerful ward, nursed by a white-clad woman, and *he hears no rustling bills.*

Negroes are gone now, but the fun they made lingers. A convalescent says he grew fat over two darkies in his ward. The minute the doctor entered to dress wounds, one would begin to howl and his friend to respond to a curious litany:

"Lawd, he's a-comin', have mercy on me."

\* \* \* "*Do it, do it, have mercy.*"

"Golly, he's most here, Ah need you, Gawd, bad!" \*

\* \* \* "*He sure do, Gawd, he sure do.*"

"He'll kill me, it'll hurt, Gawd."

\* \* \* "*Dat's de truf, Gawd, you bet it'll hurt.*"

Speaking of negroes reminds one of mules. Their bites are the most frequent cause of hospital attention. Mules don't like white men, which is tit for tat. "Persistent as a mule," recalls, beg pardon, Harold Broomell, a young Tacoma lawyer who started to enlist. Started is correct, for, although he otherwise passed high physically, his eyes precluded admission. He made one application after another in the army; then the navy. At last he went to talk with Major Northington, told him he surely could be useful there, and the Major wrote to Washington for permission to take him on. This received, the delighted applicant entered service October 1. Inside a month it was First Sergt. Broomell. He has had charge of several wards, was head of Convalescent Camp No. 2, and has recently been the head of the Receiving Ward. More than that, his wish for overseas service is to be gratified after all, and he has been detailed to Hospital Unit No. 93, with a commission in sight. "They also serve who only stand and wait"—*Milton*. "They also serve who really stick and hustle"—*Broomell*.

Service is various, though. Mountaineers have turned their club to army use by gathering and preparing wagon

loads of spagnum moss from bogs. It is said to be more absorbent than surgical cotton whose price is aviating.

One cannot think of surgery at the cantonment without speaking of the doctors Rockey. Forfeiting a surgical practice of many thousands a year and a coast-length reputation, the father, Captain E. A. and son Captain Paul, are surgeons, and the other son, Lieutenant Eugene, physician. All three wear khaki for the duration of the war, and hope to go with the Ninety-first to France.

Fine physicians are they all, yet "it is what they have achieved in team work." The Great Physician, in His Book on Healing, devotes an entire chapter to teamwork, originally addressed to a graduating class in Corinth:

"Now there are diversities of gifts \* \* \* of administrations \* \* \* of operations, and the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal. \* \* \* For the body is not one member, but many. \* \* \* And the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you, nay much more those members of the body which seem to be more feeble are necessary \* \* \* tempered together \* \* \* that there should be no schism \* \* \* whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it. Gifts of healing, helps, government—Do all interpret?"

So much space devoted to this subject, yet what would you have omitted? This book was written for the Ninety-first Division whose womenkind are surely "first-class privates," if nothing more, in this great war. One more reason is the admission of an officer, captured during the terrific offensive of April, that German orders commanded the picking off of all surgeons, as one was worth 500 soldiers.



## CHAPTER V.

RIGHT FORWARD, ARMY NURSES—COMMANDING OFFICER  
BOOTH—A WOMAN'S SERVICE— GIFT BEARERS—FIRST  
EASTER OF CAMP LEWIS—CHAPLAIN NEISEN AND MRS.  
THORNBERRY.

Woman has always been the sick world's nurse; she always will be, even the United States government does not deny that, though being Missourian it had to be shown that *Honors*, beginning capital and ending s, is a perfectly proper noun, plural, neuter, forgetting that means sexless. Now at Base Hospital the hundreds of orderlies, fine strapping fellows and helpful are all right enough but when Son is really ill he wants, and mother must know he has, the natural nurse, a woman, patient, sympathetic, trained. Every one of the 200 nurses at Camp Lewis—there should be more, one to every ten patients and the hospital accommodates over 4000—is a graduate of a first class hospital. In cities she is always in demand, highly paid, well housed and fed. She has sacrificed to enlist in this war and is eager for orders abroad. You will see the Caduceus below the sergeant's three-pointed chevron, but never a nurse with aught but the Caduceus, not even the Chief Nurse. I threw in the capitals on my own responsibility. Yet in England army nurses are commissioned, ranking to Major. Miss Booth, chief nurse remarked hopefully that there was a prospect of commissioning nurses in this country, saying modestly that it would add greatly to their effectiveness. "You see no one can be 100 per cent efficient who has position without authority. The orderlies are helpful, generally pleasant and reasonable, but since we are not commissioned our requests, however urgent, are not orders. If the men disregard them, there is only appealing to an officer for en-

forcement. That is apt to cause delay and injury to the patient; but commissions are bound to come."

Considering this and other drawbacks, it is clear that nurses enlist with the single thought of service, and considering the Hun's partiality for hospitals and hospital ships as targets, and for women as worse, it seems their heroism might attract attention given only to women now in "Knit, Knit!" Heavens, aren't we knitting? During this war, for the first time, women will be nurses upon hospital ships.

I fear if Miss Booth happens upon this outburst—purely mine and highly controlled—she will think it follows too closely upon her quiet "no" to the query about commissions. And her faith was justified, for in April the War Department recognized the injustice, especially as thousands of trained nurses are cried for. The present Army Nurse Corps was not organized till 1901, after the Spanish-American War had shown us many shortcomings. There were only 100 nurses then; when our troops went to the border, 373; today there are 8000, there should be 50,000. Even now the step is a short one in making the head nurse of a ward its chief instead of a male ward master, and the chief nurse of a military hospital has but one superior in it, the Commanding Officer. Miss Jenny Booth is that chief, though as yet her slender shoulders bear only the Caduceus, her clear, direct gray eyes and quiet force are a leader's. A graduate of Roosevelt Hospital, New York City, Walter Reed, Washington, D. C.; from the Presidio here in October, it is France she hopes for, yet it is good to be head of such nurses, young, very much alive, *personal*, so to speak, picked for unusual ability, though one might think, for their looks. How Sairy Gamp would hate those nurses. No wonder as one of the patients said, "Fellows have to be kicked out of the hospital. It's worth shedding an appendix to stay here awhile. It's all of home-y after the barracks. Yes, I have a fountain pen in my bag." 'Twould have been odd if he hadn't, for there was quite everything that a boy's pocket would hold. These bags

are the thought of Mrs. Greene who, with everything else she does, finds time for a visit to the hospital every now and then. Noticing the bedridden had no place for belongings, she contrived a bag which draws up and with tapes to tie it to the head of the bed. The Red Cross



MISS JENNY BOOTH, CHIEF OF NURSES, BASE HOSPITAL

section which Mrs. Greene directs made 1000 of these cretonne bags and all pretty. The men never fail to remark that they are pretty: men are so much more human when ill. In the bags hang letters from the S. Y. in W. with a delicate odor of tobacco lingering about them, the great American jack-knife—but you know all the contraptions, and your own picture, too, mother—mother *dear*.

Camp Lewis has beautiful wild greens everywhere, someone often brings in the cheery things. Wards are immaculate, only the thousands of radiators are black. There are miles and miles of pipe, two sets of boilers and everything. Surely you are impressed by my accuracy and truthfulness, which I am aware I imperil by stating that the entire Base Hospital plumbing plant cost but \$160,000 and was installed, working, without repairs, within ninety days. You won't believe that, I don't myself, but it's true. Why, what with forgetting first one, then another necessary tool, returning for it, placing radiators in wrong corners, laying off for a strike, piping and radiating my small house, and repairing when it leaked all over the new tinting, took longer than that, and cost much more than \$160,000. We all know that. But I mention it only to show that even plumbers are human, and that when war sounds its mighty bugle, even rudimentary souls are quickened.

After months of crowding, both physicians and nurses are suitably housed and have pleasant assembly rooms with fire places and pretty furniture. The nurse's hard-wood living room floor makes their dances possible. The pretty chintz curtains were all made and given by Mrs. Douglas, mother of Lieut. Douglas, those in the old quarters were another of Mrs. Greene's gifts, like those she made for the General's bungalow. Mrs. Rood of Seattle is another friend, has been from the first. It occurred to her that the nurses might occasionally like to mix a fruit punch instead of a mustard plaster, and presented them with two large punch bowls and a hundred glasses for their parties. She was one of many who helped to make the first cantonment Christmas a never-to-be-forgotten day. The War Department, being mere men, never thought of trays, and you can't very well eat soup on a blanket. By going from shop to shop, she managed to buy five hundred trays, the Medical Department contributed sixty, and some Tacoma ladies fifty more with some pretty china dishes for the very sick of every ward,



because the government, not being sick abed, don't know that the cup of cold water, if the cup be china, becomes an elixir of life at times. All government dishes are granite ware. When you can't decide about wanting to come back to life, that granite ware settles it that you don't.

Another Christmas present equally appreciated by both patients and nurses was Mrs. Greene's three dozen hot water bags. Pending the uncoiling of red tape, they had been heating bricks. The Los Angeles Graduate Nurses' Association knew how it was themselves; their gift to the war nurses was twelve dozen linen napkins.

Miss Booth with the poet's face takes house-wifely pride in the linen room of the Administration Building. Cascade Red Cross, Great Falls, Montana, sends many gifts, but never one more appreciated than dozens of rag-woven mop cloths. A sensible gift was a large box of pads to support aching arms or knees, to give just the right cool lift to a weary head—all sizes and shapes, pretty and bright colored, stuffed with rags—feathers always "squash." To use what one has, in the size and shape it is—the Stadium High Schoolers, making bed slippers, found braid scarce and hemmed selvages. They gained much more than the price of braid. They sharpened their wits and discredited extravagance, a national sin. The irregular pads rank with the six down pillows a Tacoma woman sent, and the three hundred eider down bedroom slippers provided neither fun nor romance, not to mention the hemmed dust cloths. They are all of the comforting gifts called Such-es. Don't you remember Peter and Paul by the gate called Beautiful? It was to a lame man, Peter said it, "Silver and gold have I none, but *such* as I have, give I unto thee." As the war goes on we are discovering more and more Such-es. Some of us have also learned to say frankly, "I am poor," proving quite as good as Peter in that respect. The mother of one nurse mends for the nurses, that they may recreate, every Thursday; yet would not any sane person rather give a hundred dollars than mend?

The first and only nurse's aid of the Red Cross at Camp Lewis is Miss Ethel Allen, daughter of Col. S. E. Allen, Commander of the North Pacific District of Coast Artillery, stationed at Seattle. She wears a blue cap and veil, showing a red cross on a white field. Regular army nurses wear white, with navy blue cloth capes lined with



MISS ETHEL ALLEN, FIRST RED CROSS NURSE'S AID

red for out of doors. Miss Allen is taking practical training, is under army orders and will go overseas.

Another earnest Red Cross worker is Mrs. Rockey who came with her husband to the camp hoping she "might fit in somewhere". Noting that the diet kitchen needed

just her special training in domestic science, she asked to be used there and was joyfully accepted; result, another streak of good luck for the 91st. Mrs. Rockey is not only a capable woman, but an enthusiast, feeling her work as integral if not so glorious as a captain's, since a head with no stomach can't think. She refines what is menial into an art, working like a slave. Today, about 700 meals served from her kitchen. Tired? A little, but now the patients were served she would have a cup of tea and be quite fit—a man who was discharged because of diabetes, to ask if Mrs. Rockey would tell him how to diet at home; he thought she wouldn't mind. One would see in her noble face that he was quite safe. Anything to serve.

Mrs. Rockey showed a huge pantry, its shelves yet bearing some of *two and a quarter tons* of homemade canned fruit sent by Stanwood women, who asked to have the jars returned that they might do it again. Next was a large bowl of floating island—waste no sympathy on "Son in the hospital and I not there to cook for him." If very ill, a woman government dietician is working out his special menu. If almost ready to return to barracks, he is being provided for in a huge kitchen. A barrel of potatoes is pared at once by machinery, casting forth a bucket every two minutes, which "K. P.'s" eye. Ninety-five gallons of milk are used every day at the Base, tested by the laboratories, no watered stock here.

A few visitors to this wonderful cantonment call upon the sick. A small coterie of Tacoma friends adopted one of the surgical patients' wards; the envious are calling "mollycoddles! curtains! ash trays!" It was here lay the erstwhile strongest lightweight of the world with his medals to prove it, too; used to lie upon the sawdust ring, with two others, a board across their bodies, and allow a 7,000-pound automobile to go over. Saw it myself, never dreaming I should actually talk with such greatness, nor live "to shake the hand that shook the hand of Sullivan", or whatever the name of the big one who could lift 2,000 pounds with one hand. I suddenly giggled and he gravely insisted. It wasn't that, but a recollection of a fight

brother and I waged a-many years ago to settle whether or no "God could lick Father with his little finger." 'Twas a draw, mother interposed with face set against both sacreligion and loyalty. Back across the decades and the continent to this weak strongman, who was born of a Greek father and a French mother in Athens; speaks ancient as well as modern Greek, French as a mother-tongue, English as a step-mother's. He is eager to be off for France with the 361st Machine Guns. Strange to say, when he landed in New York he was so delicate that he trained at an uncle's athletic club, there developing the muscles which make his arm feel like a steel cable.

Almost a daily visitor is Mrs. McCrackin of Hostess House, taking over flowers, comfort, fun, messages from "the boys," writing their letters, making herself a dear little errand girl. When it was found how wonderfully half-masks of gauze, worn not only by patients and nurses but by visitors, decreased germ diseases, she cut the creep-y gauze at Hostess House and enlisted the waiting women to make them. A painted lady with diamond-laden fingers, a sallow woman with work-gnarled hands, a pianist with her artist's dexterity, were equally interested and busy. Of course Mrs. McCrackin was of the party who celebrated that First Easter at Camp Lewis. Mrs. Greene and Mrs. Rood had provided a van-load of potted lillies, spireas, etc., and masses of lovely flowers. The acting commandant of the hospital, Major Greene, and of the nurses, Miss Booth, joined them, and Major-General Greene was quite as active as his wife in the cheer. He announced that they had forgotten to invite him but if they thought they were going to leave him out they were sadly mistaken. The flowers were piled on operation carriers and wheeled into every ward where choices were made. Every patient in the hospital that day felt, what was literally true, that every member of the party was a friend of his and that Maj. Gen. Greene really felt, what he has said, that he is at least a step-father to all his men. No wonder that later in the day, when the General read the Easter lesson in the beautiful service for the camp in Liberty Theater, his



men listened with hearts instead of ears, knowing that "the General's the real thing".

Another ever welcome visitor is Right Reverend Monseignor Neisen D. D., to give him his whole impressive title, First Chaplain in the cantonment, and now attached to Base Hospital. He was two years beyond the age limit, but was especially chosen at Washington. Coming to Camp Lewis to visit a nephew, he was determined upon this service. Captain Neisen says frankly that the day he donned khaki was the happiest of his life and he certainly looks as soldierly in his uniform as he does priestly in the lace-trimmed robes in which he officiated at the first Xmas mass at Camp Lewis. The only hospital chaplain, he asks no questions about the creeds of the sick he visits and is broad in his views. One day being himself in a fever, he administered extreme unction to a Catholic dying there. The man rallied but the father grew worse. Being forbidden to go again to the bedside, Monseignor called for Mr. Herman Page, an Episcopalian clergyman and asked him to visit his boy and remain till the end, which he gladly did. The tiny chapel is next to the small building used as a morgue.

There are no women chaplains, are there? If ever the War Department should appoint one, it would naturally be Mrs. Ruth, wife of Captain Risher Thornberry, a woman still young though a strange tragedy, darkening twelve years, has streaked her brown hair with gray. She speaks Spanish as fluently as English, Japanese and Filipino. If women wore service ribbons, hers would be as vary colored as our officers' at Camp Lewis, for she was with every war from the Spanish-American to this. In the Philippines her work was recognized among thousands of men. She has probably seen more men die than any other person you know. Ordered home during serious illness, precedence was accorded her beyond even admirals' wives and she was sent to the States on a transport attended by a nurse provided by Admiral Wildes. Boxer Rebellion, in China, Russo-Japanese War, then three years amid the terrors of revolution in Mexico—yet is eager to be sent to the first line

trenches in France, if she never sees her husband after their arrival. Here, she devotes her time to the army sick, writing their letters, doing their errands, amusing, comforting. Nothing long-faced about Mrs. Thornberry. She is just as apt to be slangy as not. You should have tagged along on the afternoon Corporal Burton's big baritone and Sergeant Tobin's tenor rollicked through the wards, no lugubrious hymns, but "Goodbye Maw, goodbye Paw, goodbye mule with your old hee-haw," or "I don't want to get well, I'm in love with a beautiful nurse," or "The Long Trail" which was what some were evidently following, though they waved their bony arms and clapped their thin hands for more. Mrs. Thornberry would give a flower here, a message there, and be off like an engine leaving a trail of sunshine instead of smoke through the ward. Queer ambition, to suffer all things with all men, to go part way with those who go West through a blood-red sky, to go all the way, if such be the orders from Division Headquarters Up There. Yes, she wants to go with the Ninety-first to France and those of the Division who know her work, would like to take Mother Ruth along. Wonder if among Camp Lewis' Firsts, a First Chaplainess—or ette?—lurks? Hut Mother the Y. M's have already appointed her for France, if, an officer's wife, she is allowed to go.

In Spring, when the beautiful countryside burst into bloom and the convalescents in Camps established to provide pleasant quarters for those too weak to return to barracks, looked longingly out, automobilists came regularly to drive them along the beckoning roads, to gather wild flowers, or, if their charges were able, to take them to their own homes. Later, women took turns as hostesses at teas for convalescents at camp, serving dainty refreshments, brightening and hastening many a weary recovery. Has *anything* been left undone?

Would that every face in this group showed plainly, for within it is many a hero's. There is no sex in Courage. Heroine's a word for a moving picture actress, for a problem novel. These women act in the greatest tragedy this sorry old world has ever staged, these work out the problem of the saddest story ever written.



CAMP LEW

All are young women, some but girls, but they are trained to efficient and rapid service. Immaculate now, white-clad, white-capped, white-shod, their gowns will be splashed with red, and the feet of some, following those who have gone before, will be sodden as in shambles. They will have no time to coil the bright hair those winged caps surmount. Some will sacrifice their woman's crown, to gain a few precious minutes in the long, hard day. Their nights will be short and broken and terrorized.

The cross which marks the abode to which they go, is red, blood-red. For the first time since it glowed upon a battlefield, or shone behind its lines, the Red Cross is a target, the bullseye of the Prussians.

All this these nurses know. All this as well is borne by the surgeons with whom they work. None bear arms. For them both no excitement of battle, no rush upon the foe, only ceaseless work, nerve-tearing fortitude; but for nurses, not even rank, nor fame, nor paltry pelf, not



TAL NURSES

even, save in very exceptional cases, recognition of their sacrifice.

Death they face fearlessly, like men, at the front; but for women there is something worse than death. In all time before, the merciful obtained mercy, their service was their honor's shield. To the everlasting shame of German warfare, that shield is theirs no longer. This, too, they know, and yet go forth. "Come back bearing your shield or upon it," said the warrior's mother. Either was honor.

Doubtless among these in the picture are some whose motives would not bear the clear light of Patriotism and Mercy—and doubtless some others in khaki and bearing titles would change color under that search-light,—but upon most rests the crown of sacrifice hidden beneath the nurse's cap.

Many of these are already in France, the rest go soon. God bless you, every one.



## CHAPTER VI.

GEN. GREENE'S RECORD, CHARACTERISTICS, INFLUENCE—HIS RETURN FROM FRANCE—ROTARY CLUB'S GIFTS—EVENTS OF HIS COMMAND—EASTER—FIRST MACHINE GUN BARRAGE—DIVISION REVIEW UNDER ARMS, REVIEW OF TRAINING CAMP GRADUATES, AND DIVISION PRACTICE MARCH—FAMOUS VISITORS — DIVISION HEADQUARTERS — MAJ. GREENE AND CAPT. WELTY—GREENE PARK— COL. BREES, MAJORS MANLEY, HERRING AND CUMMINS, CAPT. COMAN JUDGE ADVOCATE STRONG, MAJ. WEST, LIEUT. HOOVER AND NATURALIZATION—THE NINETY-FIRST'S LAST CITIZEN.

Ready, all ready for its First Commandant Major-General Henry A. Greene U. S. N. A. Looking over the great hurrying camp, its handful of regular army officers, themselves pioneers before this polyglot army, its hundreds of utterly inexperienced young officers just graduated from the First Training School, its thousands of privates suddenly removed from every civilian walk of life, willing but dazed, many unaccustomed to the slightest physical exertion, to be quickly wrought into iron men; taking over a cantonment and "the makings" of a First Division, was it not a staggering task? But thirty-eight years' varied service had fashioned the Man to the Work. Probably the War Department fancies it appointed him; not so. Ministers, servers, are ordained. His previous life was the course, the Ninety-First his charge, its success the fruits.

Not a man in the army has had more varied training since being graduated from West Point in 1879. After two years at the usual small post, Lieut. Greene was instructor for four years in the Infantry and Cavalry School,

and later, for another four years; still later, Commandant of Army Service Schools at Fort Leavenworth 1914-16. These ten years alone would produce a Commandant under whose officers intensive training would result. Captain Greene headed a company at El Caney and Santiago, also in the campaign around Manila, where later he served upon the Provost-Guard and as Aid-de-camp to Maj. Gen. Otis. Then he was Assistant Adjutant General of the Army, at Washington. He was secretary of the First General Staff which he helped to organize. Next he was Chief of Staff of the Southwestern Division Oklahoma; of the Northern, St. Louis. For a year, he commanded the 10th Infantry in Alaska. He was President of the Infantry Equipment Board at Rock Island Arsenal; in command at Fort Benjamin Harrison for three years, when he went to the Concentration Camp to command his 10th Infantry again, ordered to Panama. There he remained through the construction, 1911-4. For a few months he was in charge of the Central Department at Chicago. Then he went to the Mexican Border, in command of Divisional Districts, the first being at San Antonio, where as Second-Lieutenant, fresh from West Point, he had been posted. In the old adobe hospital at Fort Duncan he even occupied his old room, asking Capt. Welty who was stationed there, if he would give it up to him, he would feel that he had come back home, would like to see if a Brigadier-General enjoyed it as much as a Second-Lieutenant had, a touch of the simplicity of this man which is so winning. Lastly, he commanded at Douglas, Arizona and came from there to Camp Lewis in August, 1917—even with all this, some details are omitted. He belongs to several clubs and orders, holds third rank in the National Army of the United States, but none of this would stand between you in meeting him. Only the two stars upon his shoulder straps would intimate he is a Major-General, responsible for an entire Division, the largest unit of a great army. He is the cultured gentleman, witty, unassuming, the home-lover, a maker of friends. Asked if descended from General Greene of Revolutionary fame,

for he is a Son of the American Revolution, he replied "No connection; my grandfather went in and came out, a private." It is this plain speaking, his liking for men as men, that, as much as anything, has endeared him to his soldiers and the community. He does what he thinks right and expects his officers and men to do the same, so that he has fought a good fight right here in Washington, entrenching his command against their worst enemies. The men themselves admit this, while their mothers, wives and sisters regard him as a friend of the family. Not every General is entitled to that honor to wear upon his breast. No matter what his decorations, this is no mean Distinguished Service Order. One mother tried to say something to him about being both honored and loved. "Well," the merry eyes twinkled, "I should like to believe that, of course, but if I can't have both, I'll take the affection." Another, who had come from a distance to visit her son, said, "I wish Gen. Greene needed something that I had to give him. I feel so grateful that he set his standard before the camp beside the flag, so to speak. We mothers feel that strongly. I saw him on a street corner once and I could hardly resist telling him so, he looks so kind." One thing is sure, had she done that he would have received her thanks with appreciation, for, as her boy put it, "The General's the real thing. Why it's all the rage to be decent out at camp, no fellow's ashamed of it." So you see why the motto at Base Hospital applies here, *Influence is exhalation of character*. From Headquarters down, through high officers to low, this impress has become the stamp official of Camp Lewis, every man is marked by it before he has been long upon the cantonment, even though the impress be faint.

MANLINESS EFFICIENCY DEPENDABLENESS
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The General says that one of the most satisfactory bits of his long service was organizing his company of Sioux Indians, and teaching them English; "Good soldiers

they were, too, I was proud of them." It is interesting, in this connection, that just before the 91st started for France, twenty-five Sioux came with the new draft into the Depot Brigade. And still more interesting is the fact that the *First Indian to die in the Service* during this war was stationed at Camp Lewis.

Gen. Greene has the three elements of a good speaker: he has something worth-while to say, he says it plainly and humorously, and then he ends. When he first came to Camp Lewis he made many addresses to congregations and clubs in his off-hand, friendly way, which did more than countless government bulletins to assure and reassure people about army life, opportunities, and improvements. People trusted and liked him. Men wrote home about him and families grew to feel a proprietary interest in "our camp" and "our General". There is more than one word's difference in the French usage "mon General", not "le General".

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In the Fall, Captain, afterward Major James S. Greene, West Point 1904, 6th Cavalry, came to Camp Lewis as his Aid, later accompanying his father and Lieutenant-Colonel Brees, Chief of Staff, to France the end of November. There Major Greene remained for a course in the Staff Officers School. He has the same humorous comprehension as the General, who told this incident upon his return: Major Greene and a British officer, in the General's car, went to the first line trenches, leaving the car and its American driver with orders to await them, there. They proceeded further on foot and after various diversions, such as playing target for machine-gun fire from an airplane, they returned wet, cold, and tired, only to find that the car had retreated to a village further back when the Germans began shelling. There was nothing to do but plough on through wind and rain. Naturally, they asked the chauffeur why he had not remained. The lanky Texan replied imperturbably. "I don't allow 'twas lack o' personal courage, but I calc'lated you'd rather walk three miles further to a live shuffer and a runnable car,





MAJOR JAMES GREENE

than to find a dead car with a driver to match." Major Greene remarked that the Texan seemed to have said all that was really necessary. It is Major Greene's small son who is to inherit the trench boots his grandfather bought at the Front, laughed the General. Just now they are as large as the price, which was considerably over fifty dollars, by the way.

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General Greene was aboard ship to return to this country when the Tuscania was sunk, so the vessel delayed five days. There were about thirty men from Camp

Lewis of the 361st Infantry and the 166th Depot Brigade, upon the Tuscania going to join the Engineers.

Upon his return to Washington D. C., General Greene passed the rigid physical examination exacted of all officers who are to serve oversea. He reached Tacoma the first of March and was met at the station not only by Division Officers and Commanders, but by many citizens who made it a genuine home coming, emphasized by the band of the 361st Infantry's playing Home, Sweet Home and Happy Heinie, the official march of the 10th Infantry when General Greene was its Colonel, and to whom its composer gave the score.

During the General's absence, his bungalow just beyond Headquarters at camp had been finished and furnished, the latter by the Rotary Club of Tacoma, their gift to the Commandant of Camp Lewis, as a plate upon the Victrola announced; but other gifts were brought one evening for Gen. Greene, himself. A few Staff Officers and their wives being at the bungalow, the Rotarians and their wives and a motorful of gifts arrived while the band serenaded. Ralph Shaffer, District Rotary Governor, made the presentation speech and announced that the Grandfather's clock which was too large for the shelf was to stand forty years on the floor if the General's well wishers set the time; that the piano light, the library and council table, and the thermos carafe were for this particular Commandant who could not be superseded in the esteem of the whole community. Whereupon General Greene, with his wife beside him, replied most happily.

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The First Machine Gun Barrage Demonstration at Camp Lewis occurred March 22, 1918, over a field some distance from the cantonment, several hundred officers attending. Representatives of all Division Machine Gun companies fired at unseen targets a mile away, using sixteen of these small terrors, an officer and two privates to each, the former computing the range, and the others supplying and firing the gun, upon its tripod, from the trench. The only excitement was the first sputter of the

guns as the raised arm of the commanding officer fell, for the result could be known only after examination of the paper barricade far away. After a time Gen. Greene was motored over to make that, and to direct the moving of targets to another point, which must be computed by the firing officers before sighting for the second barrage. The results of this first demonstration predicted well for our gunners at the front.

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The very last day of March was the First Easter since our entrance into war. To many a dormant soul, in the army and out of it, the day dawned with clearer light, for, amid the horrors of war and in the hush of the nation's expectancy, faith has awakened and life is new. This nation was founded upon Godliness and education. The first building in a Colonial settlement was a church, the second a school; in our time the first was a saloon and the next a dance hall. Then, the Bible was both law and Scripture; lately, in streetfuls of homes, family Bible and family Album disappeared together. But when, every dawn, War opens Eternity's gates to thousands of men, when the sun cannot brighten the desolate homes to which they will never return, while whole countrysides, like Him of old, have no place to lay their heads, the "many mansions" are become very real habitations, and the risen Lord, after His martyrdom, an understanding Friend. A great service had been planned in which, for the first time in history, all sects were to participate, but this proved too good to be true, though Easter service in Liberty Theater that sunny afternoon was beautiful, the stage "in the beauty of the lilies" arranged by the Hostess House women. The vested choir followed both cross and flag, and last came Bishop and General, each in the garb of his service, each with a son at the Front. Bishop Keator preached the sermon and General Greene read the chapter beginning. "The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdelene early, when it was yet dark,"—always has it been women who were faithful even when all was dark. To soldiers, which

think you, did the more good, sermon or reading? For a man to stand out as Christian and soldier, with thousands noting if he practices what he professes, requires courage. The service, arranged by the young Episcopalian clergyman, Herman Page, was printed. The people sang America with love, and with prayer—

#### AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies,  
 For amber waves of grain,  
 For purple mountain majesties  
 Above the fruited plain!  
 America! America!  
 God shed His grace on thee  
 And crown thy good with brotherhood,  
 From sea to shining sea!  
 O beautiful for pilgrim feet,  
 Whose stern, impassioned stress  
 A thoroughfare for freedom beat  
 Across the wilderness!  
 America! America!  
 God mend thine every flaw,  
 Confirm thy soul in self-control,  
 Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved  
 In liberating strife,  
 Who more than self their country loved  
 And mercy more than life!  
 America! America!  
 May God thy gold refine,  
 Till all success be nobleness,  
 And every gain divine!  
 O beautiful for patriot dream  
 That sees beyond the years  
 Thine alabaster cities gleam  
 Undimmed by human tears!  
 America! America!  
 God shed His grace on thee  
 And crown thy good with brotherhood,  
 From sea to shining sea!

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Is it not good, General Greene, good, Ninety-First, to think that in your day at Camp Lewis, the first anniversary of every sacred day has rolled around? April 6 was Liberty Day, when the United States declared war upon il-Liberate Germany. There were various celebrant assemblages, but one of import was the meeting of employers and employees at a large shipyard in Tacoma, where carriers were being rushed. It was addressed by



Gen. Greene in words so genuine and modest, so thoughtful, helpful and friendly, that all deserve to be crystallized, but here are a few,—what an all-embracing difference in such a talk from a Major-General in the American Army and one, if he would deign to give it, by a Prussian Major-General.

“Comrades of the great ununiformed army of workers, they have asked me to speak to you today, perhaps that the two branches of our defenders may be brought into a little closer touch and greater appreciation of each other. I have recently returned from a visit to the front, I have seen the vast expanse of battlefields and trenches. I have seen the needs that this country must supply, and greatness of these is our need for ships.

“Our uniformed army and the army of labor need each other. They need your protection and you need theirs. They need your ships and the things that will be carried in those ships, and they need them quickly. The time element now enters into this conflict as never before. I know that your work is honest work, that you are building staunchly and well. But if it is humanly possible we need you now to drive two spikes where you drove one before. This war will not be won on the battlefields of France, but in the workshops of America.

“You have heard of the great German gun that carried its shots seventy-five miles and on Easter Sunday dropped its missiles into a Paris church. But your work is greater than that German gun. You will be felt in Berlin 4000 miles away. Your country needs you as it never needed you before, and you are a real soldier of liberty if you are accomplishing your utmost with your skill in this work that you do best.”

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The 91st Division was reviewed by Gen. Greene for the first time under Arms, April 11. Surrounded by his Staff and Foreign Officers, all mounted, at the North center of the great field, troops bounding both sides as far as eye could reach, bands playing, thousands of visitors in autos and afoot eagerly watching, Company after Company marched by, dipping their colors to the Commandant as they passed the reviewing station, all but Old Glory, held proudly erect, stars to the sky, stripes straightly carried by the free wind, and the serried tops

of the ancient firs massed at the rear, their fixed bayonets piercing the blue, like towering shades of departed ranks looking down upon this new army, gathered from a happy-go-lucky population, at peace since the highest officers of its regulars were playing soldier: not an army like that of the Civil War, rushed into the field, on both sides untrained and inefficient, but an army fit to ally with the dauntless French, the valiant British, the daring Italian, against the Hun, for forty years darkly preparing to uncivilize Europe, to dominate the free sea, and to extinguish under submarines the beckoning torch of Liberty Enlightening the World.

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The 91st is an Infantry Division, that is has a preponderance of foot soldiers, though every branch except aviation is in its makeup. Many men of that 166th Field Artillery Brigade never saw a gun carriage till they learned to mount it, yet they will give good account of themselves when, as that day in review, Artillery leads the battle. Following the cannon and their caissons, came the 346th Machine Gun Battalion with their guns and carts of ammunition; then the 181st and 182nd Infantry Brigades, the 44th Regulars, the 316th Engineers, Field Signal Battalion, Trains and Military Police, all under full arms and equipment. The Military Police and Headquarters troops were mounted upon well matched blacks and bays, both furnished by Capt. Jackson from the Remount Station. Mules drew army wagons like the last of the old "prairie schooners" and the huge, powerful motors told of new days. It was an inspiring sight. Did you not take heart as you saw the best of our strong young West pass that day, Britishers and Frenchmen, and knew their will and skill devoted to your countries' aid?

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The 20th of April Gen. Greene reviewed the 499 graduates of the First of Officers' Training Schools to be held at Camp Lewis. The "colonel of the regiment" was First Sergeant Richards of the regular army infantry in camp, who had trained them. During the fourteen weeks' course,

half of the thousand detailed had been returned to the ranks. Col. Brees, Maj. Cummins, and Lt. Col. Norrell, Commanding Officer, were the reviewing staff. The General gave a short, practical talk and personally presented each diploma representing a Second-lieutenancy commission. Friends of graduates looked on with far deeper interest than the ordinary graduation calls forth, for the "battle of life" always referred to, was today a stern and imminent reality.

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The very last day of April, another First, moved the whole Division for practice march to Roy, six miles distant, traveling by five roads, 16,000 strong. For weeks different organizations had been working out problems of movement and intelligence on their hikes; now, under equipment, they moved "as troops through a friendly country".

The Signal Corps arrived first. Telephone and telegraph wires were quickly strung from Headquarters in the dilapidated old farmhouse among the blooming apple trees, to the several Brigade headquarters with their own flags flying. Wireless was operating back to Camp Lewis and the homing pigeons were ready to fly. Mounted Military Police followed the Signal Corps. One troop camped before General Headquarters, blocking entrance and challenging; another kept the roads open. Both officers and line wore denim. Every organization was accompanied by supply trains, and every man carried full equipment, including half of a pup tent. The Field Artillery, 400 strong, guns mounted and caissons rumbling, made it appear that need would be for the Field Ambulance Corps and stretchers attendant upon every regiment, and for the Field Hospitals set up and ready for business. The first troops arrived about ten o'clock in the morning, and by eleven thirty, tents were pitched for a mile each side of the General's Headquarters. Mounted orderlies carried messages, their service hats with black and white cords and the broad red band upon one sleeve proclaiming their errand from

afar. The Bees in the fruit blossoms buzzed their comments upon these rivals and their strange hives.

At noon, the rations carried by the men were disposed of to a crumb, and in the afternoon Gen. Greene inspected the entire encampment. It was a long day and a strong day, was it not, Ninety-First?

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Many famous visitors came to Camp Lewis that first year. One to be received by its Commandant with special interest was Major-General E. D. Swinton, inventor of War Tanks, Assistant-Secretary of the British War Cabinet, veteran of thirty years' service in many lands. Like everyone else, he was strongly impressed by Camp Lewis, and cheered by the efficiency already shown by its troops. General Swinton modestly disclaimed inventing the tanks, said it was only an adaptation of an American invention, the caterpillar tractor.

Another interesting man, Father Thomas Ewing Sherman, was conducted about camp by General Greene, and lectured at Liberty Theater, introduced by the Commandant, who sat upon the stage throughout, the most interested hearer of a most eloquent message. Father Sherman's subject, "The Soldier", was one in which he should be versed, for he spent much of his boyhood in camp with his father, knew much of the Civil War, of Indian fighting, and later, himself fought in the Spanish-American. Remember that his father, William Tecumseh Sherman, was one of but six Generals our country has so honored: Washington in the Revolutionary War, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan in the Civil, Pershing and Bliss, in this. General Pershing and Major-General Greene have been twice associated in past service.

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Not an imposing structure, is it, Division Headquarters? Like all the buildings in the days of the Ninety-First, it is unpainted. Opposite the door, and opposite the staircase on the second floor, stands an orderly, or rather sits, rising only as one advances. Unlike such functionaries in most places of the sort, decidedly unlike men sta-





HEADQUARTERS

tioned before un-civil magnates, these soldiers are courteous. They do not anticipate in you a pickpocket or even a beggar. They proceed upon the premises that you are a gentleman, that you have proper business there, and that you will be courteously received within. They direct you in quite that spirit. The air of the place is military, business-like, democratic. Here the Commanding Officer of the camp has his office and all Division officers have theirs, workaday, inelegant. The Commandant's office boasts a carpet rug, but neither fireplace, picture, nor ornament. His desk, like theirs, is plain oak.

Without, a concrete roadway circles a plaza already green and parked with shrubbery wherein the State flower, the Rhododendron, bloomed the first Spring. This is bounded by an artistic low wall of the omnipresent field stone selected to cannon-ball size. In the center of this green floats one of the two official flags of the camp, from a steel flagstaff seventy-five feet high. Here, every day at Retreat, a band plays the Star Spangled Banner and as the colors respond to their name and slowly descend at the call, silence falls and within and without all stand at attention. Then does the Division officers' day end, just as the privates' does, for as yet no swivel-chair officer has been stationed at Camp Lewis. From General to Janitor all work, and work hard.

From that flagstaff, May 24, 1918, for the first time in the life of Camp Lewis, under the red, white and blue, floated another flag, one of red, white and green, Italy's, our Ally's, to commemorate the third anniversary of its entrance into the war; and, in Tacoma, a company of infantry from the cantonment headed the Italian parade, celebrating their countrymen's prowess.

Speaking of the National air, it is true that many home-grown Americans do not yet know what it is. People have been known to rise to *Dixie*.

"Come boys, come", said old Mr. Jones, whose patriotism is truer than his music sense, "don't keep your seats when your Country's hymn is played. Rise, boys," and they rose, and stood more or less reverently while the orchestra played *Old Black Joe*! I scarcely believe that story, though the General, who is full of fun, asserts he does: says he has stood for everything else, if not that; says an orchestra will play a patriotic air, somebody will rise, people will pop up here and there like the quickest kernels in a corn-popper, and, observing his uniform, looks surprised and reproachful will turn upon him until he is "fairly bluffed into standing", which is the respect properly shown only the Star Spangled Banner.

It is not every General who not only can see the joke, but whose inherent courtesy spares others the knowledge of their ignorance. If he meets a private while cutting across from Headquarters to his bungalow afoot—the big yellow car with the flag and the two-starred ensign is all right enough for the General, but the *man* likes to walk—he is just as apt to salute first, "pleases the boy, perhaps, and does no harm", smiles he. Yet, officially, no Commander is more of a stickler, than the democratic man who wins friends for the Service he loves in these many small ways. One day, sitting in his office, the phone rang. Perhaps you don't know that most Generals would sooner take up a bomb-fuse, but General Greene's dignity is phone-proof:

"Captain Welty there?—Well, that's his office, aint it? —Do you work in that office?"



THE COMMANDANT



CERS AND ASSISTANTS



"Yes," said the General, "I work here. Can I do anything for you?"

"No", very curtly, "you can't. I want to speak to Captain Welty himself," and he hung up, *hard*.

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A promising young sculptor in Tacoma, about to enlist in the navy to celebrate his majority, asked, through secretary W. P. Bonney of the State Historical Society for a few sittings from the General in order to make a portrait bust to present to the museum. Busy as he was, and naturally not over-sanguine about the success of such an ambitious attempt in a young artist, he acquiesced. Completed after but seven short sittings, an evening reception was arranged in beautiful Hewitt Hall at the museum, where the work stood the severe test of comparison with the original, at the same height. It is exceedingly life-like and was presented, in a few boyish, winning words, by the sculptor, Allan Clark, and accepted, on behalf of the museum, by its president William W. Seymour, with encomiums upon the General, the Artist, and his Work, stating that the bust would be cast in enduring bronze in memory of him whose work at Camp Lewis would be as enduring. He then called upon Gen. Greene, without warning, to say a word. To a man less resourceful and unassuming, the situation would have been most awkward, but he certainly rose to the occasion. In a short, witty talk, he acknowledged that none would be apt to turn from the Apollo Belvedere to gaze upon these features as a paragon of beauty, but that there was to be seen in the work, talent amounting to genius; that, after the war, returning from serving the country to which he had just pledged himself, the young artist would "carry on" in art, and that the time would come when he himself would proudly say, "Why, I knew Allan Clark, the sculptor, when he was only a boy. I had the honor of sitting for his first life-size work."

Speaking of the Washington State Historical Society Museum, upon the Stadium where several 91st Division's events have been staged, including the big foot ball game in the Fall, it contains, amid a large amount of unusually

good material, two objects of unique interest and value at this time, the bugle upon which sounded the First Alarm of the Civil War to the North at Fort Sumter, and an entire journal in the handwriting of the First President of the United States. This would seem a particularly happy possession of a state named for Washington. Hearing this remark, Colonel Saville, who is deeply interested in history, replied that the State was not named for the President, but for the vessel which explored its shores under Capt. Gray who discovered the Columbia River and christened it in its own water for the other of his twin ships.

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Greene Park, the largest amusement zone in connection with the thirty-two cantonments, upon government land across the railroad track, was named by Brig. Gen. Foltz, for the Commandant in France. All buildings are of one type, the Swiss chalet. There are the usual amusements and shops to be found in such parks, but all must be approved by the War Department and are subjected to the control of the Commandant. Why they are allowed to do business on Sunday when it is against the law in cities, is a red tape knot which no one attempts to untie. Various delays occurred in the upbuilding and the families of the 91st had no chance of housing in the huge hotel which is building there and will solve many of the problems of officers' wives and visiting relatives. The Salvation Army is also building a large Hut in Greene Park. There is being completed a second Hostess House, solely for the use of the girls and women employed in Greene Park concessions, the nurses from the Base Hospital, and any others employed at camp. It is planned by Miss Constance Clark, who gave up her opportunity for France early in the spring, to remain at Hostess House and assist with this new and much needed club-house project, which will be under supervision of the former. It will be furnished throughout by Mrs. Charles Raymond, except for the reception room which will be Lieut. Raymond's gift.

The Christian Science Headquarters chalet in Greene Park is in charge of Mr. Joseph Reynolds and his sunny-faced wife.



CAPT. M. D. WELTY

Capt. Maurice D. Welty is Gen. Greene's Aid-de-Camp, Aid, for camp or trench, office or zone. Born in Greensburg, Pennsylvania, in 1886, and graduated from its High School, from the U. S. Military Academy in 1910, he

spent the customary three years in the Philippines, then returned to the States, joining the 5th Infantry at Plattsburg. In 1916, he went with the 3rd Infantry to Eagle Pass, Texas, became First-Lieutenant in July of that year and General Greene's Aid, which he has been ever since, coming with him to Camp Lewis in August, 1917, as Captain of a month's standing. Just before the 91st Division started for France, Captain Welty became Major Welty. He has been Camp Censor of all news and photographs, and had charge of Greene park during his chief's absence in France, in fact his duties have been varied and exacting, but he has shown himself able in them all. For some time before the Division left, he was Acting Assistant Chief of Staff.

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A Major-General is entitled to three Aids, two Captains and a First-Lieutenant. The last named is Lieut. George P. Raymond of Santa Barbara and Akron, Ohio, who has filled a position requiring tact, with tact and to spare. In May, the vacancy caused by the promotion of Captain Greene to Major, was filled by the assignment of Capt. Dean C. Witter. Maj. Greene, though in France, is still attached to the 91st Division. Aids-de-camp are confidential officers who represent their chief in many ways and who, when at war, bear his messages, verbal or written. They wear upon their collars a shield surmounted by an eagle, the top of the shield bearing one star for a Brigadier's, two stars for a Major-General's Aids, so that at a glance credentials are attested.

Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert J. Brees is Chief of Staff, executive officer for the Division Commander, responsible for the workings of the Staff Officers, and Assistant to the Commanding Officer, supervising and co-ordinating the work of the entire command. His appropriate insignia is a spread eagle above one star. Col. Brees was born in Wyoming and, just out of college, was appointed from civil life in 1898 when there was dearth of officers for the Spanish-American War, after which he entered the Infantry and Cavalry School and Was Honor Graduate in



1903. Two years later he was graduated from the Staff Officers College, and two years thereafter, from the Army War College. Probably that exhausted the college supply, at any rate he served in Texas during the Border troubles and then became assistant at Plattsburg Training Camp. He came to Camp Lewis September 1, 1917 as Chief of Staff, whose principal peace duty is supervising camp training. No wonder every informed visitor who has seen the other cantonments exclaims over the advanced training of this one, with a co-ordinating officer so prepared. Col. Brees is strong for universal service. Says he, "Would anyone care to live, even in this boasted Twentieth Century, in a city without a police force? Preparedness is the Policing of a Nation." He certainly looks personally prepared for any attack, sitting at the right of Gen. Greene in this group. As a photograph this picture was a success, but it hardly seems possible that many genial friendly gentlemen could possibly look so grim and uncompromising, not to say vicious. As Hun exterminators, however their faces are their fortunes. Gen. Greene in the center is all but unrecognizable. Behind him sits his son, with Capt. Welty at his right. At the left of the General, Division-Surgeon Field stares out as if upon something to be borne no longer—Division Surgeons have borne much through the ages since the two sons of Æsculapius held that commission with the Greek army. The man behind him, because of the wristwatch has by some been recognized as Lieut. Raymond, and the one clasping his knee with foot braced for the worst, is Maj. Manley, though hitherto he has hidden his sorrows from the world under a smile. The next grim personage is genial Major, later Lieut.-Col. Herring, Ordnance Officer. On Col. Brees' right is Lt. Col. Coleman. He is not handcuffed, though it would seem safer—he is one of the finest looking men on the cantonment—and the next is Judge-Advocate Strong. The officer beyond who looks as if this were the last thing he intended to bear, is Maj. Cummins; and the end man is, I suspect, Maj. Wyman, but I am not sure. Because of his gray mustache, that is probably Maj. Smith, a dis-

tinguished looking man, in the flesh—the one behind Col. Coleman. Since Capt. Cook appears as a white man elsewhere, it is just as well not to mention that the Chinamen next the Major is he, nor is it, perhaps, kind nor respectful to name two or three others recognized.

Major Fred W. Manley was graduated at West Point in 1905. He spent two years and a half mapping the island of Luzon and was then ordered back as instructor at the U. S. Military Academy. He was with Gen. Funston at Vera Cruz and was appointed Municipal Treasurer in the office of the Provost-Marshal. This, as a purist would say, “was sure some job,” for the Mexicans are taxed for their very thoughts. At Plattsburg he was Adjutant of a New York regiment, was attached to the First Officers Training Camp, and at the end of August last year became Division Adjutant at Camp Lewis. He wears a shield with one large and several smaller stars upon it.

Maj. Manley is literally a human document. All correspondence to and from the command passes through him; he is charged with its records; under direction of the Commandant and the supervision of the Chief of Staff, he issues all orders to the Division. During the first days of receiving the draft and assigning it to organizations, last September, there were no precedents to follow, but now, through Personel Officer Capt. Coman’s co-ordinating office, perfect system has been established. Succeeding Division Officers will follow these pioneers and possess the land. During the absence of Col. Brees in Europe, Maj. Manley, as ranking officer, was Acting Chief of Staff. He is now Lieutenant-Colonel.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another of the Division Administrative Staff, Major Ralph E. Herring, belongs both to Artillery and Infantry with overlappings, one would think, into Cavalry, Commissary and Trains. His department furnishes everything in the way of arms, automatics, ammunition, rifles, bayonets, trench knives, pistols, grenades, cannon, caissons, mortars, shells, *everything* used in killing, as he says; trucks, wagons, saddles, and all equipment to get men and

ammunition there to do the fighting, down to belts and buckles; and even table ordnance, for after all food wins the war, and knives, forks, spoons, canteens are its small arms. So that Maj. Herring, keeping the entire Division supplied with all such material death, and the ammunition required for army practice in dealing it, is not of the ranks of the unemployed. Nor did he happen along as the position was to be filled. Maj. Herring has fought in three wars, volunteering from his native state, Minnesota, for the Spanish-American to begin with, and he will see plenty of service before he is retired, for he was born in 1877. He was a "distinguished graduate" of the Coast Artillery School in 1908, and from an advanced course in 1912, having been appointed Captain of the 1st Artillery Corps the preceding year. He came to Camp Lewis the 1st of September 1917 as Major, and was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel in May. Quiet, pleasant, calm, one can scarcely connect him with so wide a knowledge of death-dealing missiles, I had almost written missives which, indeed, they are, for they spell Peace, at the best, while their star shells serve to illumine sign posts which Prussians, Austrians, Turks, Infidels all, cannot but read as they toil along their lost territory—

### TO LIBERTY

Maj. Avery D. Cummins, Division Inspector, and Maj. Manley were classmates. The former was born in Spokane and has been stationed in the West most of his Service, upon the Ute Reservation, at Nome, at the first mobilization at San Antonio, and upon the Panama Canal where he went with the first regiment, the 10th Infantry. He watched the great canal's construction, and guarded its locks until they unlocked the Pacific to the Atlantic. He had been with Gen. Greene for six years, and, like everyone else who has been associated with him, supposes there are others as good, but is well content to take it by hearsay.

Maj. Cummins, though young enough to have been represented in the Civil War, so to speak, by a grandfather

who was one of the first settlers of Walla Walla, Washington, exercises oversight over the entire Division and its officers as to efficiency, discipline and general conduct, inspects every variety of supplies, arms, and equipment, the expenditures for public property, the accounts of officers responsible for those expenditures, oversees conservation of stores, and atop all this, suggests betterment and correction—*seems* as if that is all. He is the "Bulldog of the Treasury." To be sure he has seven regimental officers and eleven lieutenants under him for details of infantry, artillery, base hospital and so on, but even at that he can scarcely be "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean," he has to move. No wonder his insignia is the fasces—a bundle of rods bound to an ax which Roman magistrates had carried before them as sign of authority: rods for correction, ax to hew away if milder means prevail not. The fasces is crossed by a sword over a wreath bearing a French motto which, freely translated into Americanese is, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead," a fit motto for a position requiring so much judgment, decision, and force. Every officer is required to register his finger prints as means, with photograph, tag, and the like, of identification in event of casualty in France. Maj. Cummins' finger print would surely be sufficient without further identification: it must be a swirl of lines for, that he has served well—Look Around.

Capt. Daniel J. Coman, Divisional Personnel Officer, went to the First Training Camp at the Presidio from Portland—wonder if there is a man left in that patriotic city—and came to Camp Lewis in August. In the rush of thousands of drafted men, it was a difficult beginning, but Capt. Coman's system is now simple and effective. You home people are more interested in the work of his office than you know. Every man that has ever entered Camp Lewis has his individual number. Any man still in the cantonment can be located at once, transfers being immediately reported. Company by Company, information is carded and lists alphabetically arranged. Statistics as to relatives are kept, and this great card section goes with



the Division to France. First-Lieutenant Dorton is the Personnel Officer and Statistician and Second-Lieutenant Barrett has charge of war risk insurance cards.

Every recruit fills out a card supplying various information, such as his occupation in civil life, how long pursued, how long in one place, at what salary etc. This



CAPT. DANIEL J. COMAN

card is gauged by lines, at the top, and upon its edge are two "flags," bits of celluloid, orange for ordinary, green for expert—should think they would be reversed. At a glance, an accustomed eye can tell just what degree of skill the man indexed possesses. A recruit also expresses his preference for certain service and in assigning him to

an organization, this preference is considered if possible, either then or later. So that the Personnel office has much to do with placing a square peg in a square hole and a round in a round, conducing greatly to personal content and army efficiency. Western ranch men, for instance, prefer the Cavalry, but in this case must be content with the Remount. Some men have never liked their trades or occupations and welcome assignment to something new. If any trade worker is needed on the cantonment he can be immediately located and secured through this card index. Once, a regiment desired a horseshoer, reference to this department showed that an expert was connected with it, and he was assigned to the work. Gas engine men were needed at Kelly Field and they were supplied from Camp Lewis in this way. Capt. Coman has also lists of Religious Objectors, who are assigned, as far as may be, to such units as do not offend their consciences. Many of these, by the way, have seen the light.

Mrs. Coman was a Red Cross Nurse in Portland before her marriage at Christmas, and had expected to go with the Portland unit which was lately mustered into service abroad. The United States, however, refuses passports to all women whose husbands serve in the allied armies, so Mrs. Coman returned to Portland as nurse, releasing one who may go overseas. At this time there is abundant use for the old English motto.

### *Do Ye Nexte Thyng*

American of Americans is Major George V. Strong, Division Judge-Advocate at Camp Lewis. From Elder John Strong down, the Strong's "haven't missed a scrap." Several took a hand in the French and Indian; they were Strong in the Revolution, Captain Richard was killed in the War of 1812, and Lieutenant Robert P. in the War with Mexico. Rear-Admiral James H. Strong also proceeded against Mexico, and commanded the Monongahela against the ram Tennessee in the Civil War Battle of Mobile Bay. Though these and many more were Strong

for war, they were also strong for peace. The Reverend Nathan Strong, Pastor of Hartford's First church, was chaplain in the Revolutionary War, and wrote "*The Doctrine of Eternal Misery Consistent with the Infinite Benevolence of God*"—nothing daunts these Strong's—and the old account says he was noted for his wit! Maj. Gen. F. A. Strong, Commandant of Camp Kearney is of them.

Those that did not fight in uniform, fought as lawyers. Our Division Judge-Advocate has done both. Born in Chicago, graduated from West Point in 1904, appointed to the 6th Cavalry, served in the Philippines. For three years and a half he was attache of the Japanese Embassy at Tokio where he came in contact with such men as Togo, Sir Claude McDonald, of Peking Legations fame, and Lord Kitchener, with whom he traveled for two weeks. Both Maj. Strong and his wife speak Japanese. Having taken a law course at the Northwestern University, Chicago, and seen the wonderful results obtained by the combined minds of a physician, a probation officer, and a Justice, in the Juvenile Court there, he even then began working along the line of co-ordinating work, in Army justice. He was instructor for a year at the Staff College, Leavenworth. As First-Lieutenant he served in the Mexico Border troubles—the Strong's seem to "have it in" for Mexico. In 1915 he was assistant to the Judge Advocate at the Disciplinary Barracks, Leavenworth; afterward the head. He came to Camp Lewis August 31, 1917, as Judge Advocate, and organized the Psychiatric Department to work with him for the great advance in Army justice methods. So Camp Lewis boasts another great First, the employment of Psychiatry, considering the *individual* accused, rather than the *offense* as belonging to a class of misdemeanors. About two percent of the population are insane, you know, what more reasonable than to suppose a man stupid enough to commit a crime, especially in the army, where he is morally certain to be apprehended, belongs to this number? With experience both in fighting and in law, a Western man in a Western Division, Major Strong admits a large admixture of "horse sense" in the

administration of his office. As he says, the National Army is quite different from the regular. Discipline must be maintained, but discrimination used in deciding what is designed. When a soldier is accused of crime, he is examined physically and mentally, with all obtainable data as to personal and family history, civil and army record. According to Major Smith's report as to result, the man is returned to his home with transportation paid, sent to an insane asylum, or tried by court-martial and his sentence forwarded to Washington for approval. His trial must take place within fourteen hours, and thirteen officers compose the jury, with a prosecutor for the government and a councillor for defense. A stenographic report is taken of every case; the Judge-Advocate reviews this for legal error. Every chance is given the soldier. Remember, ours was the First Country to consider the accused innocent until proved guilty. It is suggestive that advocate means "called to aid." The Judge-Advocate's insignia is a wreath with sword and pen crossed over it, the latter above, for "The pen is mightier than the sword." Maj. Strong has two assistants, Maj. West and Lieut. Hoover. During the Judge Advocate's three months' absence in the Winter, Maj. West served.

Maj. Eugene R. West is another good fortune for Camp Lewis, a brave soldier, an experienced lawyer, a man kindly and just. A Virginian of fighting stock, he went from West Point to the Philippines, serving under Generals Scott and Wood. He modestly admits that "there was something doing most of the time." Severely wounded at Jolo, he lay undiscovered upon the ground for three days and nights, in the tropics, without water. The result was ten months in various military hospitals, and discharged as unfit for military service. Although a Southerner, he was of the West in name and spirit, so he settled in Seattle where he practiced law for ten years. When war broke out, he was in perfect physical condition—a man who had survived those hideous days and nights was destined for service when needed. He came at once to Camp Lewis.





LIEUT. H. D. HOOVER

First-Lieut. Hubert D. Hoover, assistant to the Judge-Advocate of the 91st, formerly a lawyer in Los Angeles, was in charge of the last great accomplishment for the Division at Camp Lewis, and so remarkable was it that Lieut. Hoover, as Captain Hoover, was especially ordered to join the Judge Advocate in work overseas, leaving nearly a fortnight after the Staff's exit. This was the naturalization of 5200 aliens, lacking one. Of these, 2127 were in the Division proper, the others in the various depots of the cantonment. There was just one man over 1000 Italians; there were 960 British, from their various colonies; and but 87 Frenchmen. The rest were from almost every country the world over. Every ap-

plicant was vouched for as to loyalty and conduct by his company commanders. It was certainly a strange proceeding, the First of its kind, it seems.

After much study, a system was evolved which was all but automatic. The aliens census was taken the end of May and the new citizens must be examined and sworn in, in three weeks. Those who have seen an automobile entirely constructed "while you wait" at an exposition, and its purchaser take its wheel and drive out, will agree with one of the Camp Lewis naturalization officers that the alien was passed along in the same way, emerging in forty minutes with citizen's paper which in the old way would have taken five and a quarter years, some Hooverizing that! Wonder what relation this Time-Saver is to the Food Saver? It is something to have worked a new verb into the language. The first step was taken at the Depot Brigade Library, where all aliens in a company appeared at once with their commanding and another officer of theirs, before a deputy commissioner, who examined the applicants and issued certificates to all who seemed fit. Next he appeared with the certificate successively before the twenty-four soldier naturalization clerks, each of whom subjected him to a special inquiry, signed his paper and passed him along, just like fitting the auto with wheels, carburetor, hood and the like. All but breathless, the applicant received his papers, very like a signed railroad ticket from coast to coast, and, indeed, that paper did translate and transport the man from many countries far and far away, as if by magic carpet,—or Persian rug, since one came from the Land of the Fire-Worshippers. The man from Monte Carlo did not know whose control he renounced, shouldn't think he would, and gambling already ruled out of the army. There were several Russians, too. When it came to naming the ruler of their country, they looked at one another and at the officers, and the Court and—well, even the Judge did not know. Those Russians were obliged just to "renounce the devil and all his works" and let it go at that. On the contrary, three Bohemians know too well whose allegiance they would abjure, the

Austrian Emperor's, and the name prevented citizenship for them. It transpired all three had hated Austria all their lives and they broke down entirely, one bursting into tears.

One proved valuable as interpreter, a Second-Lieutenant, assistant to Chief of Staff. He bears the great name of Italy, de Medici. One might have written a fascinating book from the material of that naturalization, a book of many heroes but of no heroines, except the shadowy ones, unseen of others, who yet are the rulers of men's lives.

When large numbers of candidates had been so passed, Federal Judge E. E. Cushman held naturalization court at Camp Lewis and swore in groups of men according to their nationalities. June 1st, 1156 were made citizens, but six days later 1454 renounced their birth countries during one session! A week later 286 cases were disposed of, and since then, 18 from the Officers Training School have received citizenship. It should be added that although this wholesale naturalization was accomplished in record-breaking time, great care was exercised, and that several officers, beside the clerks, were present to see that everything was in order, to check petitions for legality or errors. Aliens remaining in immobile units upon the cantonment will be examined and naturalized from time to time.

Capt. Cassius R. Peck is the Camp Judge-Advocate. He has also been president of the exemption board, and has carried on the naturalization of aliens. Beside all this, Capt. Peck was Acting Division Judge-Advocate during the interim between the departure of Maj. Strong with the Ninety-First and the arrival of Maj. C. C. Cresson, who succeeded him. Capt. Peck was in the Infantry, obtaining his commission from the First Presidio Officers Training School, but, having been an attorney at Coos Bay, Oregon, he was transferred to the legal department of the army.

"So that 2914 newly made American citizens went out with the 91st Division".

"No, 2915".

"How do you make that out?"

"I didn't, Judge Cushman did. This morning, Friday June 28, 1918, at 10 o'clock precisely, he took the bench

and the papers of Sergeant Gustave Carl Crepin of the 316th Ammunition Train. Though born in Germany, Crepin left the courtroom an *American Citizen*, and two hours later left Camp Lewis, with the 316 Ammunitions, an *American soldier*! He married an American woman who, said he, was of a family among the first to settle in this country. His father was a Hollander and his mother French, but being born in Germany, naturalization was at first refused, and Crepin actually shed tears. However, his officers were sure of his loyalty, he was eager to fight for the Country he had chosen, his knowledge of German would be an advantage; the case was reviewed. So the 91st and Camp Lewis, in this book belonging to both, possess knowledge which surely cannot be positively claimed at any other cantonment: the names of the *First and Last citizen to enter and to leave it*. We have bidden Goodbye to thousands, but to you, our newest new citizen, Hail and Fare-well by land and sea, in trench, on field, since you fare forth for that Liberty which must be to all peoples. We will not say, in the language of the forked tongue, Auf Wiedersehen, but fare ye well.

Lt. Col. Coleman, Division Quartermaster, and Maj. Wyman, Division Signal Officer, also at Headquarters, will be spoken of in connection with their departments. Of all the Division staff, and of the regular army officers throughout Camp Lewis, who have brought it to front rank among the cantonments, it is truth to say that they are in the Service with a captain S. Contending with difficulties which will never confront their successors, they have established a standard which will lead their followers. Like Master, like Man, Maj. Gen. Greene both commanded and served. The 91st will distinguish him as he distinguished it, and the people of the Northwest will bid him God Speed, with regret, when he goes.



## CHAPTER VII.

## BRIGADIER-GENERAL IRONS AND HIS XMAS GREETING—CAMP LEWIS' FIRST CHRISTMAS—DELEGATES FROM PORTLAND AND MONTANA.

Brig. Gen. James A. Irons was graduated from West Point with Maj. Gen. Greene and Brig. Gen. Foltz, and succeeded the former in command of Camp Lewis when Gen. Greene went to France in November, 1917. Second-Lieutenant Irons was in at the subduing of the Creeks in Indian Territory, and remained Second till appointed instructor in engineering at Infantry and Cavalry School eight years after. He was First-Lieutenant six years—the rapid promotions of the National Army were unheard of in the regular—served as Captain during the Butte railroad strike riots. He and his friend, now Major-General Greene, fought in the 20th Infantry at El Caney and Santiago, Cuba 1898, and both, later, served upon the Provost Guard in Manila, responsible for political prisoners. In fact, the two officers have been closely associated many times since they were cadets. Chief Quartermaster Irons of the 3rd Division, under Gen. Bates, was recommended for brevet and again in '99 after fighting, still with the 20th Infantry, at Gaudalupe, Pasig, Cainta, and in the island of Luzon. Having won so many recommendations, he would naturally be rather an authority upon honor medals, brevets and the like, so he was placed upon a board for consideration of the same at Manila.

Major Irons was detailed, 1901, to Inspector General's department, became member of the newly organized General Staff, and one of a board for Revising Infantry Regulations—recommended again by Chief of Staff Gen.



Photo by Hamilton

BRIG. GEN. JAMES A. IRONS

Chaffee. Next he was Assistant Chief of Staff in the Western Department. In charge of a sector of San Francisco after the earthquake and fire, Gen. Greeley mentioned his work. In fact, Brig. Gen. Irons seems to have acquired

the habit of being honored, and unable to break it. In 1907 he became Military Attache to the American Embassy, Tokio, remaining three years, till he was ordered back as Colonel of his old regiment the 20th Infantry, his first, in 1879.

In March 1907, he was returned to Japan and acted as Military Observer in the Japanese-German campaign in China—you remember it was to the troops there to be engaged that the Kaiser addressed his now historic admonition to consider themselves the modern Huns and to inaugurate that “frightfulness” which was carried back and exceeded for Belgium, while he himself became Attila the Second, “Curse of God”—and Man. It is to be hoped that the Chinese will have an opportunity to remember.

To return with Gen. Irons to the United States, he was detailed to accompany the Japanese Mission while in this country, from August till toward the end of October, 1917, when he proceeded to Camp Lewis to take over the 166th Depot Brigade, and a few weeks later, the cantonment. So it befell that he issued the First—

#### CHRISTMAS GREETINGS FROM CAMP LEWIS

By Brig.-Gen. James A. Irons, in Command

“The Christmas holidays are here and with them our thoughts turn to the message expressed 1917 years ago. Yet at this time the realization of that message must be temporarily postponed. We are at war with the Hun; we are mobilizing our every resource in order that the Hun may be defeated; and we are exerting our every energy that “Peace on Earth, Good Will Towards Men” may never again be wilfully violated.

“The men who have recently become members of our military machine are strong men; strong morally, mentally and physically. Yet there are many obstacles ahead of them; many hardships to endure; many temptations to withstand. As our men have overcome such obstacles in the past, so may they continue to do so in the future. They have been ably assisted by our brothers and sisters in civil life, and we look to them to encourage that spirit of loyalty which is absolutely needed to conduct any war to a successful issue.

"The purpose of the medical department is to assist in maintaining physical strength, not only by curing, but also by preventing disease. The mutual assistance of man to man must be availed of in order that a firm stand may be taken against moral temptations; the free library and publications are to be utilized to the end that mental acuteness and acquirement of knowledge, military and otherwise, may be forwarded. Every opportunity in a material way has been availed of to maintain and enhance the vigorous strength of our men. Yet, perhaps, the most important thing of all is that which cannot be represented by more buildings nor apparatus. The spirit of co-operation, of helpfulness, man to man, without regard to rank or grade, does not find expression in concrete terms. But it is upon that spirit, already so admirably shown, and upon the increasing prevalence of that spirit, that the morale and efficiency of the machine so largely depend.

"We have entered upon a huge task, a serious task, a task requiring the concentration of all our faculties. But at the same time we must not forget the pleasant incidents which are so important in making this life a livable one. And so, depending upon the many material advantages offered, depending upon that spirit of mutual co-operation inherent in our American manhood, we must look forward to the day when the United States of America will emerge from this cataclysm a nobler nation, and the world a better one."

Kindly and suggestive, is it not? Thought you would like to keep it as part of your Division memories. An officer said of Gen. Irons "He is one of the best loved men in the United States Army."

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Christmas, of all Holidays in an army camp! At home, some men, many, do not hesitate to call "the whole business a nuisance," and most men leave its plans and surprises entirely to their women folk. But they must have been pretending all these years, safe in their knowledge that the home folks would celebrate, for the 91st approached its First Army Christmas pretty dolefully. Excitement began, however, several days before, with mail bags bursting and huge trucks bringing tons and tons of boxes and mysteries. When Mother sent Son a gift she more than often enclosed one for his Pal, or better still



for the soldier at large who might lack a gift. Lists were requested and individual names written upon packages, companies received gifts enough for all on their rosters; men from certain sections received packing cases "not to be opened till Xmas," greens were sent from afar and gathered anear, decorations went up and great fir trees came down, the cooks wore preoccupied looks, and sergeants became even as other men. The only cross thing on the cantonment was the Red one. Those who had known festivities all their Holidays felt enlarged ones in the air, and many who had never known what the season meant, not even that Christmas was any different from any other day—fancy! caught the wonderful spirit. Men of large affairs in the world they had left without, grown blasé, turned boyish and eager, talked of Christmas with their fellow privates who had kept their taste for simple pleasures, and with others who had never had any. Young officers planned for "our men" and old ones egged them on—My, but it was Christmasy! Clubs of all kinds and classes, orders which ran almost into disorders, churches, towns, schools, Y's both W and M, sent gifts, so that, to make a long story short, every solitary man among the camp's more than 30,000 received not only one gift but two. I said solitary, but there was not one solitary on the cantonment. For at least one blessed day in their lives, every man got out of himself and met his fellow half way, and so broadening and inspiring was it that many a man never re-entered his shell. One package was addressed "Lonesome Boy". It was the only one not delivered, "They wan't no sich a person." Is that not only half of the truth, old Ninety-First?

To begin with Christmas Eve, did you ever see anything more beautiful than that great, still Tree of Light upon the space opposite Headquarters? Hundreds went out from Tacoma to join you about it and to sing "Holy night, peaceful night" and "My country 'tis of thee." People who owned autos picked up people who had none, and nobody was old. There were Christmas trees in Hostess House and the Y-huts and some of the barracks too, hung

with tinsel and stars and popcorn. The men of Capt. Queen's company of the 362nd will never forget their tree which he and their Lieutenants Grant, Enderly, Dorris and Closterman had planned days ahead. It was gay Xmas eve, and hung all over with gifts for every man next day just before the onslaught upon Turkey and dependencies.

At midnight, in the tiny Catholic chapel over by Base Hospital, Monseignor Neisen doffed uniform, donned robes, and officiated at Christmas mass, assisted by other chaplains, the only midnight service permitted in the diocese. He, too, sent a message to soldiers and their families and ended it: *"And so, to every mother of every son I send greetings, and the wish for peace and the great understanding that must come out of this bloody struggle"*.

As for the hospital itself, every ward had a Xmas tree, holly and Oregon grape wreaths, colored paper chains, and in ward 73 one patient cut a red letter *"God Bless Our Home"* and it is on the wall yet. It was the men, here and everywhere else on the cantonment, who did all the decorating and insisted that their ward, Y, mess hall, was "the darndest," so remember, when Johnny comes marching home again, he's camouflaging with Xmas greens, just as Father used to do about taking us children to the circus—Father dearly loved a circus. Why, the men made themselves into Santa Clauses—you *did*, you know you did! and not another boy on the cantonment except you 30,000-odd selves to blame it on. And after Taps Xmas eve, Kathryn Morgan, nurse in 73, whose glorious hair was sufficient to light the way, and ten of the hospital men for reindeer, conveyed Mrs. Santa Claus Emmons of Seattle's Sunset Club through every ward and hung a great red stocking, traditionally filled, to every bed rail, over 1000, for the boys to see first thing in the morning. Of course women have always known that men never grow up, their hair turns gray, they double their eyes, and that sort of thing, but its for "external use only", internally and eternally they are boys, our boys, bless 'em. And eat! Why the mortality at that hospital

should have been frightful but wasn't. Every mess sergeant at camp claimed he furnished the crack, and cracking, dinner but, surely Pearson carried off the honors. Though he started three days before with plenty of K. P's it's some job to use two barrels of mincemeat, so they gave up baking pies round, and took to tins three by two feet. Think of nearly 1500 pounds of turkeys— can't you smell them this minute, and hear the machine-gun pop of 300 pounds of cranberries? Two sacks of nuts cracked intermittently like rifles on the range, and think of that sweet cider from Brown's fruit ranch near Olympus—no Olympia, but it certainly tasted like the nectar of the gods, 250 gallons of it. Two barrels of pickles were off set by 200 pounds of candy. As for that huge Xmas cake, with war eagles and doves of peace perching on the same scrolls, presumably containing diplomatic correspondence, it was the only frost upon the occasion. Even that said "Merry Christmas to the Boys" and tasted like it. If ever Reiss, erstwhile pastry cook at the St. Francis, San Francisco, made a better, will he not mention the occasion? Perhaps he will even outdo himself with Victory designs when the Ninety-First "takes the cake" in Berlin and cuts it with their trench knives.

Nor was music lacking, former orchestra conductor Livingston of Bishop Theater, Oakland, now of the corps, took his violin into every ward and played whatever the boys called for,—almost forgot Tacoma's \$5,000 Christmas present to Camp Lewis hospital, two truck loads of whisky and brandy, confiscated in liquor raids and a godsend—think of that! to the hospital. The Military Police escorted the gift, for obvious reasons.

Now there is absolutely no connection between that present and a bar that was certainly unique in Christmas decorations in the mess hall of Company I of the 363rd, for even if they were in quarantine, nobody present *had* measles, and whisky isn't good for measles anyway. Lieut. Frazier admitted that bar, said they had not seen one since leaving California, *a few* of the boys were homesick for one, so four bartenders had done their bit as they

saw it, though khaki does seem many ranks above such service. To be sure there was nothing but pop, but it was in bottles, and you could drink it from canteen cups which *sounded* liquefying, and their jazz *played* mazyly, and—well it's none of my business. Anyway, they had two lovely Xmas trees, one each side of a fireplace, and O'Neill, properly dressed for the part, is said to have come down it. At any rate, he distributed a thousand packages to 215 men—the officers had been hiding them for days and had checked the company roll to be certain every man had at least two gifts. No wonder. Did you ever hear of a Xmas committee with the loikes of thim? Ancient Order of Hibernians, Orangemen, Masons, Knights of Columbus, Druids, Protective Portuguese society, U. P. E. G., Sons of Italy, Brotherhood of St. Andrew, Foresters, Sinn Fein, Elks, Red Men, Moose, B'nai B'rith, and I. O. O. F. Talk about a Melting Pot! It surely took the warmth of Christmas fires, and in an Army Camp, to fuse that committee, not to speak of the "stunts which followed the eats" when a member of a University glee club, circuit riders not listed among the Methodist elders, etc., all "obliged."

Upon that committee served no Indian, but to seven of his people already in the trenches in France, Chief Mason, son of the blind centenarian of the Quinalts, Chief Taholah, sent Christmas boxes, one of which came too late, eternally too late; for upon the Birth Day of the Prince of Peace His Indian servitor entered into The Presence.

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The Y's certainly came out strong at Christmas-tide. Asked to take charge of tons of gifts, addressed and un-addressed, they accomplished the huge job wonderfully under Secretary Sinclair Wilson. From Y. M. C. A. Headquarters they were scattered to the eight Y-Huts, and Companies and town groups hunted out. A huge packing case was marked "For Washington Men;" the Fresno boys had a large box of raisins; the Oregon Agricultural College men received 200 presents from that. They hunted up all the First Presbyterian Portland, members and the



Woodard-Clarke employees and gave each a box from their church or their firm. Such a *wonderful* Christmas—wish every giver and gift and recipient were known! The Y. M's were worn to a thread, yet their autos, loaded with boxes addressed only to Camp Lewis soldiers, went to every nook and corner of the cantonment, to be sure everybody was remembered. Doubtless many a man that day received his first Christmas present and it did him good, no matter what it was, for the givers gave of themselves—"The gift without the giver is bare." There was no perfunctory giving. Leftouts are the saddest of people, there were none at Camp Lewis, Xmas, 1917.

As children say, unsight and unseen, E. W. Strong of Portland, never enjoyed such a season. The Apollo and Ad Clubs sent him as their combined Voice, their embodied Merry Christmas. Secretary Grilley met and rushed him from one Hut to another and to Hostess House to sing and recite. Instrumentalists joined him and they even serenaded the quarantined. People came from Tacoma and Seattle and Olympia, and made it home-y—one cannot touch the edges of that Christmas. Why, forty-five members of Fergus County War Relief Association "dropped in from Montana to be representing hosts" for a banquet at the Elks' beautiful club house in Tacoma for 450 Montanans from that county, the majority from the 348th Artillery and the 362nd Infantry. Clubs kept open house and detailed some one at the 'phone to answer requests for "soldiers to come right up to dinner." Privates arriving strangers, departed friends. Dancing parties were legion with the nicest girls in their prettiest frocks and Merry Christmasest smiles.

Much of this had happened before, so platoons of this first Division will record upon one of the blank pages in this book a problem in Addition performed during these Holidays. Ministers carried on an all but continuous performance ending in congratulating Mr. and Mrs. Happy.

I believe in my heart that Gen. Greene is more than a little sorry that he was in France this first united Christmas of the National Army. He would have enjoyed every

minute of it and would have found some way of making all of his boys feel that, depend upon it. For Gen. Greene firmly believes that this great National Army is mustered by the Prince of Peace Himself, that they serve under His banner which is Love, so that our very guns do roar the message from Headquarters.

*Glory to God in the Highest*

*And on Earth Peace*

*Goodwill toward Men.*

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE 166TH DEPOT BRIGADE—COL. P. W. DAVISON, C. O.—  
CHAPLAIN FISHER, A CHAPLAIN'S QUALIFICATIONS—A  
NOTABLE FIRST REVIEW, A FIRST CAMP MILITARY FUNERAL  
—WELCOMES—COL. HYER, MAJ. WHITE—Y-5, DAVIS AND  
DR. WINECOFF — EDUCATIONAL ADVANTAGES — EARNING  
HIS OWN— FIRST INDIAN TO DIE FOR THE COUNTRY—  
CROSS PURPOSES.

The Depot Brigade is what might be called a clearing house for recruits. It does not belong to the Division, yet every man in the Division enters it for initial training, and is himself studied as to what branch of service he is best suited. After weeks or months in this primary, recruits are transferred to companies depleted by order to other camps or to France. The right man at the head, and the right officers throughout the Depot Brigade, are thus of utmost importance, not alone in hastening military efficiency, but in arousing enthusiasm, so large a factor in the success of any undertaking, but especially in this which, at first, perhaps, is not of the man's own seeking.

And again Camp Lewis is fortunate. Colonel Peter W. Davison organized the 166th Depot Brigade as has been mentioned, with one private, who constituted his entire command for three days; within a month there were 21,000. Col. Davison is still its Commanding Officer, and barring a few weeks when Brig. Gen. Irons was C. O., has been ever since. Born in Wisconsin, he has known little but Western service since his first post in Montana. He was cadet at West Point when Gen. Foltz was instructor there.

Col. Davison is no Fourth-of-July officer. He went to Cuba with the first troops, witnessed the surrender to



COL. P. W. DAVISON, COMMANDING THE DEPOT BRIGADE

Gen. Shafter at Santiago, the signing of articles of capitulation, and the raising of the American flag. He saw active service through the whole campaign in the Philippines even to enduring a siege with typhoid—one foe this army will not engage. After two years in Alaska he went



South to Texas, East to Washington D. C. and a place on the General Staff, then West till it was East again as Aid to Gen. J. Franklin Bell in the Philippines and in China for the Boxer Rebellion. At Tien Tsin he of course knew Consul-general Knabenshue and his son, now Lieutenant-Colonel. Almost all the ranking officers at Camp Lewis are friends of many years and many climes and posts. Having aided in temporizing Philippine and Chinese bandits, Col. Davison returned oversea to chase Mexican bandits under a tropical sun, then over-land to cool off in Alaska under the midnight sun. For two years he was in charge of construction wagon roads throughout that broad territory. When the United States entered the war, just his sort of man was needed to help organize a National Army in that West which he knew and whose men he understood.

Pouring in, the first draft was necessarily assigned haphazard, principally where barracks were ready. A carload of bunks would track, be unloaded in a jiffy, rushed to barracks, set up, beds made. If there were not enough, it was blankets upon a good big fourposter bed—the floor.

But the next draft found everything systematized. Near Depot Brigade Headquarters now stretches a khaki colored tent three-hundred feet long, gateway to the Privates' West Point. After checking, physical examination etc., these recruits to the God of War emerge from the long tent as strange as if just landed upon his planet Mars. If there is a minute from cradle to grave when the young Martian appreciates a Hail-fellow-well-met it is that, and he receives it at the very tentflap, be it the middle of the night, or worse, the ghostly chill of just before dawn, in which case the extended hand holds a cup of hot coffee. It is a young fellow from Y-5 as he at once calls the Young Men's Christian Association's Hut Number Five, to be formal for once. A fellow would study a recipe for stove polish under such circumstances, so he reads every word upon the card handed him as he starts for barracks, inviting him to Y-5's reading room with its big stone fireplace and thousand volumes, or its writing room

with free stationery—the Y. M. C. A. buys its ink, literally, by the barrel, and its stationery, one supposes, by the paper-mill—to free concerts and movies and boxing, meetings, classes for anything he elects to study, beside which stamps, money orders, candy and tobacco are sold, and *friends are waiting*. As a young fellow said: “I ate up that card and I hiked to Y-5 first chance and began to feel human again. I had felt like a stray dog, would have answered to the name Tige.”

Col. Davison is interested in everything that advances his command. Before the camp theater was ready, the



DEPOT BRIGADE LIBRARY

Depot Brigade had its own, built and equipped by its men. they built and furnished with the proceeds from a vaudeville early in February. This was so clever that four performances turned away crowds and was repeated. All talent was from the Depot Brigade or from men who had passed into other units, and were ex-professionals. So its Library has a huge stone fire-place surrounded by a wide circle of armchairs. An iron kettle swings from a crane, long-handled poppers and marshmallow forks hang at its sides, long they must be, for the huge rustic woodbox con-

tains logs. Beside the poppers hangs a large galvanized pan and upon a shelf stand salt and melted-butter pot. In the center of the long hall are racks of "home papers." There are many magazines and seven-thousand well chosen books. This is one of the branches of the Base Library. At the end is a stage for the jazz band—you know we have the best, of course, every one has—and in a moment the floor can be cleared for dancing. There is a bench swung by chains from a ceiling hung with Japanese lanterns. The windows are curtained, everything stained green and brown, quite like the home club only more men with broader views and more interesting experiences drop in. You may meet any kind of a man in the Library of the 166th Depot Brigade except one only, a Snob. There was one at the cantonment, but he has gone.

The matter of clothes has had much to do with real fraternities, distinguished by no pins, whose suits are identical in material and cut; whose shoes and hats differ only in size, where no man wears a four-in-hand and none a worn readymade tie. There is truth in the old saying that the consciousness of being correctly dressed confers a serenity which religion is powerless to bestow.

Speaking of religion, Chaplain William Loren Fisher sits over in the Library's corner, that is, his chair is there, but the Lieutenant is seldom stationary, with several thousands to be big-brothered. He *is* big too, body, mind and heart. A well-meaning enthusiast said, "He puts jazz into religion." Lieut. Fisher has shot Kodiak bears in Alaska, which takes nerve and even foolhardiness when hunted alone, as he hunted. He is an angler, too, and with Peter of old responded to the ' 'Come and I will make thee fishers of men.' He is a Fisher of men who plays many flies. He organized a baseball team in his Seattle church, though some insinuate that it was to show off his own batting. He delivered his salutary in Greek when graduated from Bethany College, West Virginia, took a degree from Yale, went to Oxford for further study, and traveled widely in Europe before settling to a large New York city pastorate. Yes, they need an all-around

man for chaplain of the 166th Depot Brigade, and they have him.

A chaplain's insignia is a silver cross upon the collar. A lady at camp who had just met a Catholic chaplain and noted this cross was introduced to Lieut. Fisher. Glancing at the cross she said, "Glad to meet you, Father Fisher."

"Not I," laughed the chaplain, "I am father to nothing and nobody. I'm an old bachelor," though old he is not.

By the way, it does seem that the chaplains' age limit, forty, should be extended, especially as, by international law, they are not allowed to bear arms; also that they should acquire higher rank than First-lieutenant from which now they cannot rise for seven years. This puts men of culture, experience and success, all of which they are required to be, at a serious disadvantage in dealing with those of higher rank. Requirements at Washington D. C., for chaplains are rigid, and a local army board passes besides, upon their personality and ability to deal with men: No weaklings nor "cissies" wanted. Most chaplains have resigned large churches to enter this service. For these reasons, chaplains are scarce; there are but ten at Camp Lewis. General Pershing considers them so important at the front that he cabled for at least six to each regiment of three thousand six hundred men. Camp Lewis averages about one to four-thousand men, or more. Do? Nothing but assist with the education of soldiers, mornings; with athletics, afternoons; with their entertainments etc. evenings; visit their sick at infirmaries and base hospital, and the guardhouse prisoners if they ask for the chaplain or wish him for council at trials; pull men out of their "slough of despond," act as regimental postmaster, speak at six or eight services on Rest Day, and other things to while away the time. So a chaplain can be neither long-faced nor long-winded, his must really be a gos-pel, joy-tidings. As he goes into the fighting zone, he must be physically fit to endure all hardships of the battleline, and being unarmed, no coward need apply, nor a self-seeking man, since the work is without hope of



advancement and distinction. Since no man is accepted as chaplain who was not successful as clergyman, it is clear he is one to be a leader among the men. The idiotic classification of men, women and ministers is dead as Rameses.

Wandered quite a piece, as they say back East. But you see that, hitherto, army officers in blue and clergymen in black, both are serving in olive drab, cut after the same pattern, Loyalty, and as Col. Davison said to his brigade, "Loyalty is the heart of everything." He has the faculty of inculcating Loyalty at the very start, so men are more attached to the Depot Brigade that would seem possible in a body never two days the same: Monday, more men than should constitute a Company, Tuesday no privates and all officers, like a missionary society.

The Colonel prizes a gift made by two of the men, a filing case of slashed fir, covering a wall, its well-fitted drawers made to hold 100,000 indexed cards. Every man mustered into Camp Lewis is represented by name and full particulars. If only skeleton facts might embody and relate the life stories suggested in that cabinet! Names harking back to founders of this country for whose continued freedom their descendants are enlisted, and of every nation under heaven; names of men young but already known, and of nonentities who shall yet be great by reason of this they go to do; names which, signed to a scrap of paper would convert it into piles of gold, touching names which could not draw a dollar bill; names which but yesterday appeared in blazing lights and staring headlines, or cut into their sculpture, scrawled upon their painting, or printed in their books—*privates* all. Which will sound again? For "All men are born equal but most of them can't live up to it."

There is to be an odd but sensible addition to data upon these cards, from May on, shoe dimensions. Many men have been rejected because of their feet. A century ago Napoleon said, "A foot-sore army is an army half defeated." If he had spoken American, he would have profanely shortened that to D-feet bring defeat. At

camp, doctors have kept recruits' pedals in order and shoes have been carefully fitted, but now a man must hold a forty-pound weight in his hands while trying on field shoes over two pairs of thick woolen socks, thus allowing for marching under equipment, for swelling of feet and shrinkage of shoes in mud. Summer shoes are to be fitted over one pair of cotton socks, but under the weight.

Depot Brigade officers change frequently. Col. Weeks was transferred to command the 364th regiment, Col. Offley was ordered to France, and Col. Hyer who had charge of a National Guard training camp in Georgia for some months returned to this brigade. Under such officers wonderful results are gained from recruits in short order. This was demonstrated in a remarkable review held May 17, 1918, when 10,000 men, every one drafted just three weeks before and thus dependent entirely upon instruction, having no earlier arrivals to imitate, marched to the music of the 166th Depot Brigade band, and bore themselves right soldierly. Grouped about Maj. Gen. Greene upon the reviewing stand, were veterans of the Civil War from the G. A. R. convention of the week, some who had fought Indians in old days, officers of the Spanish-American War, the Boxer, the Mexican Border, a group seldom to be assembled today, and impossible to be gathered in a near Tomorrow. How many of the thousands who passed in their First Review, will, fifty-three years hence, as veterans of our National Army to seat Civilization, occupy a reviewing stand? At first suggestion, few, for these draft men are from twenty-one to thirty years and the majority of the Civil War were boys of eighteen to twenty; yet people of advanced age are already ten years younger than they used to be, and the training of this new army will make virile fathers of a generation never to be allowed to lapse into slothful physique, and there will be a "daylight saving" of another ten years. Our whole nation is signed to a new lease of life, and though its specified term of years varies, many of these marchers, alas, having but one year affixed to theirs, what is a world-minute or two when "or for life", and that

life everlasting, is added to the lease? So, though the recruits who took part that May day had not been with the Ninety-First in all their experiences *their* First Review was unique and will prove to the future what can be accomplished by men following the Stars and Stripes and backed by their brave in other wars.

The Rainbow Division in France was called the Silent Army by the Allies, but the next will not be. After this review, the men surrounded a smaller stand and Song-Director Lloyd led the largest chorus, ten-thousand, ever singing under one conductor. The songs were strongly typical of two wars; of the Present, *Keep your head down, Allemand* and *Over There*; of the Past, *Tenting Tonight* and the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*. So glad both sorts were sung. To be sure I am old fashioned, but don't you think, yourself, that there is just a trifle too much "jazz" in life just now? because, you see, there is death, too.

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Other bands are envying the enlarged repertoire of the 166th. Everybody noticed the army bands appeared to be practicing for a grand ensemble of *Over There*, till listeners could not down a feeling that they would be happier there. Mark Twain, speaking of general dissatisfaction with the weather, said that everybody talked about it but nobody *did* anything. Miss Ray Sawyer of New York both talked and did. She found it no lack of skill but of funds; band music is expensive. The effect in brass would be Hunnish if the memory of the trombonist were played against that of the French horn. Miss Sawyer told music publishers here was a great chance to get into the war and they enlisted more than \$15,000 worth of band music. The Depot Brigade is the first at Camp Lewis to receive a gift from their godmother.

The evening of the review, a coming-out party was given for Companies 1 and 7, honoring their formal introduction into Camp Lewis Society, as butterflies of fashion emerging from the chrysalis of quarantine by which sub-deb recruits are for two weeks enclosed. Elaborate dinners were followed, quite in Four-hundred style,

by (ex) professional entertainers. The Hawaiian quartet, director Awai and Kalama of the 346th F. A., Gonsalves of the Motor Supply Train and Dimond of the Depot Brigade, string players and good singers, are always in demand, and supply. Capt. Allen of the 1st arranged their program and acted as toastmaster and Capt. Zellermeier of the 7th was in charge of theirs, Lieut. Ives representing Headquarters Battalion, officers of both attended. Never were debutant affairs so friendly and inspiring, so free from jealousy and heartburn. In fact, the whole Brigade welcomed the newcomers. The 7th Battalion gave them an open air entertainment attended by three thousand, officers and their wives swelling the throng. The program was so clever that it should be detailed. It seems a newcomer loses no time in announcing his "stunt" and offering it, of course free, for the entertainment of the rest. For instance, this same draft brought a man you have probably seen in flesh or film in the Pendleton Round-up, the champion clown trick rider, a wonderful rope-spinner. And so it goes. No other cantonment in the country has held such numbers of many kinds of artists, owing of course, to California's large proportion of the 91st Division.

The higher officers are the more exasperatingly modest, in this case you spell it Hyer, Col. Benjamin B. Hyer of the 166th Depot Brigade. Since his graduation from West Point in 1893, he must have lived many a story. He was Captain of Company L of the 6th Cavalry when they captured the only silk flags seen in China, from the Military Governor of the Province of Hu-pei. The Secretary of War sent him a letter of congratulation to be read at Retreat before all the troops. When Peking was taken, Col. Hyer was of the small body of soldiers from each nation which paraded the Forbidden City, that strange, court city-within-a-city whose very name spells autocracy, mystery, art; whose precincts had hitherto never echoed a foreigner's football, nor even that of a Chinese not of highest rank, and whose Temple of the Sun is well named. An incident of a visit to Li Hung Chang's palace was a



COL. BENJAMIN B. HYER

peculiar drill by his Chinese Body Guard, and a weird banquet of thirty-two courses. Col. Hyer has served three times in the Philippines, has been stationed at Honolulu, in fact, as Col. Davison's has been Western service, his has been largely Eastern though he fought Mexicans on the border for three years.

Another good man for the 166th Depot Brigade is Capt. W. A. Dietrich, adjutant, brainy, known among scientists abroad, was for three years a leader in the Boy Scout movement in London, and resigned a large church to go to the Presidio. He fought in the Spanish-



American, and has been in Europe since this war began. He has been interested while at Camp Lewis in forwarding the Boy Scout movement thereabout.

If, in talking about good officers, Maj. Calvin S. White, surgeon, of the brigade were omitted, the Depot would pronounce this worthless. One would think him personally responsible for the health of every man, so much individual interest does he take; a man is not a "case" to him. Some receive a great price, and some pay a great price for a position; of the latter is Maj. White, who left a surgical practice in San Diego which brought him, in money, about thirty-five times what he receives at Camp Lewis. But everything, thank Heaven, is not paid for with money. Note the looks which follow Maj. White, rather than the comments which are apt to be, "Now there's some guy:" "You bet, he's a corker." It was Maj. White who instituted a series of practical talks upon personal hygiene and communicable diseases at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium to which he marched the new recruits, every day, two-thousand strong. Then there was a half hour singing under director Lloyd, two weeks of it.

Y-5 is distinctive among the eight Huts in some respects, one being that it is adjacent to the mustering tent, and "next" to men at their loneliest, strange to this new life, to one another, even unacquainted with themselves. It is significant that Y-5 has sold \$500 of stamps in one day. So it is extra important that the secretaries of this Depot Brigade Hut should be "good mixers", live, capable; and they are.

"Mr. Davis? Oh yes, you mean Tom," a young Butte lawyer who made twice as much money the day he closed his office as he does in a month of hard work here. Because he was married, with two children, the army would not accept him then. A friend insisted he was cut out for a secretary, while waiting his chance to get into the ranks; the Butte Rotary Club refused his resignation as vice-president but admitted vice looked bad for a Y. M. C. A. young man, so they elected him president-on-leave; his wife said go, and thousands of men are glad he did.

Even his temper is human. One of the men chuckled as he told of "a soldier who tried to be funny. Tom made a few remarks which sizzled and offered to throw him through the window. It blew over, but Tom's fun was gone so he calls out, 'No use boys, I'm rotten 'shamed, Christmas, too. What a devil of a fool a man with a temper makes of himself. Well—" he turned and pointed to that motto: *Getting up every time you fall down makes you watch your step.*"

There was another Davis secretary at Y-5, son of the Butte man who gave the camp that mammoth athletic building. He sent the Hut a six-cylinder car which "might come in handy," and before it was exchanged for a perfectly good Ford, it did. A little son, near death, begged for Tom Brown, cowpuncher, writer, the best story teller, the boy's hero. But the man had been swallowed by Camp Lewis. Y-5 would find him. Among the 40,000 were two Tom Brown's. Both were located, the rightest Tom Brown in the world found, and driven to his little friend. The Y's aim at being all things to all men, and they are not only hitting the target but, very often, the bullseye.

In this National Army, the principal amusement of the old one is strictly tabooed, gambling. In Y-5 hangs a poster, *Three of a kind beat two pair*, whereon, between the pictures of Washington and Lincoln, President Wilson finds himself in rather overwhelming company, while below are the Kaiser and the Crown Prince, Von Hindenburg and Ludendorff. Speaking of the President, his cousin, Dr. Thomas E. Winecoff, was educational secretary of Y-5 until May, when he was ordered to France with the first group for work among the French soldiers on the battle line. Dr Winecoff speaks French like a Parisian, preached in German for years, knows five languages intimately, and has a speaking acquaintance with twenty others, a convenient gift of tongues in the Depot Brigade. However, the doctor does not consider himself a linguist but a mathematician, while the Smithsonian Institute lists him among scientists. He has hunted orchids in wilds along the equator and in many a forest, only to be him-



DR. THOMAS E. WINECOFF

self discovered by some rare specimens in the woods quite near Y-5. These orchids live so retired that they had heard never a word about the war, and the doctor removed them to a safer place.

Unlike the proverbial Jack-of-all-trades, Dr. Winecoff has succeeded in all. As civil engineer, he built a speedway at Nashville, Tenn. Dr. Winecoff is also a poet. He was a Mississippi college president before he was twenty-five, has been professor in several colleges, twice delivered the commencement address at the University of Washington, and for twenty-five years was an Episcopalian rector. Then he became United States Marshal in the far North, headquarters at Fort Yukon, Arctic Circle district, traveling by dog sled or canoe. For several years he "marshaled, and did research work for the Smithsonian on the side", securing rare moths and molluscs, and has been asked to resume this work after the war, for the moment he heard we had gone in, he hurried down from Alaska to enlist. Refused because over age, he offered himself to the Y. M. C. A., provided he was listed for the war zone. This is why the Depot Brigade has had him all these months for

educational secretary. He has been a perfect godsend. Directing any studies the men chose, he himself hurried along the classes in English by understanding their own speech. One class of seven had as many nationalities. A Hindoo suggested time might be saved by each making notes in his own language. Looking through these notes, Dr. Winecoff found Singh's in Sanscrit, which "happened to be" one he could translate—as well as the other six. Yet about Dr. Winecoff floats no disagreeable odor of sanctity nor of midnight oil. His is the applied religion and knowledge of an all-round man. This suggests another motto on the wall, "*Being square doesn't mean being a blockhead.*"

Our National Army, especially this Western Division, is largely composed of educated men, yet it has some who read no language. They are immediately put under instruction and usually make wonderful progress, grouped among their kind, and taught by soldiers. Others are educated in their own languages, but ignorant of ours. For instance, in the Depot Brigade a newcomer was always "half a beat behind" in drill. It transpired he was a graduate of a European university, an ex-lieutenant of the Russian army, but ignorant of an English word, he could only quickly imitate. He was especially coached.

One class in English was reading instructions from Washington regarding the treatment of women when our victorious troupes should enter an alien land, a corporal explaining. It is doubtful if any plain reading lesson ever drew forth more dramatic expression, at least of face, for French, Italian and Belgians were in the class. Another circle was laboring upon our history of Revolutionary times, eliciting the statement that this country fought only on principle, and compared our un-equipped, half-starved troops of that time, in tents through the bitter Winter at Valley Forge, traced over the ice by their bleeding feet, without shoes or coats, pay or promotion. As the men contrasted all this with their own food, housing, clothing, equipment, opportunity, entertainment, in the best paid army the world has ever known, the identity of

purpose of that little Colonial army and this great National one was inspiringlly apparent. Many a rifle is sighted by insight like that.

Right here seems to be a good place to remark a huge Compensation, the wonderful opportunity for education at Camp Lewis, equal to any great University. College men are brushing up their mathematics, algebra, calculus, logarithms. You may take drawing, mechanical, typographical, sketching. History, elementary or advanced, may be extended. Specialists will teach whatever desired, free for the asking. Many a man who has longed for a higher education hitherto forbidden by lack of time or money, is seizing this opportunity. Hard physical drill only invigorates his mind and sharpens his wits, so his evenings of instruction and lectures by authorities advance him much faster than college periods. He *wants* to learn, so does everyone else in the class:

*You may drive a horse to water,  
But you can't make him drink.  
You may send a boy to college,  
But you can't make him think.*

As for languages, native teachers for any you desire; French the favorite, but Spanish a close second, as after the war our trade with South America, all Spanish-speaking peoples, will be enormous, and our returned soldiers will be prepared. Y-5 specializes in commercial Spanish. It is taught by a last-year professor at the University of Utah, who was to have held a big position in South America, this. Speaking of Spanish, a recruit in overalls came to the counter at Y-5 and asked to be enrolled for it. Would he like to join any other class? Well no, but perhaps they might use him as teacher; he mentioned isms and ologies, some of whose *names* I knew the meaning of. Y-5's French teacher, one of them, a volunteer, lived many years in Paris. He never tried teaching before but they say he does that as well as he ran his 950-acre wheat farm.

And when a former employe of your father's is your captain, and you got nothing but foot ball out of college,



and they beat you at that in camp, and nobody drinks here, and you're only a private, and a private-private at that, and your diamond ring looks cissie on a rifle finger, and nobody knows nor cares that your father's a multi-millionaire, and when the man each side of you earns thirty dollars a month by the sweat of his brow, and you do, the first you ever earned, it looks too important to dissipate, and it laughs at the five-hundred-dollar-a-month *allowance* you have had doled out to you like a baby, and so you "chuck it" and begin to work up. You can buy a ticket for quite a way down the road to the devil for five-hundred every month, and as you must go back to the cross roads to—oh well, he did it, this spoiled boy of the Depot Brigade of whom I am telling you, just as hundreds of him are doing this minute. And when his mother came up from California to see if he could not be exempted, he showed her the stripes on his sleeves, he told her to turn in the five hundred per to the Red Cross, a trifle like that didn't interest him, now that he was earning his own money, and he showed her around the camp, and introduced her to his pals, and she saw a light in his eyes that her idiocy had all but extinguished, and his captain said he was to have a third stripe, and he is really talking French now—and ALL is Well.

\* \* \* \* \*

When one remembers that the site of Camp Lewis was an Indian valley, and that the last of the Nisqually's left the cantonment but a few weeks before the Ninety-First did, there is a strange significance to the fact that the First American Indian to give up his life in this war came from that very camp and straight from the Depot Brigade, dying on Christmas Day in France, 1917. His name was Eli George, Squa-De-lah, late a pupil of the Government Indian School at Tulalip, Washington, a school founded by a French priest nearly sixty years ago—and again the fateful connection with Lewis and Clark. Captain Clark was young when he came to this coast, General Clark he afterwards was, and Governor of Northwest Territory, and United States Superintendent of Indians. To him



Courtesy of Dr. C. M. Buchanan

ELI GEORGE, FIRST AMERICAN INDIAN TO DIE IN THE WAR

at St. Louis, twenty-seven years after the wonderful Expedition, came those left of another as wonderful, two Flatheads and two Nez Percés, to beg that he would send their people words from a God they did not know, but who, they had heard, had spoken to the white people and instructed them how to live as would please Him. Bishop Rosati heard this appeal and it touched him, so that he wrote of it and of the long, perilous pilgrimage through hostile country and many months of suffering. The ac-

count was published in a missionary paper of Lyons, France and read by a boy, Eugene Chirouse, who straightway vowed to go to that far America—"Him therefore whom ye ignorantly worship, declare I unto you." He studied for the priesthood, came to this Northwest, took First special vows at Walla Walla, and in time reached Puget Sound. Many a weary day has he plodded across this camp, the stones rough to his feet, on his way to Olympia, his Headquarters. He organized the Tulalip School, was its head for many years and died there, where he is buried, in 1892, greatly beloved by the Indians of "Old Oregon," among whom he labored for forty-two years. He died just before Eli was born, but the boys' parents had loved the old Father and the France that bore him, so, then, did Eli; for Indians, more than white children, follow their fathers' ways and loves. So when war ravaged Father Chirouse's France and threatened our own country, which first was the Indian's, the boy went gladly into the army, and soon to France, where, in the stead of that earlier boy Chirouse, he lies.

Another link with the old: this Squadelah was lineally descended from a man who was in his prime when Lewis and Clark came in 1803, Seattle, who saw the first ships sail into Puget Sound, and the Beaver, first steamship upon the Pacific where now such countless craft ride. Eli was also descended from Chief Kitsap, more highly regarded by Indians than Seattle, the name of the one a fruitful county's of the other, a great city's.

When the G. A. R. convention, noticed above, was held, Allen A. Bartow, youngest of its veterans, attended. A thirteen-year-old drummer boy. he had been mustered into the Civil War with a militia company. He was Indian agent at Suquamish Reservation when Eli was a young pupil there. Later, the boy attended the Tulalip Indian School where Dr. Charles M. Buchanan, distinguished linguist and historian has long been superintendent. He it was who loaned this cut of Eli George which appeared in the Tulalip (school) Bulletin for June. In a letter, he explained that the picture was made from a

postcard belonging to Eli's family, taken just before leaving for France. So many have been generous to this book. Dr. Buchanan added that part of the school Memorial Day exercises—his celebrations of all holidays at Tulalip are notable—was the unveiling of a life-size, handsomely framed picture of Eli George, which will hereafter hang in Assembly Hall, draped with a silk flag. The First Indian to die for the Country in this war, a distinguishing honor to their school! Indians, by the way, have shown strong patriotism in this war, enlisting in numbers, a



OFFICERS' CLUB HOUSE

patriotism very greatly to their credit when one remembers that they have not even been considered citizens in the land of their birth.

\* \* \* \* \*

Officers of the Depot Brigade have a club house which is the envy of all others at Camp. Lieut. F. H. Reimers, formerly a San Franciscan architect, designed the artistic rustic effects and the pretty log paling, which was not finished when this picture was taken. The seats overlooking the parade grounds are roomy, the first to be built. Probably the second Division will have then everywhere,

but it was Mother Earth's lap for the boys of the first. There were not even seats for company. This club house is furnished prettily with comfortable chairs—that was always especially mentioned about a place in your day, wasn't it? Curtains, too, though quite a number of buildings boasted them before you left. When you come back home, you will forever hold a different opinion of curtains which you often, and sometimes disagreeably, expressed before you went to camp. To return to this club-house, it has a piano, a croquet ground and tennis courts, grass and flowers and—everything. Col. Davison took a lively interest in this accession, as he always does, and was “the first to chip in, and liberally, as usual.” He was glad to have the Brigade own their individual baseball field—one thing about Camp Lewis, there is no lack of room,—and when it was opened he pitched the first ball with an ease that suggested he could pitch a good game. In fact, the spirit of Col. Davison has all along been what has permeated the Depot Brigade, so quickly transforming “rookies” into soldiers.

Realizing what team work a newspaper effects, the Colonel was also interested in the call of “The Bugle” to 15,000 men in the Brigade when first it sounded, a month before the 91st Division went out. You know the 363rd took *Over the Top* with them. The editors are principally newspaper men, in the world, under charge of Lieut. M. H. Compton of Post Exchange No. 13 and G. W. Moon, managing editor. That the paper will be bright and cover the ground, not only of the Depot Brigade but of Camp Lewis at large, goes without saying if you recognize the editors' names. The first marriage announcement, in the first Bugle, should as a matter of history, be noted, Private C. W. Foster of 19th Company to Miss Mary Spencer.

Lotteries are now strictly against the law; “The Bugle” exposes an infringement:

*Uncle Sam had a lottery,  
To go and fight the Hun.  
The numbers went to Americans,  
Who were over twenty-one—*



Not to Frank Beck, however, whose recital of his efforts to break into the ranks before his number was reached, is as funny as his cartoons. He was born in Tacoma. His father was one of the five original settlers of the town, built the first sawmill, and lives in Tacoma yet. Frank, having been graduated from Stadium High School, elected to become a cartoonist. Without the slightest training, he decided to apply at the first of two great papers which then stood for his goal. He went to Chicago and



A few of the "Old Timers," who have been made corporals and sergeants watching the new draft arrivals, and remarking that "they ain't getting the material they used ter when they entered the service back in 1917."

to the Tribune, asked to be taken on as cartoonist, unaware that such a thing is *never* done, and was immediately put to work. He remained until ready to go to the New York Tribune, where positions are only obtained by previous inheritance, and was at once engaged. When the cantonments were builded and occupied, Beck was sent to every

one in turn to translate their characteristics into cartoons. Saving the best to the last, he came to Camp Lewis, hoping here to enter the army. When he first mentioned his desire to Gen. Crowder, he said that could be easily managed, he would give a letter. One after another of the officers Beck met at succeeding cantonments made the same remark, offered the same courtesy, with the same lack of result, until he strove to look grateful and appreciative, or even intelligent. Accumulating official correspondence upon the subject caused him expense for excess baggage, he insists, and, still waiting, if another officer wishes to consult earlier memoranda upon the subject he sends it by motorized truck. Meanwhile, awaiting the lucky turn of Uncle Sam's lottery wheel, Beck draws cartoons instead of draft numbers. Wonder if he does break into the 91st at Camp Lewis?

Another man who made several attempts to enlist and was as often refused, only to be finally drafted—which is “another of those things no fellow can find out,” is Theo. Karle, he of the golden voice. He wanted to fight, he was noted as a footballist before attaining fame as a tenor. His name was Theodore Carl Johnson when he came first into the Tacoma Stadium with his team from Seattle Lincoln High. He had already made the name Theo Karle famous when last he appeared there as soloist at a song festival. So, thinking the army would have none of him, Karle signed for two full years of concertizing, and then, Draft Number—, and he was ordered to Camp Lewis where he is assistant in Depot Brigade Library. Karle is generous with the beautiful voice which was bringing him a fortune, and has several times sung for Chaplain Fisher's meetings. His singing of “My Little Mother” on Mother's Day did as much for men as the sermon. He had sung with Farrar, Homer, Hemphil, Gluck and others, now he sings for his countrymen. Karle was born just as far from one side of Camp Lewis as Beck from the other, at Olympia, where his people still live.

Surely everything in the animal kingdom, including a snake, has served as mascot at Camp Lewis. The 39th

Depot Brigade has taken to the air for theirs, though aviation is not yet attached. To see their crow sitting upon a man's shoulder as he walks about Barracks or perched upon his knee when he goes to town in the bus, tethered in no manner, is odd. This crow shows no anxiety as to "what shall we do for grub to ate", for the mascot would die of over-eating were it not he is a crow, which, as every one knows, eats his size every day.

There will always be more or less jealousy in organizations, of course, but it is true that the Depot Brigade feels itself, in general, above a mascot, having, as one expressed it, a mascot in its Commander. The officers felt that he had meant so much to them and their work that a very beautiful reception and dance were tendered Col. Davison and his wife in the ball room of Elks' Temple, Tacoma. With them, Maj. Gen. Greene and wife, Col. and Mrs. Hyer, and Col. Davison's Aids, Capt. Smith and Lieut. Ives, received the guests. During the affair, orderlies bore in great masses of beautiful corsage bouquets for the ladies and engraved silver pins wherewith to fasten them, pretty souvenirs of a delightful occasion. This was the last large affair before the Division went out, but the Depot Brigade enjoyed many a farewell fest and jest as the long trains began to load. The new draft are coming in, the old going out—

Hail and Farewell.

## CHAPTER IX.

SOLDIERS' SINGING AND ROBERT LLOYD, FIRST ARMY SONG DIRECTOR IN THE WORLD—TWO AMERICAN WOMEN'S WAR SONGS—LARGEST CHORUS EVER HEARD, AT CAMP LEWIS—THE CHRISTMAS CONCERT—A FERRARA SWORD—MUSIC'S SLANG, JAZZ.

Strange, is it not, that while all nationalities which have come hither to form the composite which is America have been singing peoples, we are a people who do not sing. To Italians song is meat and drink, or macaroni and wine, until they adopt suspenders or corsets, then even they are mute and pay their money to hear professionals; for in this country Caruso sings for a fortune, and little Tommy Tupper sings for his supper, but no one sings for love. Once upon a time, alone, happy and young, a girl sang at her sewing, a man whistled at his work. Even that has ceased. We used to sing in church, but the paid quartet, the trained chorus, the boy choir, attend to all that now. Even in the fervor of a reawakened patriotism, our efforts toward mass singing have been crowned with a painful success, as characteristic, say foreigners, as the hailing words of our national hymn, "Oh say". Except for their jokes, which were not understood by the Allies, our first army in France was a silent one; but no one denies that this youngest of nations shows itself as teachable as a little child, and the next will take the field with a rousing song accented by the staccato of the machine guns, will travel the weary miles upon rollicking measures—it is easier to roll than to drag: even the War Department came to see that.

In this far West, in the city of St. Francis, a merry-eyed, ruddy-faced young man of fifty-odd saw it plainly.

His big baritone had furthered him in life; for thirty years he had sung, taught, composed, conducted; but what is the good of a ten-thousand dollar income when you can not do what you want? Because, perhaps, of his gray hair, the government got it into their heads that he was



ROBERT LLOYD, FIRST ARMY SONG DIRECTOR

old, and refused him enlistment. He admits that he then planned to dye his lying hair, fell a soldier about his size some dark night, strip off his uniform, leaving his own civilian garb beside the prostrate form, and break into the ranks; but the plan presented certain difficulties. He then took account of stock, Demand and Supply. Wanted, by the War Department, Song Leaders: Supply, himself, half



a dozen in one. So now you know what he considers *The* two important things about Robert Lloyd, that he wears the olive-drab, and that he was the First Song Leader in the American Army, or, indeed, in any other. Though born in England and with the superfluous L which spells Wales folk, he has lived thirty-five years in this country and is, he insists, Californian to the core, and as he remarks, pioneering is indigenous to California. He was appointed by Lee F. Hanmer, Head of Music upon Training Camp Activities Commission. One month after we were in the war, Lloyd was in the army, but he did not receive the coveted uniform till he came to Camp Lewis—his chest measure is two inches more in olive-drab than in dress suit. Beginning at Fort Niagara, he trained the first and second Officers Schools and one at Plattsburg, then as the idea grew, was ordered to Camps Mills and Merritt, at last to Camp Lewis, where it is hoped he is a fixture.

Listening to two-thousand or more men rehearse is novel and inspiring, at least one begins by listening, but forgets he is not in khaki and shouts "*Good morning Mr. Zipp, Zipp, Zipp*" with the rest. Mr. Lloyd keeps to the platform, to be sure, but he seems to walk right 'specially up to you. His sole instrument is a pitch pipe. He will teach three new songs in half an hour, word and tune. He sings a line as the percentor did in Colonial times when they really had congregational singing, and then leads the men in repeating it, his voice sounding clearly out from them all. A man, who like myself had slipped into Liberty Theater, said he had never carried a tune in his life, not even Yankee Doodle, but he had actually learned a song that morning. Although I was a stranger, sympathy is written in my face, so he triumphantly reported the same and went out humming it. That sympathy is now extended to his family. He will sing it in season and out of season, that tune, and hum it in his dreams.

Lloyd has already taught marching songs to 175,000 soldiers.

"At first I joined men on their hikes, after rifle fire at the pits, anywhere I could sneak five minutes; now it's

a part of a soldier's routine. By Gen. Greene's order all will sing for forty-five minutes daily."

The rehearsals used to be in Liberty Theater or the Y-Auditorium mornings, nowadays they are held on the parade ground with other drills, he passing from one regiment to another. Once a week he directs the Base Hospital Nurses, teaching them the same songs. Afternoons he leads officers and gives lectures upon placing and carrying tone, enabling them to call orders in a wind, day after day, without cutting furrows in their throats. He was invited to give this course at West Point, but the cadets were quarantined when he was free. He plans to give it to the public schools after the war. Robert Lloyd has made his pile; he will give. Evenings, he "tips off trench songs at smokers"—rather a strenuous life to a man too old to enlist, eh? He works harder than ever before but it is more fun and nearer fighting. It is his Such—"Do you know what I said when I tackled those rookies? I said, *Now Father, this is up to you: put it over*, and He did, didn't he?"

Yes, a singing regiment marches further than a silent one. Lloyd says they come in from a sixteen-mile hike burdened with equipment, the sweat irrigating the dust on their faces, singing. Mr. Lloyd is even building up the health of the camp, for the benefit of singing to persons predisposed to tuberculosis has long been known. Physicians prescribe vocal lessons to develop the lungs. What is not generally known is that singing hastens recovery from illness, physically as well as spiritually. Long ago, Indian convalescents were required to sing several hours daily. By the way, I said Americans are not a singing people: American-Americans are, that is, Indians. Their whole lives long, every experience was expressed in songs of their own making, needing, among Indians, no other copyright. This wealth of material is being mined by such fine composers as Charles Wakefield Cadman. I especially recall an exquisite song embodying ideas which New Thought would claim its own. Watching and waiting at home, as ever women must, they project their loving en-

couragement to the far-off warriors, not forgetting the hunters and those menials who build the fires, nor even the boys who brave the dangers of a war party carrying new moccasins to replace those wornout upon the forays, "I send my thoughts to you". No note of fear nor sadness, warriors are to realize that their loved ones are strengthening their hearts for endurance, their arms for battle.

*"Ho, ye warriors on the warpath,  
Lonely camping in a land of strangers;  
Ho, ye hunters, ye moccasin carriers,  
Ye who build the fires,  
All ye who have gone forth—  
Lest your hearts know fear in darkness  
Through the ghostly chill of midnight,  
I send my thoughts to you:  
Lest your arrows fall in battle,  
Through the tender light of morning  
I send my thoughts to you."*

*Ho Ye Warriors* and *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* were both composed by women of our own land. The first song was born long ago in the heart of an Indian, gathering its notes as it came from her dusky lips and memorized by the women of her tribe as she sang it to them. The weird air is as haunting as the words, and Cadman has harmonized it understandingly, adding his own spirit to both. Are we to have no other songs like these for this war of wars?

Arrived in the draft for the next Division at Camp Lewis, the very day this was written, several Sioux from South Dakota, the first of that redoubtable tribe to be received there. It was a Sioux who composed *Ho Ye Warriors*, and it was sung in the open by voices in unison, as all Indian songs are.

I said Robert Lloyd was half a dozen directors in one. At that wonderful Depot Brigade review in May, he led 10,000 voices. When—in England, I think—5000 were raised in chorus, there was a conductor for every thousand,

so Song Leader Lloyd is *ten* in one, which reminds me that, as they are in unison, quite the effect of Indian singing is obtained, sounding as if there were parts, tenor, baritone, bass, qualifying the tone. A chorus of 15,000 will sing soon.

Already the fame of Camp Lewis' singing has spread and many requests for its repertoire have come from other cantonments. Mr. Lloyd has never sung anything but the best, classical or modern. Any musician will understand that it is part of his sacrifice to give over his beautiful voice to that which takes best with the soldiers, many songs of which he has himself composed, air and words. He has also arranged with a music publisher to obtain all the latest Broadway hits both for camp and for trench, Across.

A "Y" man has recently joined the force, Hugo Kirchofer, who insists upon being called simply K, for despite his name, he does not side with the other K nor his Kultur. He has had many years' experience, and will visit the Huts when large crowds gather to lead a short sing. Yes, we shall have a singing army. "K" left before the Division, and "Everybody-Sing Lyons" took his place.

The concert given at Tacoma Theater Christmas time, hardly comes under the subject as, though all wore uniform, they numbered but one hundred, selected from the thousands, and were trained singers, many, noted soloists, before entering camp. One, for instance, Sergt. Kent, leader of three-hundred Boy Scouts in Salt Lake City, was soloist of the Latter Day Saints College Glee Club. Another sergeant from the same city, L. G. Stookey, was soloist at the Mormon Tabernacle and of the "U" of Utah Glee. Another Temple soloist was Corp. Beek. A notable quartet sang *The Warrior Bold*,—Kent, Kingsbury, Beebe, and Broomell. Sergt. Harold Broomell, baritone, went East with the Stanford Glee Club. Glee club soloists were many in this chorus: beside the above, Atwater of Dartmouth, Rankin of the Wesleyan (Kansas), Morse of the U. of California, Snow of Valparaiso (Indiana) University, Harry Earle of College of Puget Sound, Tacoma, Hol-

lowell of Oregon Agricultural College and Apollo Club, Portland. All these were sergeants then, but are likely captains by now. Soloists for this fine concert were Lieut. Wilfred Lewis, whose baritone has been often enjoyed since, Serg. Perry, whose deep bass was popular at Panama Exposition, and who, like "Caruso" Guiseppe Bondonno had intended to enter Grand Opera instead of the Grand Army. All of them have been most generous with their voices at camp, and in churches and clubs of neighboring cities. Frederick Hart, accompanist, was a joy. Sherard artistically played part of the accompaniments. The choruses were fine and appropriate: The Soldier's Prayer, The Recessional, The Sword of Ferrara, which reminds me that in a Tacoma home, envied by many a ranking officer of the army, is a genuine Ferrara claymore, or two-edged sword, with a basket hilt, owned by John Christie Barr, a Civil War Naval Officer. Something over four centuries ago, a Scottish King offered a great prize at a tournament to the armorer who would bring to the next joust, the finest sword fashioned within his dominions. A Spaniard, Ferrara, resident in Scotland, came late to the next tournament, seemingly without a weapon, whereupon the king demanded the reason for the slight. Then did Ferrara remove his "bonnet" and showed a blade wound about his head. This sword fought at Culloden, just as the song relates. It has belonged to the oldest of the Barr's the centuries through.

"I saw a Ferrara at Abbotsford, Sir Walter Scott's, but I did not know that there was a signed Ferrara Claymore in this country", said Brig. Gen. Foltz, adding that every basket hilt was wrought in special design for each clan. Curiously, even as he spoke of Scott, Thomas Mc-Millan, second-cousin of the famous author, entered his home across the street.

As for instrumental music, from regimental bands to groups in each company, there is no dearth of good music nor of "jazz." The name simply grew on it. Jazz is the slang of Music. Shall never forget a jazz band playing for a dance in Knights of Columbus Auditorium. One



man played bass drum and snare, cymbals, Indian Tom-tom, sleighbells, occasionally knocking a ball on a wire against a small frying-pan, two-egg size, with his knee. He and the violinist marked time in the melee by chewing gum, and the pianist smoked cigarettes, the mouths of the "brasses" being otherwise engaged.



One could write a volume upon music and musicians at Camp Lewis. For every regiment a quartet has been formed.

Except for the professionals, such constant opportunities for hearing good music free have come to few. Of them all, and of several composers at Camp Lewis, surely there will come their own sturdy *Marching Song of the Ninety First!*

## CHAPTER X.

LIBERTY LIBRARY AND PROF. RUBY—LIBRARIAN JENNINGS' BUILDING—LIBRARIAN KAISER'S BEGINNING—SPECIAL GIFTS—WIDE VARIETY OF LITERATURE SHELVED AND UNSHELVED—BOOKS ABOARD SHIP—RUBY'S PROGRESSIVE SERVICE.

Music, Books: Cradle song and mother tongue of the hermit secluded in every soul—so when graduates aspired to other degrees, and undergrad's entered our National Army War University, libraries must perforce be built and stored. The American Library Association campaigned in September and raised over a million dollars. Camp Lewis Library was first completed and supplied and is largest and best upon cantonments—"You say everything is first and best and largest and"—you can find proof of everything so designated. In this case it is furnished by that ranking authority, the Librarian of Congress, Dr. Herbert Putnam, who lately devoted himself to cantonment libraries, finishing an inspection tour of them all, in May, at Camp Lewis. He must have been more than satisfied with the Library there, its work, works and workings, for he appointed its librarian, E. E. Ruby, organizer and supervisor of the twelve coast libraries at all posts and forts North of the Columbia, quite a compliment, or rather endorsement, for, as a technically *trained* librarian he is a diamond in the rough, though a Ruby polished by books, a professor at Whitman College, loaned because he longed to do something for the war; and he has done it. Dr. Putnam requested him to prepare a bulletin upon this Camp Lewis Library, illustrated, to be presented at the American Library Association at Saratoga in July.

J. T. Jennings of the Seattle Public Library came to Camp Lewis to organize one and could not at first find even the contract for it. When discovered, he showed it to General Greene, who designated the location between Theater and Hostess House, and to Constructing Quartermaster Stone, who ordered it built; but no lumber could



E. E. RUBY, LIBRARIAN LIBERTY LIBRARY

be delivered for two or three weeks. However, both General and Constructor were interested, and permission was given to use government lumber, to be replaced when Library material arrived. Building, from blue prints only, began the next morning. Specifications arrived just before the building was finished, better, in some respects, said Mr. Jennings, than provided for in them.

Next it was learned that coals had not been shipped to Newcastle. In other words shelving and furniture, ordered from the East, were not ready, so the order was placed where the fir grows, and both were soon finished and stained with one coat of gray through which the slash shows like fuming.

Meanwhile, thousands of books from all over the Northwest were being donated. In Tacoma, books and magazines were gathered which anticipated their housing at Camp Lewis, being sent to the National Guard camp at Murray, named for the General who had been another to recommend the site. These books and magazines were handled by the Y. M. C. A. The First Y tent at Camp Lewis had some, and when Y-hut No. 1 was built, a further gift of seven-hundred-fifty volumes stood upon its shelves. All these were donated in Tacoma and sent to the Public Library where John B. Kaiser, its scholarly Librarian, took keen interest in the project. By the time Liberty Library was opened, six-thousand volumes, gift of Tacomans alone, and catalogued at their Library, were ready. Thousands more were at the building, and twenty-six trained library workers from Seattle and Tacoma volunteered to assist Mr. Jennings in bringing order out of chaos.

Liberty Library, Camp Lewis, opened its doors November 28. Within and without the wood is stained gray, field stones by thousands have been piled and sloped back against its foundation of wood with unique effect. The walls of pale yellow beaver board, windows hung with yellow cotton crepe, Japanese tubs, gray, with their heavy twists black and orange, filled with sword ferns, soldiers' own, at intervals atop the bookcases, and now, a large fireplace in the reading room opposite the entrance, all make the long hall home-y. Even the doorway invited you in, for books are arranged against the panes around it, an archway of beckoning thoughts and fancies seen from without. There is, too, a friendly, welcoming atmosphere which most libraries lack. The comfortable chairs and the tables are stained gray. A few good mottoes are to be added later. *Aye, Good Books Are Good Friends.*

At first, fiction largely predominated. Many beautifully bound entire sets of standard works were presented, notably by Walter MacKay, from his private library in Portland, who added, making the gift more personal, a bookplate inscribing them "*To the Soldiers of the U. S. A.*" Of his are a fine Balzac in 51 volumes, Thackeray, Waverly and others, all in handsome leather binding. Marcus Priteca of Tacoma gave fine sets, including one of Smollett; Blanche Jane Cole of Seattle—it is hardly fair to mention few among so many. Paul Holbrook of Raymond, Washington, contributed many sets including Dickens and Kipling, the latter is a great favorite in the army, since he deals with men in the open, as *they* are—and James Whitcombe Riley, for he writes of home things, especially dear now that men look back upon them; and Hope, for they are boyish, liking romantic adventure they, all, are Hope; and Doyle, for they enjoy detective stories. Most of the books sent were desirable, but there were a few donated, of course, that recall Father's aphorism, "If the Lord didn't provide a man with sense, He won't blame him for not using any."

Books still arrive, gifts. Strangers visiting Camp Lewis generally drop into the Library and in memory of the visit many a volume is mailed back to it. When Maude Adams played at Liberty Theater she was interested, as a set of over forty beautiful and unusual books attest. It is pleasant to feel that in some way even passerby may have part in the work of the cantonment. In June the Library at Camp Lewis numbered 50,000 volumes. You should hear the exclamations of Civil War veterans who are "doing the camp." Not a book was furnished *them*; *they* would have devoured a cook book like the mocking goodies it suggested.

Books are purchased as need arises from the fund of the American Library Association. Mr. Ruby ordered five hundred dollars' worth of technical reference books at Christmas, as many more later, and a third order has been placed. There are whole sections devoted to science, sociology, history, travel, and to purely technical works,



which are in great demand. Officers spend much time furthering their studies toward promotion, and enlisted men often pursue favorite subjects, for remember this is a National Army and we are a nation of readers, especially in this Northwest, where the contributing states to draft for Camp Lewis rank lowest in the entire Country in illiteracy. Some soldiers are already planning for what they will do after the war, or in improving their trades or farms: the Library has over two-hundred periodicals, upon almost every subject. The Seattle Public Library has furnished, beside, five-hundred volumes of twelve leading magazines for five years back.

Aeronautics is popular, tests being afforded, at Base Hospital, those who wish to enter Aviation service. Engineering of all kinds is another favorite subject, for in this war, as in no other, knowledge is power. Soldiers soon understand this so that the fifteen copies of Moss' Manual of Military training are always out. Prof. Ruby says the Library will soon have a complete department of technical Military books. Many privates are not only graduates from, but professors in our best universities. Librarian Ruby smiles as he recalls a private who asked for something on electric motors. Shown the Library's best, he remarked casually, "Oh, I made the drawings for that, I want a later book," and it was immediately found and purchased. The institution is weak in Sociology and Religion, both of which, oddly, are in demand and will be supplied.

Increasing numbers find the quiet, beauty, and atmosphere of this Library a very haven. Men scattered at the tables are reading everything from hydrostatics and electricity, to ancient architecture and history of France and Belgium; from Shakespeare to Empey's "Over the Top" of which there are forty copies and never one on the shelf. Speaking of war books, one of the most delightful of them all, one that you do not read, but hear, every accent of whose genuine, boyish, stirring words comes straight to you, yourself, is "Life and Letters of Harry Butters". Such a wearisome title, the "Life" of a *boy*;



LIBERTY LIBRARY ALCOVE

beside, other people's letters are generally as stupid as others' dreams in the telling; and,—by the way, who *was* Harry Butters? You forget all this with the book in your hand. His sister Mrs. R. A. Bray of Piedmont, California, has ordered a thousand copies sent to the various cantonments as Harry's part in our war, for he died in action in France before his country entered it.

Camp Lewis Library, which has twice the number of books of any other cantonment, is well stocked with those which everybody is supposed to have read and nobody has read, and some are taking this opportunity to browse among them. Even men who have never cared for books read now, and those who have loved them and lacked time, have two full days a week and all their evenings quite free to use as they please. Who else can boast as much time as that? College boys make much greater progress at Camp Lewis than at a "U", for they choose their own books and read with definite purpose. There is a large and growing department of French and Spanish books, for both languages are very popular in the teaching at the Y-huts, the former for present use, Spanish for the future when the United States will fall heir to South American trade. Regular readers at the Library increased so greatly that it was found necessary to build an addition. It has a large fireplace and soft lights, which suggests a large factor, and an odd one at first thought, in the success of Camp Lewis, brilliant and constant electric light, turned on early through the rainy months, so that the somber twilight did not make men homesick. Only women enjoy twilight.

Mr. Ruby has established twenty-six branch libraries, at Depot Brigade, the Remount Station, Base Hospital, Y-Huts, Officers' Training School, the Jewish Club, etc. He hopes soon to have them in all companies as well as regiments. His idea is a good one in effecting the exchanges. A strong box with two shelves filled with selected books is sent to barracks. Upon a set day, an orderly takes this to the next company and one is brought from another to replace it. In this way, the main library

force is small and results large. Red tape has been cut at both ends. The library has the air of a private one where the owner enjoys himself, which largely accounts for its success. All the Library workers bear out this idea of friendly helpfulness. Louis Castle was assistant in Seattle Public Library; Leo Etzkorn in Whitman College library while a student, Albert R. Rowell after graduating from



PERIODICAL READING ROOM, LIBERTY LIBRARY

Berkeley was assistant in the University Law Library there; Ellen Garfield Smith, graduate of University of Illinois and assistant in the John Crerar Library, Chicago, is now of the Walla Walla Public Library and donated by it to the Camp Lewis for two months to catalogue. Mrs. Ida Kidder, Librarian of Oregon Agricultural College, has been loaned for two months to Base Hospital Library, where she is doing a beautiful work in reading to patients. She is a graduate of the Library School of the University of Illinois. The men are all, for reason, ineligible to war service. When Dr. Putnam was at Camp Lewis and neighboring cities, he gave out much of interest concerning the wide scope of library work in the army and its growing



importance. It was fortunate that a man holding his position was willing to resign it, even for a time, to enter this work. The Library Association for war service now has four-hundred-fifty stations, in army and navy camps, along the Mexican border, and overseas. Space aboardship has been arranged for, and fifteen thousand books a month go to France. Y. M. C. A. secretaries are always aboard transports and have authority to open cases and loan books to troops at sea. Cases are repacked before landing and forwarded to the war zone.

The American Library Association for War Service is sending out a call for Baedeker's guide books to Europe, which are not now to be bought in this country. They are in great demand on every transport. People everywhere will doubtless respond generously, but it is not to be denied that to those who have made but one trip to Europe and have no hope of another, the gift of the book which accompanied every mile and day, and holds more memories than pages, will be a real sacrifice.

All cantonment Libraries are not even yet built. The association has been using Red Cross buildings, Y's, K. C's, Salvation Army quarters, but its work has co-ordinated so successfully with military efforts, that structures will be everywhere hurried. Not only is the Carnegie fund available, but some people are turning over their own collections as their families are breaking up. Books not desirable are sold, and others, requested by the soldiers, purchased from lists forwarded by post librarians.

Throughout this brief account of a great work, it was unnecessary to point out compensations, they speak for themselves. No wonder that many educated people have said, "I'd rather have a boy of mine at Camp Lewis for a year than at any University, bar none. He would acquire and digest more real knowledge, be a bigger man."



## CHAPTER XI.

## LIBERTY THEATER AND MANAGER BRADEN—NOTABLE PERFORMANCES—THE NINETY-FIRST'S SWAN-SONG.

When the War Department announced that a theater would be built in every camp, some raised their eyebrows, some their voices. Not that in this Republic there remains a lance corporal's guard who consider a theater the foyer of Hell and all that sort of thing, "but", they muttered, "song, dance, mollycoddling!" However, they were neither enlisted men nor their Home People.

It sounds more armyfied to term the worst and most contagious ailment that attacks soldiers, one that quarantine only spreads, *nostalgia*, but call it that or just plain homesickness, even our wonderful medical corps confess they have found no cure for it. Like other maladies, it increases toward evening, especially in damp weather. While drilling, men do not seem to feel the pain which becomes all but unbearable after Retreat; so for months they rushed off to town, spent more money than they could afford upon vaudeville and plays, fare there and back, lodgings and meals. Sometimes they returned late to camp, sometimes not at all, deserting not from cowardice but homesickness. So when Liberty Theater opened February 15, 1918, it proved a medicine for many ills. Its manager, E. A. Braden, should sign D. D. after his name. No; Division Doctor, though really some Doctors of Divinity accomplish less good.

Again fortunate, Camp Lewis, in having this man in charge of a branch of service so important. Tall, strong, soldierly, he greatly desired active service at the Front, which he had five times visited since war broke out; but the Government held that he could best serve by giving



CAPT. BRADEN, MANAGER OF LIBERTY THEATRE

his many years' experience among leading producers of New York city to the management of a theater which must be up to date for an up to date army. As Braden said, anything to have a part in the greatest tragedy ever staged, so, a continent away from the Rialto and all it means, from Tammany and other leading clubs in which he had long been a familiar figure, the "Colonel" by brevet on Broadway for so many years, demoted himself to Captain, and betook himself to Camp Lewis.

From without, Liberty Theater is a huge barn in appearance, but in essentials it is the equal of any on Broadway. Its acoustic properties are excellent. It can be emptied in short order from several exits on three sides when every one of its nearly three-thousand seats is occupied, for a broad aisle extending its length is crossed by another as wide, and from every seat the stage can be seen. In the center is the Commandant's box, sometimes called a stall, and in this case resembling both. An artistic rest room in brown and green is one of the few on the cantonment.

Stage dressing rooms are large and airy. A spur track allows scenery to be unloaded level with a platform immediately adjoining the stage, where wide doors make the rear practically open. Companies step from their own Pullman to their dressing rooms without touching foot to the ground, and never was Broadway so broad as the sweep about this Playhouse, nor gateway more unique than Liberty Arch under which you drive up the asphalt road to Liberty Theater. Programs always have a picture of the arch upon the cover, and within, of Commandant and staff, with their names, so that the programs make souvenirs to be taken to all parts of the country by the thousands of visitors to Camp Lewis.

Do not dream that because the aisles are uncarpeted, the seats pine benches, the cream walls unfrescoed, that you must make believe it is a fine theater. Its stage, frontage seventy-six feet, is equal to any production and fully equipped with fine scenery, set in the latest manner with sand-bag weights from a great height—making the rear

of the building resemble a brewery—and its dimmer-board has no equal, Col. Braden's word for it, in any metropolitan theater. Not know what a dimmer is? Why, the electric switchboard beside the stage, regulating all effects of light and shade.

Liberty Theater is perfectly ventilated, without drafts, from the top, and evenly heated. It can also be fumigated after a performance attended by quarantine Companies who are marched there in a body afternoons to see moving pictures, a reason-saving break in the confinement of some Commands, which have suffered merger quarantines until the whole Company were all but ready for commitment to Steilacoom.

Another superiority in equipment is a seven-hundred dollar rotary converter which is excelled nowhere, because there is no better. That is why moving pictures there are so real. Pictures are run at all performances when plays, concerts, vaudeville, or regimental shows are not being staged. Col. Braden chooses nothing but clean films and the best, preceded by fine travel pictures, often showing beautiful castles, storied Guild Halls, magnificent cathedrals which for centuries glorified Belgium and France until German Kultur deliberately destroyed Art's heritage.

There are also two nights a week of vaudeville given by a widely known circuit, which presented some fine things, including the great Bernhardt, and some things which were neither clever nor clean.

Liberty Theater was opened in February, 1918, with a fine concert by Orpheus Male Chorus of Tacoma and Philharmonic Orchestra, Seattle. A speech was demanded of Brig. Gen. Foltz, Commanding, who responded in a few words and insisted Manager Braden should do the same, who, protesting that he would not, did. In this first speech of his life, he said what afterward proved true, that there would be such variety in productions that every man could enjoy what he most likes.

Liberty Theater is usually packed. All cantonments have identical Playhouses, as to buildings, from plans prepared by experts, but Manager Braden has acquired

many interior equipments extra. His long acquaintance with theatricals has secured unusual attractions, so that the men of the 91st are most fortunate. Mischa Elman's Wizard playing even warmed *himself* into a human when the immense audience listened breathlessly, then applauded noisily. Maud Powell interspersed her delightful program and many encores with friendly words to the soldiers and witty comments, making the occasion a personal affair, merrily reassuring them that "Classical music is not so bad as it sounds".

Melba came. Her wonderful voice must have lived on for this hour. Not only did the brilliant notes fall like diamonds from the necklace of the *Jewel Song* as in olden days, and the winged sounds float, light and colorful as *The Butterflies*, but into the exquisite voice had crept the sweetness of *The Time of Lilacs*, of lilacs in the soft Spring rain when one is young. So Melba sang to three-thousand of you Ninety-First as never she sang, or could sing, in days of yore, for her voice had borne a soul. I had heard her many times in opera long ago, but I choose to remember Melba always from that night, gorgeous in the golden gown with which she complimented beauty-starved soldiers singing for them over and over with all her heart and all her art.

At last, *Taps* nearing, she stood with a furled flag in her hand and said—and there rang no "stage business" in the words:

"I want to tell you how proud and happy we are to sing for you tonight, you brave American soldiers who are going over there. When you get there, just get your teeth in and carry it through to the finish. I have been in the thick of it for so long. We have sent our troops away, and many of them have come back with honor, while many of them will never come back at all, but the honor of serving their country to the very uttermost is theirs, and we are proud of them."

She unfurled the Stars and Stripes and led the three cheers which will echo in Germany, then three more for our dauntless near neighbors, the Canadians. Then she



said "Now will you give three cheers for the Australians, my countrymen"—such Hurrahs!

Then arose Gen. Greene in his box and said:

"One moment, comrades, this glorious woman has cheered our troops and those of our neighbor and of her own country. She is devoting her time, her wonderful gifts and her whole soul to the aid of the allied cause; even in her company on this tour she is carrying the widow of an officer who met his death at the Dardanelles, and two wounded men who have been incapacitated at the front. Now, will you join in three cheers for this gracious giver, this queen of song, this peerless woman, Madame Nellie Melba, and give them with a will."

You never heard such a noise nor did you hear it then because every one of you was making it, and of course you were including in its meaning the pianist, Francis de Bourguignon, a Belgian artist who fought as brilliantly as he played, who still showed in his walk effects of his wound at Antwerp, and, in his tender music, the wound of his native land.

Two days after this concert at Camp Lewis came news that Melba had been made "Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire".

It is so good to laugh, these war-saddened days, that I must remind you how you chuckled on your way to barracks that night. It was the first time that Commandant, Staff, and wives had come to Liberty Theater in state, so to speak. So when buglers sounded "*The General*", the rising was spasmodic. It was evidently a false alarm, too. The heralds didn't know how to order Be Seated in bugle, so after an awkward pause, they sounded "*Boots and Saddles*". Seems as if *Recall* or *Retreat* or even *Fatigue* call would have been more appropriate.

The great audience rose, too, when Melba came upon the stage. Every performance at Liberty Theater is preceded by "The Star Spangled Banner" when ushers in the aisles, people in the foyer, everyone stands at attention. Strange that it took war to educate Americans to a re-

spect invariably shown by other countries to their national airs.

Speaking of stage remarks, the soldiers have heard from several actors who, ordinarily, refuse to step out of character. Cyril Maude played *Grumpy* at Liberty Theater for the first time in the Northwest, and spoke to the boys, having one of his own, and his uncle, General Maude, in British Service; but Maude Adams—odd coincidence in names, Maude Adams, though she very generously gave her beautiful play, to which a uniform was a ticket, on a Sunday afternoon because she had no other, breaking for the first time a stage-life rule of hers never to act on Sunday, absolutely refused to respond to the soldiers' appeals. Otis Skinner was another who played at Camp Lewis Sunday, his first experience since stardom.

Speaking of tickets, Smileage books are received at Liberty Theater. What a thoroughly American idea and name! Washington's quota was 30,000 books, but 75,000 were sold. These books of one or five dollars in coupons afforded some men their first opportunity and money to hear the best the stage affords. To them it was a part, and a large part, of their education at Camp Lewis.

Manager Braden chose experienced ticket sellers, ushers, scene-shifters, and as he is a strict disciplinarian, and they in military training, no theater is better served, and there are no strikes. The orchestra of thirty pieces is first class, several of the men having been soloists in notable organizations. For over a year one of them led Billy Sunday's choir with his silver-voiced trombone.

A curious condition, such a huge, crowded theater, such a manager, such a force, and not a man making a dollar! All profits go to the Division, Over There—except profits accruing in pleasure and morale—at Camp Lewis.

The enlisted men connected with the theater, however, are a bit unfortunate, it would seem, for though they escape K. P. and much of drill, there is slight chance for distinguished service or advance in rank or pay. Also, they have no holidays wholly free, no extra pay, not even extra "chow", after performance, just rush to be in by

*Taps.* The insignia of the army musician is a silver harp which, under these circumstances, resembles that "which once from Tara's halls, hath all its music fled."

Everybody else in the cantonment having had some one to do for them, the player-folk at last will have, for the Stage Women's War Workers have requested every soldier who was in any way connected with the stage, if by nothing more than ushering, "before the war", to send his name to the Division Adjutant. Ex-actors and all will hereafter benefit by the generosity of their sisters in art.

Again Camp Lewis scores, through Captain Braden, in its theater which, at the end of the first season, your occupancy of Camp Lewis, Ninety-First, finds itself the only Liberty Theater in all the cantonments that has made any money, or even paid expenses, which Manager Braden's has always done, while several have been for some time closed. This, on the contrary, has constantly improved its attractions and booked others. Your beautiful campsite has won fame through stageland, and playing there is an outing filled with sightseeing. You soldiers perform during the day and they reciprocate with their patriotic best for you at night. The knitting which the heroines introduce into every possible scene is for you. Usually they take dinner at Hostess House over which they exclaim, and they leave with pleasant memories of it all, to be envied by other companies.

Several improvements have been made in the buliding, for which the Swan-song of the 91st Division will pay. June 16 and 17 your best talent appeared in minstrels and vaudeville. The former was as funny as any ever seen in old days when minstrels ruled, yet the only familiar word was "Be seated, gentlemen." The quartet really had four singing voices. Its lank bass stood as high as his full notes reached low, and he was spontaneously funny. Sutter yodled, Smith and Busby sang the latest songs, Lloyd sang personations while you audience, like a composite Oliver Twist, called for more, with Quaw at the piano playing into his hands, finally singing a new song of his own. Ray Hicks of the 364th gave his original

monologues. Camp Lewis owes this ex-professional much for he has been most generous, writing playlets and producing them. All should be mentioned, for all were clever. The orchestra, dressed in white, were grouped about the grand piano on the stage and led by Max Fisher who played several fine violin solos, one being that appealing "Joan of Arc They Are Calling You." Fisher paid a graceful compliment to Ray Healey when he turned to the "black-face" and played the song upon strings which Healey had so exquisitely played upon his fingers. Healey's whistling was wonderful. Placing his interlocked fingers to his lips, as boys produce hideous catcalls, he whistled Joan of Arc with such beauty that its modulations seemed to form the words which the hearers supplied in their hearts, and some, in tears. The tones were as sweet as the violin's. Healey whistled a number of songs covering a surprising register, with lightness and elusive sweetness of tone, or with roundness and volume, shading with the feeling of the human voice, yet with the technique of a flageolet. It was both Pan and his pipes.

But through all the nonsense, the song, the dance, crept in a breathless word, a faint note, a half movement which all steadfastly ignored: *Goodbye, Remember*; a phantom *Handclasp*, for already there were vacant seats, and all its Ninety-First audience would be gone hence within the fortnight. 'Twas the Lay of the Last Minstrel.

## CHAPTER XII.

BRIG. GEN. FOLTZ, COMMANDING—FIRST NEW YEAR PROCLAMATION—LINCOLN'S AND WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAYS—GAMBLING—FIRST GENERAL INSPECTION—INSURANCE DRIVE—RESUMES COMMAND 182ND BRIGADE—WHAT AN INFANTRY BRIGADE IS—COL. CAVANAUGH OF THE 363RD—LT. COL. WARFIELD, MAJ. BRECKINRIDGE—"OVER THE TOP"—LIEUT. LAWTON'S SUN DIAL—CHAPLAIN GALVIN AND SOCCER—COL. WEEKS—CURIOUS STATUS OF CO. H. 364TH — A COSMOPOLITAN COMPANY — REGIMENTAL HONORS, BAYONETING—CHAPLAIN WILSON.

Brigadier General Frederick S. Foltz, of a family long established in Pennsylvania, was graduated from West Point in the same class with Major-General Greene and Brigadier-General Irons. Curiously, all three have been acting as Commandants of Camp Lewis. When Gen. Greene went to France in November 1917, Irons was in command for a short time, succeeded by Foltz until Gen. Greene's return in March. Lieutenants Greene and Foltz were stationed together at the Northernmost fort, Assiniboine, for about three years three decades ago, the former Infantry, the latter Cavalry. Both engaged in the Sioux outbreak. Promotion was slow in those days, it was Second-Lieutenant Foltz for nineteen years, all in the First Cavalry, to which, long after, he returned as Colonel. His father was Surgeon-General J. M. Foltz, Fleet Surgeon with Admiral Farragut in the Civil War, and Mrs. Foltz is also of army folk, daughter of Major J. B. Keefer.

Foltz served upon Gen. Miles' staff in Cuba, saw the Stars and Stripes raised in both interventions, went with Miles to Porto Rico, and served two and a half years in the Philippines. Aside from foreign service, he has been





BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. S. FOLTZ

stationed in the West, understands its men, is just where he belongs in the only Western National Army Cantonment. American Cavalry have always been noted riders. A team picked from the old regular army meant some-

thing. Gen Foltz has twice commanded such teams representing the United States against the best horsemen of the Old World, once in London, and in the 1912 Olympic Games at Stockholm. It would seem such riders needed no further training yet they were ordered to France to acquire other style of riding.

Gen. Foltz was at Fort Russell when ordered to Camp Lewis, August, 1917, to command a Brigade not yet blown in by the draft. He had been encamped at Murray eleven years ago, so this is old stamping grounds. As Cavalry has taken small part in this war, he commands an Infantry Brigade, the 182nd.

Speaking of Cavalry, the last war glamour passed with "the horse that scenteth the battle from afar," However, there is talk of saddling him again. Surely the Hun will flee so fast that he will be required. So perhaps some of these Montana cowboys who ploughed the mud at his review will follow Brig. Gen. Foltz a-horseback.

#### GENERAL BYNG USES HIS CAVALRY

I've fought the Hun dismounted, yes, more often than I've counted;  
 I've trotted with the Tommies in the line;  
 But what of "Boots and Saddles," and the nag a trooper straddles—  
 Must I always foot it eastward to the Rhine?  
 I've strafed Fritz with a mortar, as a proper gunner oughter;  
 Oh, I've knocked his blooming trench about his ears;  
 But, say, I want a battle where the sabers flash and rattle,  
 And I want to hear the calls a trooper hears.  
 I've tooled a tank in action, and it has its own attraction,  
 When its crawling on and blighting far and wide;  
 But oh, I miss the swaying of a wild war stallion, neighing,  
 As he takes the open country in his stride!

\* \* \* \* \*

What's that the bugle's saying? "Boots and Saddles!" Oh, I'm praying  
 That they really mean to turn us loose again;  
 It may be but rehearsing, and I'm praying and I'm cursing—  
 No! it's "Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry, men!"  
 Old horse, you piebald beauty, this is mighty welcome duty!  
 Do you hear this bit of steel stuff whirr and sing?  
 They say the Hun's retreating, but he needs another beating,  
 And we're to do our very best for Biff Bang Byng!  
 —O. C. A. Child.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gen. Foltz had just taken over command of the cantonment when its First New Year, 1918, dawned. In this message he wished—

"A Happy New Year to the Division—May we, while the year is young, take our place with our comrades on the front and before the year is out, may our zeal and worth have won a name for the 91st Division of the National Army."

FRED'K S. FOLTZ,

Brigadier General, Commanding.

Zeal, worth, strong words, both. Zeal belongs to the last words in the language and to the first in success: eagerness, passionate ardor are its synonyms, and worth behind zeal to stand fast, to follow faster.

Since so many Montanans belong to the 182nd Infantry Brigade, they will like to keep this message, too:

*To the Montana men at Camp Lewis I give greetings at the dawn of a New Year, Be of good cheer, your country has supreme faith in you, and we of Montana, who best know and love you, rest confident in the belief that you will measure up to the responsibility that is yours. Wherever your task may take you, be sure that you are followed by the love and admiration of the people "back home," who have solemnly dedicated themselves to make any sacrifice necessary to maintain you in the field.*

*When you go "over the top" may you be inspired by the thought of the loved ones back in the proud old state that sits the saddle of the Rockies, and I am sure the thought will put more power into your fighting arm and make you more determined to execute a thoroughly workmanlike job.*

*May the God of Battles, who is none the less the God of Peace, watch over you and keep you and give back to us as members of the glorious host which carried the Stars and Stripes to victory.*

*To all the men of Camp Lewis, without regard to state lines, I give a message of assurance. The hearts of our people are with you all, and we know that the indomitable will and the fervent patriotism of the men of the North-*

*west will give a splendid account of themselves when the moment of supreme test arrives.*

(Signed), S. V. STEWART,  
Governor of Montana.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next remembrance of the cantonment under Gen. Foltz did not especially interest these Montanans; but February 1, 1918 was notable for Mexicans, Southern Indians, some Californians, Hawaiians and Filipinos at Camp Lewis, for the first snow of the Winter was the first snow of their lives. They rushed out, breaking the stillness of the falling flakes, washed one another's faces quite as if they were down East boys, built a Kaiser, and rejoicing exceeding much, demolished him with snow grenades,—a Kaiser? Why the whole Hohenzollern family and connections were brought low that day, and lay, white and cold, mangled, but not bleeding, for they are all as cold-blooded as fish, which do not bleed. Democracy triumphed over autocracy, and even aristocracy was not. Officers, quick to catch the spirit of our army, gave the day for a Winter picnic, since snow hereabouts lasts no longer than joy. One wildly excited Filipino packed the snow all over him, held both hands full, and had his picture taken to send across the Pacific to prove the marvel of which he would write, and others followed his lead. Watching the fun and the wonder, we of this rainy Puget Sound slipped back over the years and the miles to childhood, and New England, tingling with the old excitement of the first still, uncertain flakes. That's one dear beauty of Firsts, you go back; don't you love to?

While Gen. Foltz was Commandant, there were several Firsts in anniversaries; Lincoln's birth, February 12, was especially fitting in remembrance of this greatest of men, born for such a time as this. The Revolutionary War had just ended with amazing victory to a handful of impoverished, untrained, unequipped colonists over the greatest of countries; and Lincoln was three years old when England tried it again, with the same result, so that he was born with the feel of war, so to speak. He volunteered

for the Black Hawk, and he bore the crushing burden of the Civil War as no other ruler in all time has done. His whole life was a heart-breaking struggle. Like the Nazarene he followed, Lincoln was "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," and upon the altar wood of his patiently builded life was laid his cruel death for the last sacrifice. Now remain a few of that war to season this with the salt of the earth, and Lincoln's great spirit must have brooded over the cantonments where men listened, this war-year, with their *hearts*. They felt him near and intimate, this Great Commoner, who once remarked that the Lord must love common people, He made so many of them. Lincoln Himself marveled when elected President and said: "*I cannot but know what you all know, that without a name, perhaps without a reason why I should have a name, there has fallen upon me a task such as did not rest even upon the father of his country; and so feeling, I cannot but turn and look for that support without which it will be impossible for me to perform that great task. I turn, then, and look to the great American people and to that God who has never forsaken them.*" His words sound clear today,—American people, never forsaken.

Not one of the thousands who have entered Camp Lewis came into less auspicious birth; neither is there among the indexed cards of the Depot Brigade, one more modest than his, the entire biography Lincoln furnished the Congressional Record wherein, generally, leaf after leaf rustled upon a fruitless family tree:

*Born, February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Ky.*

*Education, defective.*

*Profession, a lawyer.*

*Have been a captain of volunteers in Black Hawk War.*

*Postmaster in a very small office.*

*Four times a member of the Illinois legislature, and*

*A member of the Lower House of Congress."*

Is that not inspiring to you, volunteer captains of the Ninety-First? At thirty-eight, it was Lincoln's highest rank. "Education, defective." Think of the speech at



Gettysburg, scribbled upon stray scraps of paper as the train rumbled on, of Lincoln, soon to join "these honored dead" "who gave the last full measure of devotion"—that, however, is unthinkable, for Lincoln lives. In five intense minutes; was delivered the noblest speech of dedication in any language, the Creed of America, ending in the deathless words

*Government of the people, by the people, for the people,  
shall not perish from the earth.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Following a number of convictions in serious cases of stealing, embezzlement of Company funds, and even the attempted murder of an automobile driver by that strange degenerate, Pidd, all consequent upon losses by gambling, Commanding Officer Foltz issued a sweeping order against all forms of gambling, February 13, valid either within the cantonment or wherever soldiers gathered. Even the United States mails had been rifled, and investigation of many complaints traced the thefts to men who had lost at cards. With this order from Gen. Foltz was also one pertaining to a more careful distribution of mail, which greatly improved the service. Perhaps the twin order even stopped the betting on whether a package, or even a letter, would ever arrive. One officer insists that a pair of his shoes walked out in two weeks and a day, rather take chances in the mail to be too late to go out with the Division in June. All this had been rather the fault of company post-offices than of the camp postoffice, which really did well with a small force in ridiculously limited quarters, and an immense mail congested there, unless handled in extraordinarily short time. So that, really, there was need for unusual efficiency, and it was shown.

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During the incumbency of Foltz, the First General Inspection of the 91st Division was held in February, 1918 when Brig. Gen. Helmick arrived from Washington D. C., an inspection highly creditable, but very dismal, you remember. Never did young officers more fervently wish they were higher-ups, in both senses, than they who, pelted

by rain, afoot in the mire, followed the mounted officers. When ranks broke, the men dipped their sodden shoes into puddles to wash off the mud—"Better than digging off a firm foundation of adobe clay at Camp Fremont", cheered an optimist.

In the week spent at Camp Lewis by Gen. Helmick, accompanied by his old friend the Commanding Officer, he attended a sham battle across No Man's Land carried on by the School of Intelligence wherein the mortar trench barrage was directed by British officer Capt. Mawdsley, and the advance by the French Capt. Champion. This was the first large problem worked out in the department, before most of the camp officers.

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Another feature during Brig. Gen. Foltz' command of Camp Lewis was the Government Insurance Drive which placed the cantonment First in Percentage of Men Insured, 99.65 of 32,510 present early in February, as a telegram received by him stated. It stood second in the amount subscribed, too, though more effort had been made to have all benefit, than to urge subscribing to more than they could well afford. The banner unit was the 316th Field Signal Battalion, with every one of its 145 members insured for the maximum allowed, \$10,000. In 119 companies, one hundred percent were insured. Officers took pains to explain its benefits and provisions to the uninformed, those who carried outside insurance understood they were obtaining war insurance at peace cost, a \$10,000 policy which cost the government about \$1000 for \$75 a year. Benevolent societies refuse insurance to soldiers, and ordinary companies charge prohibitive rates to fighters. Then, too, United States insurance will not be subject to creditors' claims either against soldiers or their beneficiaries, and they may assign it to wife, child or grand-child, parent, brother or sister, while ordinary insurance would recognize only wife, child, or widowed mother. Beside all this, the Government promised to keep up insurance or fraternal benefit membership which soldiers held before entering the army, for as long as they

serve in it. This is the First Country to provide for and to protect its citizens in this way. Truly it is a Motherland to its sons.

During this Drive, Brig. Gen. Foltz received a communication from the City of Denver, informing him that an ordinance had passed there, providing for the payment of premiums upon a \$1000 insurance policy to be issued to every man, officer or enlisted, at Camp Lewis from Denver, and asking them to forward names of beneficiaries desired. Surely in many gifts to soldiers from different localities, Denver's is First of its kind and one of the most sensible and generous. The Insurance Drive was finished by Lincoln's birthday, a fitting birthday celebration for the loving War President who had brooded like a father over the boys in his army, two generations ago.

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February means purification. Two rulers pre-eminent in World-Story for purity of motives were born of it. Commemorating the birthday of the First President of the United States by the First Division at Camp Lewis, Governor Lister of Washington wrote: *"I am glad to have the opportunity to send a word of greeting to the members of the Ninety-First Division of the National Army. It is not a year since our nation declared a state of war with Germany. During these months the greatest military development ever known in the same time has been brought about by the United States—During this month of February, when we commemorate the birthdays of Two great Americans—let us re-consecrate ourselves to the service of our country."*

Both Gen. Foltz and Gov. Lister addressed you of the Ninety-First in Knights of Columbus Hall at camp, you remember, and again both spoke at the Elks' smoker in Tacoma. Brig. Gen. Foltz is a ready speaker. One thing he said of Washington made the great patriot statesman seem nearer and more real: *"If Washington were here today he would be a man among men; he would not hold himself aloof for he could accommodate himself to any condition."*

The camp enjoyed a holiday. Hundreds of Elks in olive drab joined their old associates in Prince Alberts and "plugs", for a procession, a dinner, and a smoker later, when Gen. Foltz responded for "The Army" and Serg. Perry, soloist at the Panama Exposition, and Pvt. Bondonno sang, so that the camp was represented from head to foot, with a non-com to boot. There was a dance for enlisted men, good music and plenty of partners, so you voted the day a success, didn't you, Ninety-First? Parties even yet seem natural to Washington, "first in the hearts of his countrymen," not in mine: but Lincoln, dear Lincoln. In his lifetime, the world gave Washington all it had, family, position, love, wealth, power, acclaim, fame. Of these all, Lincoln received nothing. Even the Presidency, an honor, though so crushing a burden, was embittered by slights and positive insults, added to a general ignorance of his greatness, and just when tardy Life, stingy of all save duties, seemed about to bring rewards, his murderer struck.

Everybody, as usual, quite forgot who else was there that memorable birthday so long ago, there before Washington arrived, his mother, there in agony and danger. Did she give nothing but life to Washington? A mare would do as much for her colt, and even she would give of her speed to the thoroughbred, that he would go farther than others. A woman gives soul, sense, self. If the world is not yet ready to write Her-story with History, it will, some time, indite Their Story. So here's to Washington's mother on his birthday. Had she been another, would he have bidden his army that Farewell, bidden also to power, to proffered kingship, and have said to them and to us—U. S. spells the greatest US in speech—*"It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence."*

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Brig. Gen. Foltz resumed his command of the 182nd Brigade in March upon return of Gen. Greene. Major

Gordon Voorhies is its Adjutant. Having served in the Spanish-American, he immediately re-entered service for this war. Lieut. W. F. Daugherty was one of the two Aide-de-camps allowed a Brigadier-General, and whom he himself appoints. He is Captain Daugherty now, in France. The other is Lewis Douglas of Douglas, Arizona. The second Aid is now Lieut. Alfred Kidder—"twould be selfish to enjoy such a joke alone. Mr. Kidder had traveled widely, dug mummies in Egypt, done research work in Mexico, and just finished a book upon that subject. But a nation's war cry carries far, he decided that Primitive Man, re-incarnated in the Hun, required study, and at once entered the Presidio, where he was subjected to a rigid and unusual mental examination. It developed that this was given in consequence of the report of his sergeant that "Kidder makes the wildest statements in reply to simple questions. Asked his former business, he had replied anthropologist, and had even said that he had engaged in research work pertaining to Primitive Man." The bewildered sergeant evidently agreed with Paul's observer, "Much learning hath made him mad."

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A Brigade is the largest organization within a Division, and is composed of two, or more, regiments. The 182nd has two, the 363rd and 364th Infantry, and the 348th Machine Guns, 8210 men. Its Commanding Officer wears one star, and a gold hat cord; all officers below Generals wear black-and-gold. Military terms tell interesting stories, in the case of Infantry it *is* fiction, now, for while in feudal time they were those who followed mounted knights on foot from fief to war, infants in the sense of youngers, underlings, Infantry is today the body, foot and arm of our army. While aircraft from the sky, and artillery from the distance open an attack, its troops go over the top to do the hand-to-hand fighting. Infantry wear crossed rifles and blue hat cords.

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Brigades are divided into regiments, each commanded by a Colonel, which explains why the word is so spelled,



he is head of the column, for a regiment is a column under one rule, or regimen. And as the eagle flies toward the stars, and a Colonel ranks just below a Brigadier-general, he wears a silver eagle upon his shoulder strap.



COLONEL HARRY LAT. CAVANAUGH

Colonel Harry LaT. Cavanaugh, in command of the 363rd Infantry, like most of the officers at Camp Lewis, is of a family long established in this country. His mother's people, La Tourrette's, were Huguenots driven by persecution from France to America where they owned most of Staten Island. His father was Captain of the 1st Delawares in the Civil War, was wounded at Santiago and was retired as Lieutenant-Colonel; his wife is daughter of Col. Taylor, Paymaster in the Civil War. The Cuban campaign was quite a family affair, as Col. Cavanaugh, his father, uncle, and brother all fought at the same time and place. His brother, a bit younger, is a rank and a Division lower, being Lieutenant-colonel in the 90th Division—Does the silver leaf upon a Lieutenant-Colonel's shoulder bespeak the tree upon which the eagle perches? The surrender at Santiago occurred just before Col. Cavanaugh's regiment. He took part in the so-called Punitive Expedition—which did not punish Mexico, and has been stationed mainly in Utah and California. He was graduated from West Point in 1895.

Lieut. Col. Eldred D. Warfield is in charge of the Divisional School of Arms close by. There officers are sent, fifty at a time, for several weeks' intensive training in all such branches as hand-grenade throwing, bayonet work and the like, training by experts in certain lines. Upon returning to their companies, these officers obtain more efficiency. Col. Warfield was graduated from West Point in 1899, from the Infantry and Cavalry School in 1905, and the next year from the Signal School.

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The 363rd, Col. Cavanaugh's, calls itself the Golden West Regiment. From it, early in 1918, some were ordered to France, and of them seventeen have already, as soldiers on the battle line say, "Gone West," out through the roar of guns to the stillness of God, from the hell of hate to the beautiful gate, through the murky smoke to the Golden West, "back Home."

<i>Manuel Parco</i>	<i>Raymond Copsey</i>
<i>Doniphan E. Roe</i>	<i>Walter L. Bones</i>
<i>Guiseppi Fannuchi</i>	<i>Mario Maschio</i>
<i>Chris Busch</i>	<i>Eugenio Franceschetti</i>
<i>Russell Murr</i>	<i>William R. Ledford</i>
<i>Alex C. Hipes</i>	<i>Hans R. Larson</i>
<i>Will E. Rhoades</i>	<i>Raymond Grover</i>
<i>Demetrio Hatzidakis</i>	<i>Joas da Costa Molles</i>
<i>Matheus D. Souza</i>	

The 363rd claims First Honors of the Ninety-First Division for these who "have fought a good fight and have finished their course." With great pride of possession, their comrades remember them this First Camp Lewis Memorial Day.

Speaking of France, the 363rd has one still attached to the 91st Division, attending the Staff Officers' School there, Major Henry Breckinridge, graduate of the University of Bishops College, Lennoxville, Canada, A. B. at Princeton 1917, L. L. B. Harvard Law School 1910, Assistant-Secretary of War. Three years later he resigned and went to France. His description of the battle of the Marne is something to be remembered, for Breckinridge is an orator. He returned to this country and went into the army. It was inevitable, for war is in the blood, and he is of "the Loyal Breckinridges." His father went into the Civil war in 1861 as Second-Lieutenant and was brevetted for bravery until at the war's end he was Major-General. He commanded the army at Chickamauga; at Santiago he fought again at the head of Volunteers. Henry was too young for the Spanish-American, he is only thirty-two now, and was Major of 2nd Battalion at Camp Lewis. He wears the brass leaf which shows the lowest field, or mounted officer; that is he did when this was written, but it is hard to keep up with a Breckinridge.

The 2nd Battalion lost its Commanding officer, temporarily, again when Major Woolnough was detailed as Chief Instructor at the Fourth Officers Training Camp. His appointment shows one reason for efficiency in his bat-

talion. At Fort Sheridan he was twice military instructor. Col. Cavanaugh had seen Maj. Woolnough's work at Sheridan and made an effort to have him assigned to the 363rd. Capt. McCullough of Company H and three Lieutenants, Strong, Armstrong and Marguard from the regiment will be instructors in the Training School. All three certainly bear good stout names, if the last applies his to mar a German guard, and here's hoping he'll do that same.

To return to the composition of a regiment of infantry: it has three battalions, called because so drawn up for battle—each battalion in charge of a major, a larger, or greater, than captain. There are four companies to a battalion, and these twelve rifle companies in a regiment are lettered from A to M, so if you wish to reach Him without search or delay, address Private John Doe, Co. D., 2nd Bat., 363rd Inf. The head of a company is, literally, a cap-tain leading 250 heads now. He wears two silver bars upon his shoulder straps. When companies were so much smaller than in this war, a good captain knew all his men. Now they are drilled by lieutenants in platoons, beginning even with squads, squares that means, of eight, a corporal one of them, incorporated in the middle where he can be heard. To each company there are three first lieutenants, distinguished by one silver bar, and two second lieutenants with one brass bar. A second lieutenant is the lowest commissioned, or line officer, in the army, and began by being the most consequential, but the hard work of this training, and the responsibility for their men's precision have offset the tendency. Some of them are really quite folksy with civilians.

Captain T. D. Driscoll was of Headquarters Company until April when he was promoted to Division Headquarters as Intelligence Officer and Camp Censor. The 363rd is indebted to him for founding a newspaper which in several respects is absolutely unique. Doubly well named, it climbed *Over The Top* December 15, 1917, and has been climbing ever since. It has been favorably noticed by the great New York Tribune, itself unique among newspapers for two generations. *The Spiker*, clever trench

paper published in France by the 18th Engineers, that superb unit which left Camp Murray last Fall for the front—The Spiker has driven another high peg by which to measure *Over The Top's* success, by praising and quoting it. In this paper the 363rd Infantry contributes several First's—and Only's:

No. 1, in publishing a regimental newspaper, not only at Camp Lewis, but anywhere:

No. 2, in paying its way from the start and actually clearing a little money, for the regiment, of course.

No. 3, in a staff, from cub reporter to editor-in-chief, working for love, not money, which, to be frank, accounts for the truth of the former astounding statement.

No. 4, in being First and Only in carrying a regular subscription of One Hundred Percent in its circulating area; for every one in the regiment, from Col. Cavanaugh down, subscribes for "*Over the Top*."

Its first and only editor, A. J. Tormey, writes most of the editorials and attends to the publishing, though "out in the world" his was the business end; he was for ten years manager of the Enquirer, Oakland, California. There are eighteen co-editors, all from different companies, whose rivalry works well for news. First-Lieut. D. J. Smith is in charge, and Second-Lieut. H. P. Vickery is associated with him. "When the 363rd goes over the top, it takes *Over The Top*, You bet." He is mistaken, however. I never bet.

Speaking of Lieutenants, reminds me of Lieut. Lawton's estate just behind the last line of trenches (Divisional) which makes you long to quit active business and take to playing house. He has gathered the omnipresent field stones—that glacier knew what it was to be cold, and provided enough cobblestones for a nation's fireplaces—and builded them into a mound, with an opening through which extends an old stove pipe wearing a Shaker



bonnet to protect it from wind and rain. Bordering the front of the brown tent, bounded by a low sapling wall, is a lawn, so called because a man's-size lawn handkerchief can be entirely out-spread on each side of an imposing gravel walk, your two feet wide and your six feet long, which extends the entire distance from gate to tent-flap. At one side is a rustic bench upon which the pedestrian may rest half way, and gaze upon the lovely greens of the fir wood beyond, greens which empurple and gray and blacken as night creeps on. At the other side of this fairy garden is a sundial, and oh how I want that sundial! I have never yet stolen anything, but I feel in my bones that I shall fall from grace before the close of my long and useful life, and I fear that a sundial will prove that blot on my 'scutcheon. Already, though several of them have begged me to "Count only sunny hours," they have clouded my day with envy; in Europe; in that lovely lane near the Old Mission in Santa Barbara; in lonely Kodiak, where an old copper sundial tempted and the little Greek church just beyond, rebuked; in Cuba, in—and now Lieut. Lawton's! His is a section of small tree about a foot high. Wire nails driven into the top mark the hours and a wire segment cast a fine shadow as I gazed in envy. The sun came out on purpose to show how it worked, or rather played. I really think this should be counted unto me for righteousness, no one was near, I had an auto, the sundial was not heavy, I shall never, never have another such chance to possess one. It only again proves what a perfect nuisance a Puritan conscience is. I did not take that sundial, you can see for yourself if you cross the bridge over the last trench. Perhaps, what think you? It might really have been intended for me. Circumstances certainly pointed that way. Well, I have burned the bridge behind me by telling all this.

Do you suppose the regimental mascot, the Airedale which Mayor Rolph of San Francisco gave the 363rd boys from the Bay Cities when they left, really had anything to do with their soccer team's winning Divisional championship in April and receiving the "life-sized" silver foot-



COL. CAVANAUGH, MAYOR ROLPH AND OTHERS

ball upon ebony base presented by the Knights of Columbus at their Auditorium? An Airedale looks bad enough to be "good medicine". National K. C. Secretary, A. G. Bagley made the presentation speech and Col. Cavanaugh, on behalf of his regiment, received the handsome trophy, and responded in the manner which makes his regiment call him "our Colonel" instead of "the Colonel". Captain Lieutenant Father Galvan, as an enthusiast dubbed the chaplain of the 363rd; who coached his team, also spoke a few words.

A large majority of the men of this regiment are Catholics, but he would be as popular otherwise. Born in Ireland, graduated from the National University,

he came immediately to this country and San Francisco, as Arch-Bishop Reardon of that city had interested him and other students when the Bishop made his regular triennial visit to his old home. The young priest was appointed assistant at All Hallows and later at St. Patrick's, Oakland. He became a citizen of the United States a year ago, entered the army and came as chaplain to Camp.

At eight o'clock every Sunday morning, Father Galvan holds mass in Assembly Hall of the 363rd at a simple altar which he sets up for the purpose, and which packs into a Field box for this doctor of souls-wounds, just as a Field Surgeon's equipment does. Speaking of clergymen suggests an odd thing in the ordination of a young Episcopalian of the 363rd, Schuyler Pratt, graduate of Williams College and Yale Theological School, and just ready to enter the ministry when he enlisted. Still, he wished to be ordained before leaving for France, in his home city, Tacoma, which was done. He preached his first sermon thereafter that evening at St. Luke's, in which he had grown up, then returned to the cantonment to continue his course of study against Germans.

To return to presentations: celebrating the third anniversary of Italy into the war, an Italian program was given in Knights of Columbus hall contiguous to this regiment, the most important part of which was the presentation of the flag of Italy to the 363rd in which so many of those born under it, now serve. It was accepted by Col. Cavanaugh with cordial, witty, and appropriate words, and Guiseppe Bondonno sang patriotic airs. It was a significant ceremony, of a kind that does much to strike out the hyphen, and the Hun. Of Company H. is an Italian private who, with three brothers, one in the next lettered company and the other two at other cantonments all enlisted early. Their mother should be proud for she said "Yes, go. This is our country, go," Her name is Silvera, a silver name for a precious gift, four sons, none drafted.

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The 363rd won championship at the April Divisional meet for accuracy in throwing hand grenades, also highest

individual score by Merman, thirteen points, an unlucky number for Huns in the near future; this at seventy-five feet from behind a parapet. He twice pitched the grenade exactly where the bullseye would have been had there been one in the white circle paintd upon the ground.

When the 91st Division left Camp Lewis for the war it was by different routes. The 363rd traveled through Canada and in Calgary, Alberta, June 23, 1918, had the honor of marching under arms, First foreign troops to do so in Canada, although, several years before, the Seaforth Highlanders enjoyed that distinction in Tacoma. Thinking the 363rd would like to hand down that First to their children, I sent to Calgary for this picture. When those children show it to theirs will war be no more, or will they be preparing for another?

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#### THE 364TH INFANTRY

Colonel George McDonald Weeks is of a fighting family. His father, graduate of the Military Academy in 1857, served as Captain of Artillery in the Civil War, was Colonel of the 19th Infantry with McClellan in the Peninsular Campaign, and with General Howard in the Nez Perce campaign retiring in '98 as Quartermaster-General of the Army. It was while stationed in Arizona that this son was appointed to West Point. Col. Weeks married the daughter of Col. Joseph F. Huston. Col. Weeks was in Cuba during the second occupation, at Tien Tsin—stationed "everywhere" including Leavenworth, and Fort Wayne, Detroit, and was in the Philippines for the fourth time when, the United States' entering the war, garrisons were decreased and he was ordered home, with his regiment, to Camp Fremont. Coming to Camp Lewis he was assigned to the Depot Brigade, and started the Third Officers Training Camp. Only those connected with it, realize the difficult and speedy results demanded in acquiring in a little over three months the immediate essentials of a four years' West Point course. No wonder one of three, sometimes of two, drops out before graduation. So Col. Weeks points with





363RD MARCHING UNDER ARMS IN CALGARY

pride to the record of the 364th Infantry in its far largest proportion of graduates from the third training camp.

This recalls a curious condition in Company H at the end of March. When troops were ordered East, they must be furnished from companies not quarantined, which were few. Company H was the only 364th company, by the way, which never had been quarantined. From it one hundred-fifteen were drawn, leaving only line and non-commissioned officers, men in the hospitals, buglers, etc. The disappointment in not going with the others really worked to their advantage, however, for the remainder, with full quota of officers, was like an extra Officers'



School. Surely no other Non-Coms ever received such intensive training.

There are numbers of Wyoming men in the 364th, and Gen. Foltz was stationed at Cheyenne when ordered to Camp Lewis, so when Governor Houx visited it, he was welcomed and shown the cantonment. The Governor says he met and shook hands with every Wyoming man. Doubtless: but when he asserts that he remembered every message, delivered same, and to the right man, any grown woman will exclaim *Huh*, which is to say Houx, must be playing politics. If a man remembers and delivers one message to the right person, he should be elected, or re-elected Governor. Of course he boasted of his State's soldiers, every statesman does that, but Gov. Houx added that he was first to wire the U. S. Provost-Marshal that the draft men were ready; also, said he, fewer had come back to Wyoming than to any other state.

But largely, the 364th comes from Southern California where are many Italians drawn there by the climate, and here by the draft. A squad of them is in charge of a corporal who rapidly translates drill orders, but that is easy. The 364th has one company which contains seventeen nationalities, not sons of foreigners, but themselves all foreign born. To it has just been added an Esquimo from Kodiak Island away off on Shelikoff Straits. He says over a hundred have entered the army from there. When the men in his company learn what wonderful kickers these strong quiet Esquimos are, what strange dancers, they will have "stunts" that ballet dancers will envy and foot-ball coaches demand. Why, on Bering Sea I have seen—but that is another story. To return from these, no wonder an Interpreters' Corps is being organized at the camp for duty abroad: one would think it would be highly useful on the cantonment.

Many moving picture men from Southern California are doing real work now. If you for a moment fancied anything "cissy" about them, you have only to learn that in bayonet work, the hardest thing soldiers do in camp, the 364th won most points in hot contests at the Divisional Meet, their Star, by name and fame, taking first honors,

opposing fifty-six men without defeat. The regiment was coached by "Cy" Noble, former University of Washington football star, but now head of bayonet work in the Divisional School of Arms. The 364th took first, third, fourth and fifth place in bayoneting, which demands strength, agility and quick wit. The hanging "bodies", the height of a man, which they charge, are of stout withes a foot thick and often break the bayonets which must go entirely through, and also be withdrawn in one jerk for other



CHARGE, BAYONETS!

action. And these targets are swung, remember. Sometimes the targets are of burlap filled with split shingles. They are also fastened to the ground to resemble fallen men.

In this fiendish war the bayonet is much used. It is a weapon not naturally to American taste but, as the officers explain, it is "give or get", and, knowing that, a man feels that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and proceeds to acquire skill. The officers insist that the men charge yelling, and some, before the attack, inflame their men with stories of Hun atrocities. There was one big good-natured fellow, a wealthy lumberman, who found it especially difficult to work up the necessary "frightfulness." He did it, with sad results, in a peculiar way. He had a special aversion to chewing tobacco, so he decided nothing would make him feel "tougher," bought a plug of the rankest he could find, and just as he went into action, consigned as much as he could bite off to his mouth; but in the heat and excitement of

the charge, he stumbled, fell, and swallowed the tobacco! He charges all that happened, plus the outrageous conduct of his fellows, to the Hun, and he is now the most vindic-



A BAYONET LEAP

tive bayonet man in the regiment—which is not the 364th, however. I took this painful recital out of the 361st chronicles for fear of harm he might do his company if he thought anyone had mentioned it.

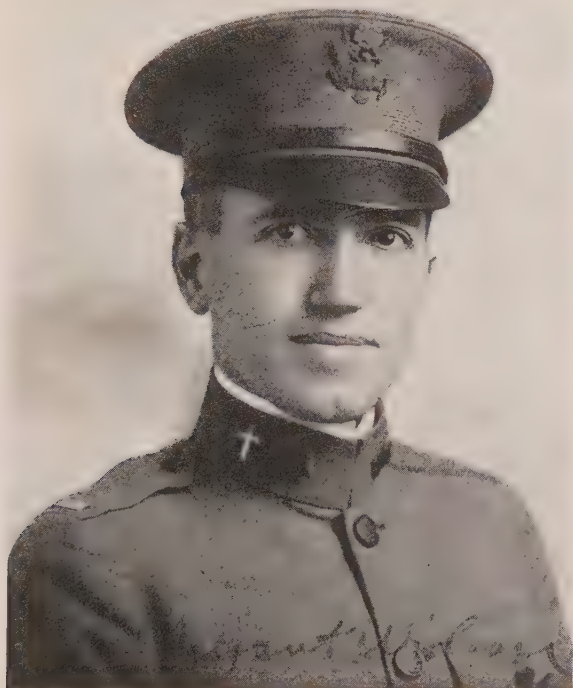
To come across a company upon the parade ground, bayoneting in pairs, themselves and their opponents protected by plaistrons of quilted cotton, masks and gauntlets, and using stout wooden bayonets, makes one feel that he has suddenly returned to the days of old and of tourneys.

In the rifle match between the two Infantry Brigades, 182nd won, and private Herbert La Mar of the 364th holds highest rifle score for a single day in the Division Sniping Course. The young officer who was talking insists that "the 364th Intelligence work cleaned up the whole camp." That is another thing about the men of this regiment, the help-along spirit. At that Meet, for instance, when their men were wall-scaling, one of them fell from the top and could not rise. One of his comrades stopped, picked him up, and shoved him to the goal—what is that about "the feet that wait are soonest at the goal that is not won by speed?"

The 364th band was also officially declared best. Its saxophonist has enlisted the good offices of the Y. M.'s in a new field. He recived a letter from a brother in Italy then returned from the campaign in Albania, who had just learned that their parents, on their little farm near Venice, are now some distance within territory captured by Austrians last Fall, and cannot be communicated with; also that their five other sons are prisoners to the enemy. He wrote inquiring if this son knew aught of them. The young Italian asked if the Y. M.'s could gain any information for him. A letter to their Headquarters at the Italian Front was started at once to assist. Seven sons all at war and aged parents swallowed by the maelstrom, surely these Daros will fight well.

Having so much ex-professional talent, the 364th gave a vaudeville performance at Liberty Theater in May which proved that camp life only sharpens the wits. But there are all sorts of celebrities in the 364th. Capt. Wattelet, former owner of the Victoria Baseball Team, is a member of the Division Athletic Council; Charles Mullen, former first baseman of Chicago White Sox, is manager of Camp Lewis Baseball Team and, though a private, has

entered the Fourth Officers Training Camp; Lieut. "Danny" Carroll who toured the world with the Rugby All Blacks from Australia which lost but one game in their



CHAPLAIN WILSON

long career, and who is Divisional Rugby Coach; and Corp. Ireland, also Divisional coach and expert at jui-jitsu.

Such a regiment needs a live man for chaplain and has one, himself young, athletic, Californian though born in Iowa—it seems to make no difference where one is born about being Californian, like being an American. Bryant Wilson was graduated from the University of California, where he was prominent on track and in tennis. He then took M. A. and Ph. D. at Yale where he was captain



of the Divinity School Baseball Team for two seasons. Then he took what gentlefolk used to term the Grand Tour through eight European countries, with three college friends, but they did it in a Ford, camping out nights, seeing everything at trifling cost, and including among adventures one or two brushes with Germans who appeared suspicious of the "studenten", this was the Summer before war broke out. Mr. Wilson served pastorates in his home town, Long Beach, and in Pasadena, for four years. Though married, with a little child, he offered his services soon after our Country "went in", and came to Camp Lewis as a chaplain for the 364th, a regiment almost entirely from his section of California. Chaplains are not expected to be denominational, and are not, but if he were pastor of a church, it would be Baptist. Church lines, like party lines, are worn out by the marching of many feet. Only essentials count now. For instance, a man at one of the Y's one night decided that he wanted to be baptized then and there. "Was there a minister handy? Any kind would do." It happened a Baptist clergyman was, and the soldier was baptized from a tea-cup in the Y office. This spirit has been constantly gaining, to everybody's satisfaction except that of an Episcopalian Bishop who visited Camp Lewis and deplored the fact that denominational boundaries were being overlooked, which would make confusion after the war. It would seem that their establishment had in past centuries made all confusion possible. Why not leave Faith unbounded? Why, that is one great Compensation of this war!

Lieut. Wilson says that as chaplain it is his business to be of any sort of use to any man in the 364th who needs him, and as he is one-fourthousandth of them, it keeps him well out of mischief. In case time should lag, however, he looks up men whose home people have written to enquire, "What's the matter with—?" Sundays he commences at eight o'clock in the morning holding hour services in one mess hall after another, about six or eight. These meetings are generally well attended

though attendance is, of course, in no way obligatory. Some sergeants interest themselves in filling the hall. One put it to his men in these sanctimonious words, "Now boys, a little religion won't do you a d— bit of harm, and perhaps 'll do you a h— of a lot of good"— that on the authority of a Y. M.

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To each regiment of Infantry there is also a machine gun company, a signal, a bomber, and a pioneer platoon; a supply company to provide for all the others, their ordnance, transportation, clothing, food; a medical detachment. In short, each Brigade is like a little army, almost complete in itself, like a State; and, again, each regiment is like a smaller army, a City. All this has changed since the beginning of the war, and is still changing.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE 181ST BRIGADE AND COMMANDER STYER—WILKES' RELATIVES DID COME—COL. W. D. DAVIS, LT. COL. BENNETT AND THE 361ST INFANTRY—THEIR TRENCHES AND DUG-OUTS—THEIR RANKING RECORD AT DIVISIONAL MEET, THE 100% TOWSON'S—DINNER TO FOREIGN OFFICERS—COL. WHITWORTH AND THE 362ND—NOTED FOOTBALL GAME—LT. COL. JORDAN AND A AND B RANGES—ANOTHER FAMILY ALL IN—BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN B. McDONALD.

Of an old Pennsylvania Dutch family is Henry Delp Styer, as two of his names indicate and a huge Bible back East attests. It shows that the Kaisers' pretensions to kin and kinship with God once extended to their kindred; for among angels and prophets stand three German princes who have quite literally followed the command, "put on the full armor," and whose features are portraits. As if a German prince-angel were not preposterous enough without the anachronism!

Styer was born in the second year of the Civil War. He was graduated from the United States Military Academy in 1884, was Lieutenant fourteen years in Western service, Wyoming, Utah, Indian Territory. He was stationed three times at Fort Niagara, N. Y. where he commanded from 1909 to 1912. In the Philippines he served as Captain, 1898-1902 and was mentioned in orders for capturing the notorious guerrilla Vicente Prado who had become such a terror to his own people that they would not even admit he was in their locality. Came a young officer with news of Prado's whereabouts, and Capt. Styer decided to take him by disregarding universal custom, by braving the midday tropical sun under which even the



BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. D. STYER

land takes a siesta. Five rode silently along the soft road, hoping their horses would not neigh their remonstrance to the brazen heat, until they distinguished foot prints. Dismounting, they crept upon the bandit and his

followers, asleep in the shade, seized all and carried back. Prado was confined by himself in the strongest place the post afforded, under heavy guard night and day until he was hanged. He had so terrorized the Filipinos that even then they dared not pass his prison and many scarcely slept, so said one who lived there at the time, until Prado swung into that land where the wicked cease from troubling.

Capt. Styer was professor of Military Science and Tactics at Utah Agricultural College for six years in two periods. He was with the 2nd Division in Texas, 1913, on the Border at Eagle Pass, and was graduated from the Army War College the next year. He served as Senior-Inspector Instructor of New Jersey National Guard for two and a half years. Promoted to Colonel, 1916, he went to Yuma the next year, was made Brigadier-General in 1917 and transferred to the National Army, arriving at Camp Lewis in August to organize and command the 181st Brigade.

Again the fateful connection between the Old and the New in the coming of Styer to Camp Lewis! His wife is grand-daughter of Admiral Wilkes, a clever woman, and, like her famous grand-father, keenly observant and a collector. Filipino basket-hats bespeak their wearer's district and are of exquisite workmanship—when a man wears only a shirt-collar and a pair of spurs he wants them good. These hats, numbering one-hundred-fifty, without duplicates, were purchased from the very heads of natives and are loaned to the Buffalo Museum, which is near Ft. Niagara. The museum of Boston, by the way, contains the diamond-hilt sword presented to Admiral Wilkes with the thanks of Congress. In Washington, D. C. are several Wilkes collections. A botanist, in all his books are references to the flora of the country he was exploring. He was father of the Botanical Garden at the Capitol, having brought to Washington rare plants and trees from many lands, including the first Royal palm which, planted in a conservatory, literally raised the roof in its enthusiastic growth. He brought rare orchids from many lands



to the Garden. Wilkes refers to the varied flora of this Puget Sound region, spirea for instance, tree-size, called arrow-wood by Indians because of their use for its tough slender branches.

Born in 1801, entering the navy at fifteen, exploring and surveying the South Sea Islands, writing many books, including "Western American", "Theory of the Winds," collecting old paintings—he was no mean artist himself—Wilkes was busy till the last of his seventy-six years, though his daughter, past ninety, is president of the Women's Auxiliary, Washington, D. C. diocese and takes especial interest in the war, having sixteen nephews and grand-nephews officers in it, army and navy. Miss Wilkes had the portrait of her father, painted by Sully in 1845, photographed especially for this book and learning that its pictures were autographed, cut a signature from a family letter, to be pasted upon the photograph.

Of the descendants serving are the two sons of Gen. and Mrs. Styer, Delp in the army, Charles Wilkes Styer in the navy. Their mother acknowledged a divided loyalty the day she walked between her West Point cadet and her Annapolis midshipman to the Army and Navy Football game just before their graduation.

Odd that Admiral Wilkes should have written of his desire to return to this beautiful region, bringing family and friends with him to the very spot where Gen. Styer's Headquarters of the 181st Brigade stand. With the same love of flowers, its Commander planted them everywhere and in a letter of thanks for many donated said, "We have received plants and rose bushes from various parts of the state as well as from Tacoma. We shall not remain here to enjoy them ourselves, but the 291st or the 591st Infantry Brigade may reap the benefit. Camp Lewis has come to stay whether the war lasts six months or six years."

Just before the arrival of Brig. Gen. Helmick, Inspector-General of the United States army, who made the First General Inspection of Camp Lewis, Brig. Gen. Styer conducted a minute inspection of the 181st Brigade, ac-

accompanied by his Aid, Lieut. Jack Browne, and Maj. W. E. Finzer, Brigade Adjutant who had been Adjutant of Oregon, Colonels Davis and Whitworth, Lt. Col. Bennett and Maj. Hanson of the Machine Gun Battalion. If there was anything overlooked, from bed and board to bombing and bayoneting, the 181st Infantry Brigade failed to know what it was, for Brig. Gen. Styer had been Senior-In-spector Instructor.

Recalling early days at Camp Lewis, the Commander of the 181st twinkled over a story told of one of his Brigade officers, a rather consequential Presidio graduate who, striding along Montana Avenue early in Fall when uniforms were acquired piecemeal, was hailed by a private from his home town with a familiarity of former acquaintance which was most unbecoming, as was his attire. The Lieutenant stopped and pointedly inquired, "How long have you been at camp?"

"Oh, quite a spell, but Jim, you must have been here a h--l of a time to be all togged out like that. Got a smoke?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Col. William Dewstroe Davis, commanding the 361st Infantry, has had time to acquire American ways and fighting in the period since his progenitor came to this country as Gen. Lafayette's Aid-de-Camp. He fought throughout the Revolution and remained to live upon Governor's Island which was awarded him. Since then the Davises and the Dewstroe's, his mother's people, have done their bit in all the wars of this country.

Lieut. Davis married a daughter of Lt. Col. Charles Greene of the 17th Infantry whose people have added their fighting record, passed down from Nathaniel Greene, ranked as the leading General of the Revolution, barring Washington, whose intimate friend he was. Nathaniel Greene was the scandal of Rhode Island Quakers. Bred in godly manner to work his farm, anchor forge, grist mill, to study only the Scriptures, the boy persisted in reading history, law, naval and political science, studying geometry and books of war. Such worldly acquirements



COL. W. D. DAVIS

could have but one result. He was chosen Member of Rhode Island Assembly and was one of the first to engage in military exercises in preparation for the war with England which he felt to be inevitable. Enlisting as pri-



HONOR GUESTS

vate in 1774, he was the next year appointed Brigadier-General, something of a promotion, and placed in command of the army around Boston. He distinguished himself at Trenton, at Princeton, at Brandywine,—where he commanded a Division, and at Germantown where he headed the left wing. Becoming Quartermaster-General in 1778, of an army without arms, clothing, equipment or discipline, he proved what Nathaniel means, “gift of God,” winning the hardest fought battle of the Revolution, Eutaw Springs. Congress struck him a medal and voted him lands in the Carolinas and Georgia. With peace, Gen. Greene returned to Rhode Island where he was the hero of the war—wonder how the Quakers took it? Camp Greene, National Army Cantonment at Charlotte, N. C. is named in his honor.





OF THE 361ST

Naturally, Col. and Mrs. Davis' son Frank, is at West Point and chafing at being unready for this war.

Col. Davis is a retiring man. Asked if he was related to a distinguished member of his family he replied that he would answer after the manner of a plain man he knew who "didn't go much on family but had a brother who did. No, I'm not related to him, but my brother is."

Graduated from West Point in 1892, he was Lieutenant in the 17th Infantry for fourteen years, his father-in-law his superior officer; fought at Santiago, served twice in the Philippines and was Constructing Quartermaster for the four years allowed an officer at one time. Workmen under him were wont to remark that he seemed able to do, himself, anything they could do; that if he ordered a thing done a certain way, it could be done that way.



Col. Davis is glad to have the 361st, and the 361st is glad to have him, for though he is a strict disciplinarian, he is not a martinet, and as one of his officers said, "works us fellows hard but never expects anyone to work harder than he does." And he possesses the saving grace of humor of the American type, humor, life-saver of many a situation in an army as heterogeneous as this. His regiment is recruited from a domain much wider than the area of war abroad, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, and a few from California. He was himself born in Michigan, has seen Western service almost entirely, never had a fancy assignment, and was for a time Commanding Officer of the 181st Brigade. He takes the keenest interest in everything pertaining to his regiment and is ready with praise for everyone's work but his own. For instance, visiting the Divisional trenches and dugouts beyond the Remount, he introduced Capt. Scudder as the man who was to be credited with completing for the 361st all six dugouts required, excavated and built, by every regiment in the Division, before any other had finished one. This Capt. Scudder denied, "If it had not been for the Colonel's system and the way he stayed with it, the thing would not have been done." Capt. Scudder then produced Lieutenants J. A. Long and R. C. Page who, it seems, were also largely to blame. There appeared to be a common disposition to shift the responsibility, though it seemed to rest, finally, upon Col. Davis. They detailed sixty men in four shifts, so working night and day, a gain, beside time, in practice upon night operations so common at the battlefront. Trench approaches were sentimentally dubbed Hooky Cow Avenue, Death Valley, and the muddiest, Pleasant Lane. They excavated the first dugout in eighteen days and it is sixty feet long, over six feet wide. It is doubtful if the soldier will ever encounter more difficult excavating, as it extended through glacial drift which will not stay put, thinks it must live up to its name, rattling down from the sides in a manner to irritate a saint; fortunately there were no saints on the job. The dugout is reached by steps from the

trench and resembles a ship's steerage except that the passage between the double-decker bunks is narrow. You would think these underground dormitories would hold but dead air for dead men. On the contrary, communicating at both ends with open trenches, they conduct such a current that the end bunk is too drafty for comfort and is finished French style, with a bench and called a porch. Part way up the steep staircase is set a frame hung with two heavy blankets reaching to the bottom. These shut out gas. Though, in both senses, it is a long way from Liberty Gate to the trenches, visitors are many, for there they see exactly how No Man's Land looks. Except for its surroundings of fertile patches and virgin forest, it is desolate enough to make you imagine yourself at the battlefield.

Lt. Col. Lucius Bennett, second in command of the 361st, is another man who takes keen interest in the makings of the new army, and was in charge of the Officers Training School at Camp Lewis until ordered to return to his regiment for service in France. A few of the other officers are regular army men but the majority are from the Reserve Corps. Maj. Mudgett and Capt. Williams are of the regulars. The latter had some odd experiences because of being confounded—such an appropriate word—with another Williams, also a captain, in spite of this one's distinctive first name, Carmi, taken from the “begat chapter.” He has been in the regular army twelve years and was in charge of building the regimental trenches of the 361st, extending beyond Base Hospital. These are very interesting to civilians and though not so extensive are more accessible than the Division trenches. The sides are kept up with wattling which makes them resemble huge fish traps. Sandbags, in this case gravel bags, protect top and firing step. Fire and water, beneficent both, destructive both! In Valdez, Alaska, built upon the sea's edge and edge of a receding glacier's bed, gravel bags are used to bank the streams which issue from the wall of ice beyond and which continually change their course because of frequent slight earthquakes. Camp

Lewis really owes a good deal to the glacier which cut the valley; for instance, it owes me three pairs of perfectly good shoes cut to the quick in this book's service, but not upon the walks laid, or rather piled, around Quarters everywhere. "Why did they make such impossible banquettes, the Creole word seems appropriate, Col. Davis?"

"So they would never be spoiled by anyone's stepping upon them," he explained, as he like the others, walked *beside* them.

"Yes, the Ninety-First has accomplished a great deal here in these few months, but we should have done more if we had had more time: it gets late so early here," he complained whimsically. Nobody can say of Col. Davis what a man did of a dull neighbor, that he could stay longer in half an hour than anyone else he ever saw.

To return to the regimental trenches, they present a life-size study of conditions abroad, being of regulation depth and breath. Here, all day long, in classes of enlisted men, of Non-coms, of officers trained by an expert to instruct, they practice bayoneting, leaping upon dummy victims across the trenches or jumping into them in reckless charges which it turns your ankles to watch. And remember, a ten-foot jump into a ditch, without breaking even one of your two-hundred-and-something bones is not sufficient, a man must maintain his equilibrium in alighting, and not only be ready for action but act, jabbing the bayonet entirely through the dummy. Gun and bayonet weigh nearly ten pounds. This takes agility, strong hearts and lungs, hardened muscles, dexterity and quick wit—remember that game of jumping to avoid being knocked down by a board, back in September? That, and the "upsetting exercises," the manual of arms, racing, boxing, culminated in the wonderful exhibition in the April Divisional Meet when O'Brien of the 361st, and Miller of the 362nd, tied with such a leap from a parapet down, over twenty feet! They wore full uniform with its thick collar which, especially when engaged in such a contest, makes a man feel like an ancient Pict wearing his brazen necklet, badge of servitude. They leaped the

twenty feet and delivered the through thrust into a slat dummy. It certainly was a bad lookout for Germans.

One young fellow on crutches: trenches? "No, baseball, but it's worth while breaking a leg for I'm to go home while it's mending. The other fellows say they'd break a neck for that." Yet one mother complained that army life had such a hold upon her son that after a good quick visit with the family, he was actually homesick for camp.

Athletics have played—and worked, a large part in the training of this new army, recruited largely from city men and sedentary employments. In these, the 361st has distinguished itself. In the April Meet referred to above, Lieut. E. L. Damkroger, its athletics officer and coach, must have been a proud man, for the 361st won thirty-five points, the 364th, thirty-two, 363rd, twenty, and the 362nd and the 44th, regulars, each nineteen. The 800-yard relay race, won by a close shave, would have gone to the 364th had not one of their runners started before receiving the wand, so disqualifying his team. Competitive squad drill was decided for the 361st also, with the 44th squad a close second. Louis Guisto took champion honors for the former by his long-distance grenade throw of 159 feet, his ball-playing in the Big League making him a first class outfielder for that World Series where one tosses grenades with the speed and accuracy acquired when throwing balls with three men on bases and two strikes called.

In this Meet, the 361st also won the wall-scaling contest, five seconds ahead of the next best, the Machine-gun battalion team, viz. in 28.4 seconds, and after but one day's practice. There are many Washington men in the 361st and it was Titus, a Washington boy, who first scaled the wall of Peking and entered the city in the Boxer Rebellion. So here's to you, wall-scaling crew, may one of you first scale autocracy's wall and enter Berlin, and return with a Prussian Helmet for this Wellwisher. Oh, but I want one! It would be really more satisfactory to me, and quite as useful, as the trunk belonging to Private—"of yours." You will never forget him, will you, sit-



ting upon his bed in Barracks, fondly gazing by the hour at the trunk which would just go under his bunk, and upon which was painted his name, large and upside down, that he might read it as he sat enjoying his "only piece of real furniture" for which he had "horned in" every cent he had left when he came into the army. He had nothing to put into it, but the salesman had told him that "that there trunk would bear being thrown from a



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six-story window." He never had an opportunity to prove the assertion as his bunk was on the ground floor, barracks are never over two stories, and he wouldn't be allowed to take a trunk when ordered to France. You all remarked, however, that he had his money's worth in reading that inverted name all Winter upon something individually his own.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lieut. Ira Towson of Company H was one of your regiment's honor men, belonging to a family one-hundred



percent in the war. He came to Camp Lewis from the First Officers Training Camp at the Presidio, in August. He has a brother in aviation at San Antonio and his father, formerly rector of the Church of the Covenant, Philadelphia, and recently of St. James, Spokane, is Secretary at Y-3. For several months all three were at Camp Lewis. The father enlisted as chaplain as soon as we entered the war, and while awaiting an appointment, entered Y work, but olive-drab is his favorite color and he hopes to wear it soon. His wife is a D. A. R., active in Red Cross work. Mr. Towson's great grandfather, Gen. Nathan Towson, was Captain early in the War of 1812, fought in most of the battles, participated under Scott in the capture of Ft. Erie, and was prominent in the hard-fought Battle of Niagara. After the war, the City of Buffalo presented him with a sword in recognition of his services to that city. He was brevetted for bravery until he served in the Mexican war as Major-General. His two sons, like these two, fought in the Civil War, serving as gunners at Ft. McHenry when Key wrote the Star Spangled Banner. Why, a coward would discover in the cradle that he'd blundered into the wrong family and die of fright.

And there are the Tooze's: the oldest, Captain Walter L., and the twins Lieutenants Lamar and Leslie Tooze, were at Camp Lewis at once. First Lieut. Lamar Tooze was president of the student body at University of Oregon when the Ford Peace Mission went to Europe two years ago, and was invited to represent his college with that remarkable commission, the First of its kind in all history.

Speaking of an army in the making, Capt. Williams tells of being accosted, soon after the first draft arrived, by a man who was digging near his quarters: "Say, Reddy, this ain't the job for me, I'm a bird of a mule-skinner." "And he was," the Captain adds, "I tried him. He's a sergeant now and a good one." At that, he is in command of a private, a Psi Chi, a wealthy Californian who used to dine with a circle of his Frats in Tacoma. Asked

one evening what position he filled at camp, he modestly answered, Horse Valet. On the other hand, there was an old regular army sergeant who, like Kipling's Mulvaney, "was rejected to the ranks." He had saved a goodly sum, but entering this debonair army where so much was going on, he got leave and went to Portland with his money and the usual result, which, in his case, ran from over-leave to positive desertion time. But he was a soldier at heart, and, ashamed, reported to his captain with the stripes already ripped from his uniform.

The 361st will remember Private F----- one of those men who think themselves capable of everything, even to understanding women. His company decided a barber chair and outfit would be a great convenience and contributed more than one hundred dollars for them. Oh yes, F----- was an A-1 barber. The first man he shaved was all but decapitated, at least so one inferred from the shrieks of an excitable Italian who, seeing the blood, rushed out calling loudly, "Corp, Corp, tell-a da serg, man cut-ta da face, Baba cut-ta da man." He likely took the barber for an alien enemy, since the 361st had been inflicted with a spy who stole important papers.

The 361st first formally entertained in honor of the foreign officer instructors at Camp Lewis. Capts. J. C. Champion, E. W. Mawdsley, A. S. Foskett; Lieuts. Pierre Gambier, R. Gilbert, O. La Marche, G. Batal, Adj. G. C. Brizou, R. L. Shaw, F. H. Pugh, W. L. Warrell.

Gen. Greene and Col. Brees; Col. Whitworth, Lt. Col. Jordan and Maj. Endicott, Maj. Finzer and Maj. Hanson attended to do honor to the foreign officers. The pleasant affair was under direction of Col. Davis, who made the welcoming address, to which Capt. Mawdsley responded. Capt. Champion spoke for the French officers, "On the French Front," and Lieut. Shaw toasted, "With the British Army." Dinners "to honor" are seldom anything but perfunctory, given to promote politics, to placate dissenters, to honor their hosts, for *any* reason other than the ostensible one; this was a notable exception. Older men and ranking officers gathered really to honor the



CHAPLAIN BRONSON

men who had won esteem for their efficiency as instructors, and the affections of those to whom they had come as brave strangers.

The dinner was followed by vaudeville and boxing which could scarcely be equaled on any stage outside of an army post today, for the 361st is rich in professional stage talent. That April evening when the 181st Brigade was entertained by the regiment at the big Y-Auditorium will be recalled many a time in the trenches.

Like every other regiment, the 361st insist, "We lead, others follow." In at least one respect that is true past cavil: their chaplain, Licut. Eugene Bronson, was the first regimental chaplain assigned to duty at Camp Lewis. He was pastor of Grace M. E. Church at Everett, Wash., was

commissioned September 29, ordered to report at the cantonment October 16.

We who have watched the troops depart feel the truth of this poem which appeared in "Over the Top" at Camp Lewis just before the Ninety-First went out:

### THE PLATFORM CREW

By Lieut. James Quinby, 361st Infantry

The troop train groaned to a sullen halt,  
 In the shadow of Devil's Slide,  
 While the snorting helper coupled on  
 For the pull up the Great Divide.  
 I swung from the car for my feet were athirst  
 For the feel of the ground again,  
 And I'd had my fill, in the three days past  
 Of soldierin' on a train.  
 For I'm tellin' you straight, it's worse than a hike  
 Or a shot at the K. P. crew,  
 When you eat your meals in a box on wheels,  
 With nothin' much to do.

A brakeman stood by the rearmost truck,  
 And the lines in his face were grim  
 He growled and pointed up the track  
 When I stopped and nodded to him.  
 I glanced ahead up the platform,  
 And I knew by the bustle and noise,  
 That a crowd of the townfolk were passing  
 The time of day with the boys.  
 Ah! We of the troop train knew them  
 As we know the pawns in a play  
 For these were the same as the others who came  
 To our windows, day by day.

There was the girl in the purple dress  
 With eyes too old for her years;  
 And the gray-haired veteran's wrinkled wife  
 Who made a show of her tears.  
 The pimpled youth who hung his hat  
 On the rack by the pool room door—  
 The stolid Swede and the gentle Greek,  
 Oh, a dozen of them or more.  
 And they couldn't have told if you asked them  
 The reason why they came  
 To chaff with the men whom the nation sends  
 As fit to play "The Game."

The brakeman frowned on the bantering crowd  
 And voiced his grievance to me,  
 For the Pimpled Youth and the Gentle Greek  
 Are familiar to such as he.  
 And familiar to me were the words he spoke,  
 For I'd met them oft before  
 On the human tongue and printed page  
 In a nation gone to war.

'Twas the pitiful plaint for the man who goes  
 On the lips of the man who stays,  
 That whets a knife for the nation's life  
 In the midst of her war-tried days.

"Now I ain't a hand to kick," says he,  
 On things I know nothin' about,  
 But it looks to me like a sin and a shame  
 For to send these huskies out  
 To feed the carrion crows of France  
 And rot in a sociable grave  
 While the wops and loafers live at ease  
 In the land of the free and the brave.  
 Still, I ain't a bird to be shootin' my wad  
 About things what I hadn't ought,  
 But it seems to me there's a drawhead free  
 In the Gov'ment's train o' thought."

I looked at the faces above me  
 Purposeful, bronzed and clear,  
 While adown the train through the gathering dusk  
 There rippled a song and a cheer  
 From the throat of men who found themselves,  
 And knew why they were there,  
 With their shoulders back and their eyes alight  
 On the road to God knows where,  
 And there on the station platform  
 With the shoulders sloping and thin,  
 Lounged the dull-faced crew of the things I knew  
 Were what these men had been.

I thought of the squaring of shoulders  
 To the kiss of the Enfield's sling  
 And the rising and falling of the hob-nailed boots  
 With their cadenced and rhythmic swing.  
 I heard the barracks chorus  
 And the creak of the cantle roll  
 The thousand sounds of camp and field  
 That have seared themselves on my soul,  
 I thought of the days on maneuvers,  
 And the nights 'neath the naked skies  
 That had quickened the pride in the doughboys' stride  
 And put the snap in his eyes.

I knew I was right and the brakie was wrong,  
 But I knew in my heart it was true  
 That he couldn't get hep if I told him,  
 So I'm passing it on to you,  
 That they go not as a sacrifice,  
 Who answer the bugle's call;  
 For the things they gain are greater than death,  
 It's the price they pay, that's all.  
 Maybe you'll understand me,  
 But I doubt in my soul if you do;  
 It all depends on whether you're men  
 Or belong to the platform crew.

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## THE 362ND INFANTRY

In his regiment, to a man, it would seem, Col. Pegram Whitworth is regarded as The, if not the Only, Colonel. He has identified himself so closely with the work of his



COL. WHITWORTH

men that more of them know him personally than is usual even in the National Army. He was born in Louisiana and entered the United States Military Academy at eighteen. In spite of his youth, he kept up to the mark in all studies except French, falling below a fraction of one per cent in that; so at the year's end he was informed he was not to go on. This was a blow to the boy, but instead of giving up, he appeared before the august Army Board and put it to them as man to man. He reminded them that it was but a fraction, and French, which he had not previously studied, that soldiers could fight in English, but that he would conquer the alien language next semester. They held to their decision, whereupon the lad politely remarked that he felt quite sure upon reflection they would see he was right, that he should not miss his chance to be a soldier for a small lack, easily supplied the second year, he would therefore leave his address at a hotel in a nearby city where they might wire him and he would return. This he did, saluted, departed. The next day they did telegraph and he did return, made good as he promised, and "Peggy", his West Point name, was graduated in 1894.

He was ordered to El Paso, then to Fort Sam Houston at San Antonio. In the Spanish-American war, he was taken from the 18th Infantry as Aid to Gen. McArthur. Transferred from one infantry regiment to another, he generally returned to the 1st, which, oddly, camped at Murray awaiting the departure of the 91st Division to afford quarters at Camp Lewis. He was with this regiment at several posts, including Fort Brady, Michigan, and was its regimental Quartermaster in 1906 under Col. Duggan when he sailed from New York to the Philippines through Suez Canal, returning by the same route with Gen. Wood. At Malta, the officers were entertained by the Governor. Here Whitworth left the ship and made a tour through Europe, 1908. He has served three times in the Islands, where he was again Aid, this time to Gen. Duggan, and was stationed at Panama with the 10th under General, then Colonel, Greene. For several months of 1912 he was

in the office of the Quartermaster-General at Washington. At Galveston he built the re-inforced concrete Fort Crockett from the ground up, not much ground either, nor had it been there much longer than he.

Graduated from the Line School at Leavenworth in 1915, he proceeded to Nogales, Arizona, as Major of the 12th, and was then assigned to the Presidio where he was Instructor at the First Officers Training Camp. August 5, 1917, he was transferred to the National Army and ordered to Camp Lewis which he reached August 21, Colonel.

The Whitworth's were from England where one of them, Joseph, usurped his American relatives' seeming pre-emption of Artillery and Arms improvements, by inventing the breech-loading cannon and rifle. He began manufacturing them in 1854, and in recognition of this achievement was knighted. Whitworth shells were used all through our Civil War.

Col. Whitworth's mother was a Pegram, grand-daughter of Maj. Baker Pegram, whose close relatives were Gen. James Pegram, Maj.-Gen. John Pegram, Commander of Virginia's land forces in the War of 1812, and Robert Baker Pegram. Again the relationship between Wilkes and his officers and Camp Lewis and its officers! This R. B. Pegram was of the Navy and accompanied the Wilkes' Exploring Expedition. The Virginia Assembly voted him, by acclamation, a sword for gallant conduct, especially in the capture of a piratical flotilla in the Sea of China. Even the British Commander in those waters and Queen Victoria herself sent Pegram testimonials.

Second-lieutenant Pegram Whitworth became First-lieutenant within four years in the Philippines and was recommended for a medal for bravery by Gen. J. Franklin Bell. While stationed at Manila, unable to obtain leave, he was married to Col. Gilbert Smith's daughter who went there with her mother for the ceremony, the first American girl to wed an officer in Manila. Their boy Pegram, must be "a nat'l bohn Colonel." The little family has always accompanied Whitworth. It made me seasick and travel-worn even to tag around after them on paper.

Col. Whitworth is exasperatingly retiring. Considering how much he has seen and known he should be more generous with it. He holds the Distinguished Pistol-Shot medal, won by three succeeding annual victories over teams picked from the entire United States Army, and more difficult to acquire than the same for rifle shooting, which he would doubtless have also held only that, after two victories, foreign service prevented his appearing for the third contest.

At Camp Lewis he has all along been President of the Benzine Board, popularly so called, for cleaning out officers either in fault or, more frequently, unsuited to lead. Col. Whitworth was an ideal man for this difficult position, keen, kind, firm with impersonal judgment. An unusual testimony was borne to this when, a few days after his departure for France, an officer who had passed down and out through the Benzine Board door said, "I'd have given anything to go with Col. Whitworth's regiment, he's the squarest man I ever saw. I'm sorry I couldn't hold my commission, but I've learned enough of him and his training to accept demotion and stick to the army, anyway. I shall enter the Reserves: that time as a officer shall not be wasted. Col. Whitworth is just and capable; he's the real thing." If that is not mention for distinguished service, that tribute of a man dropped and hurt, his feelings black and blue, what is? For that matter, a man capable of paying such a tribute under the circumstances, and of making such a resolve is also "the real thing," and has his part, if not a leading part, in this great tragedy.

It was many such cases as the above which caused Brig. Gen. Foltz when in command of Camp Lewis, to make explanation of orders from Headquarters prohibiting publication of names of officers brought before the Benzine Board, in the following kind words:

"The commanding general wishes it made known that in a majority of the cases in which an officer is ordered before a board to determine his fitness to retain his commission, and the board, finding him unsuitable, recom-

mends his discharge, means simply that he has been found to be a square peg in a round hole.

"It may be that the larger part of the responsibility for having been so misplaced rests upon the imperfect machinery of selection which the war department has necessarily been compelled to use in the urgency and hurry of attempting to create an army over night.

"It would be a great injustice in most cases to these patriotic and eager young men to hold them up to reprobation, and everything possible should be done to minimize the disappointment they feel in being found unsuited for the work of officers.

"Therefore no information as to officers ordered before boards or discharged as a result of the reports of these boards will be given out from this command."

Lieut. Hoover of the Judge Advocate's office, was recorder of the Benzine Board and also council at Courts-Martial.

Strange the wise Shakespeare should have questioned, "What's in a name?" Whitworth was both born and bred to his. By all accounts, from boyhood he would *ram* into work then *peg* along steadily finding every *Whit* of what he was doing *worth* doing well. Same for play: realizing how much athletics was doing for recruits in building enduring physique, he proposed staging a football game in the great Tacoma Stadium to provide a fund for enlisted men of the 362nd for base, basket and football equipment, boxing gloves, punching bags and the like. This was enthusiastically taken up by his officers and the game played October 13 before a great crowd, the Army Officers Eleven against Washington State College under "Lonestar" Dietz, who was not the lone star by twenty-two, for both teams were constellations. Dietz is the Indian formerly ruling Carlisle football and, incidentally, husband of Angel de Cora, the Indian artist who maintains a studio in New York City.

A handsome souvenir program added to the proceeds. From it were taken these bits of fresh detail which the 362nd might like "to salt down."

"Dietz, coach of Washington State is credited with having revolutionized Western football by his peculiar



style of attack with its battering ram interference. He has the honor of being the first Western coach to have ever lead a Western team to victory over a team from East of the Alleghenies. Walter Eckersall, of Chicago, who refereed the Washington State-Brown game, said Dietz' eleven was the best he had ever seen. Dietz has a national reputation. If his team can again turn the trick, even the most sanguine of Eastern critics will have to concede the supremacy of the West, something they have been very loath to admit."

"The Army Officers' football team belongs to that class known as all-stars. Every one of them has played football on one of the large universities, well-known colleges, or strong club teams. They come from all parts of the United States and so make an organization that is typically American. Not a member of the team is over thirty, average age twenty-five years, not has-beens. In fact, practically every one was on a college or varsity last fall. They are all members of "The First Ten Thousand" of selected men picked by the United States Government to lead the new National Army in France. They have just come from three strenuous months of military training at the Presidio of San Francisco, where the survival of the fittest was very much in evidence. Of the three thousand men that the United States Government selected for training of officers, they belong to the one thousand who survived."

"The public has seen many famous all-star teams fail to make good in spite of their reputations. That was because they were taken from office desks out of condition and with little amount of coaching. But these men in addition to practicing football two hours a day for the last four weeks, have been drilling and going through eight hours of physical and military drill every day. Physically they are fit."

"Lieutenant Colonel W. H. Jordan has given the squad the benefit of his football experience and coaching. He knows the game from start to finish. Before entering the United States Army, he lived in Portland and was the star halfback and captain of the Multnomah Athletic Club. That was some years ago. Since then he has coached hundreds of army teams and followed the game closely."

"Lieutenant Duerr, right end, played under Stagg at Chicago University, and in his prep days at Culver Military Academy; Lieutenant May, captain of the Oregon

Aggies and all-Northwestern tackle and halfback; Captain Thorpe, right guard, Stanford University athlete, star at both Rugby and American, before entering Stanford played on Belmont Military Academy; Lieutenant Russell, center, University of California, center at Berkeley for the last three years, played against U. of W., in Seattle both last year and the year before; Lieutenant Morse, left guard, learned the game in Southern California; Captain Worsham, left tackle, played at Purdue, a remarkable all-round athlete and one of the best boxers in the United States Army; Lieutenant Gard, left end, is new to the American game, but is rated as the greatest Rugby player ever produced in America; Lieutenant Kapple quarterback last year for Utah Agricultural College; Lieutenant McLean, fullback, hails from McGill University, Montreal, Canada; Lieutenant Bell never played college football, but was picked last year as all-California interscholastic halfback; Lieutenant Hutchinson Stanford University man, and in addition to being a football player is one of the best of the younger set of tennis players in California."

The result, you thousands of "rooters" remember, justified the claims of both to all-star teams, for the two constellations, in a draw, maintained the center of gravity, the only gravity that was maintained.

Second only in efficiency in command of the 362nd, stands Lt. Col. W. H. Jordan. As above seen, he was prominent in its athletics and, indeed, in Division athletics. Had army regulations not forbidden, the Camp Field would have been named for him.

From sheer ability he has rapidly advanced since enlisting as a private in the Oregon Volunteers for the Spanish American War. In the Philippines he was appointed First-Lieutenant of the 18th Infantry, 1898, promoted to a Captaincy in the 12th, 1904. Then he served in the Quartermaster Corps and later was Adjutant of the 14th for three years at Fort Lawton. In 1916 he was ordered to the Border and then to the Presidio, where he was Instructor of the First Officers Training Camp. Last Summer he was appointed Major and a few weeks later Lieutenant-Colonel and ordered to Camp Lewis.



LIEUT.-COL. JORDAN

Under him in the newly organized regiment were a number of young officers from his classes in the Presidio so training just naturally went on from there. The regiment had counted upon his going to France with it and was disappointed, though congratulatory, when just as the Division moved out, he was moved on, to Fort Douglas, Utah, promoted to Colonel of the 20th Infantry.

As Range Officer, Lt. Col. Jordan distinguished himself. He it was who contrived a system of lights which made night firing practical, valuable training, since modern warfare knows no rest. He also worked out the B-range system, completed just before the Division went out.

Over in the woods where the sun-flecks play and the birds sing, rookies begin rifle practice without firing a shot. It is an odd sight, a man in denim balancing a gun on a stump covered with a gunny sack and aiming at a sheet of white paper tacked to a tree where stands his second. As he sights the silent rifle he calls, "Quarter inch left and eighth inch lower." When the targetman has located the spot sighted, he pricks the paper. If the man succeeds in sighting three holes within a half inch triangle, he is allowed to shoulder his rifle and join men firing cartridges, before long paper targets.

The practice fire progresses regularly. He may make a Marksman's record of 202 points entitling him to a badge and two dollars a month, or a Sharpshooter's 238 points and three dollars monthly, or a Rifleman's 263 and five dollars increase in pay. He may gain the same by pistol shooting. Of course it is all done in a prescribed manner, at specified ranges and at qualifying Meets. Advanced work is done on the rifle range where companies spend two weeks at a time. Finally night firing is in order. Camp Lewis is said to be the first at which it was attempted. Lacking confidence, even good shots are awkward at first in the dark, but rapidly acquire skill. Lt. Col. Jordan is to be credited with the working out of this innovation here. He arranged targets illumined from below by electric lights at one hundred yards, then the range was doubled, and the targets shown intermit-

tently as if by star shells. This intensive practice produces results really wonderfully when one considers that many of the men never before shot a gun. One of the camp papers said that "Lieut. Regnier even coaxed a high score from Private Jim Tong Mow who at first insisted he could not shoot well in English."

Shortly before leaving Camp Lewis, the 91st Division was drilled in the last phase of rifle fire upon Range-B which had been recently completed. Hitherto, targets had been stationary and at known range, but here, hidden in unsuspected places are targets operated by a man concealed within a protected pit, wherein is a wire connected with a buzzer in the Range office. When the American scouting parties are afield, these German targets suddenly appear, and the soldiers "pot them". It is the newest in instant adaptation of firing to distance, direction of wind and height. Instruction in these modifications and the curve of a bullet have preceded the last stage. Results have been unexpectedly good, say officers. Lt. Col. Jordan's innovations upon Rifle Ranges A and B have been most valuable in the training. His two assistant Range Officers were ordered back to their regiments and went to France. First-Lieutenant Turnbull of the 362nd was a Boer War Veteran whose experience in South Africa, where men all but grew to their rifles, was a gain. The other assistant was Lieut. Charles S. Greely of the 363rd.

Col. Jordan is scarcely a man one associates with Valentine's Day, yet he was almost the only officer in the regiment to be remembered February 14. His subordinates would give a hat to learn what admirer placed that huge red heart-box, surmounted by a still larger red satin bow, which refused to be hidden by the tissue paper wrappings, upon his desk. One thing is certain, she is original, for, of all sweetmeats! The rustling paper sounding Reveille, and covers thrown back, up rose the biggest crab ever drawn by Marines, and as snappish as crabs, human or Dungeness, are apt to be when kept waiting for breakfast. Odd, but artistic, and Japanesey and—why that's *it*—Nipponese for "Be My Valentine"!





LIEUT. GUIBERT

To many it seemed strange that foreign instructors should be necessary in a branch always notable among Americans, but training in tactics is different abroad, and unity desirable. So Lieut. R. Guibert and Sergt. Mirat, experts with the automatic rifle were detailed for instructors.

Another Spanish war veteran, volunteer, is Capt. Arthur Bradbury, Adjutant of the regiment. He served in the Philippines as Aid to Maj. Gen. Otis at the same time that Col. Whitworth was Aid to Gen. McArthur, both being Lieutenants. Bradbury was Adjutant of the State of California under two governors and attended the First Officers Camp at The Presidio. His assignment to the 362nd brought him under his friend, its Colonel. Bradbury is an old name in this Country but, on the spinning side, Tayler's an older. If you spell it with an e it was a Mayflower name.

To return to athletics: Our national game, baseball, is not only a favorite with the ranks but favored by the

officers because of its skill, transmitted to grenade throwing, running, quick decision. To women visiting camp it is constant wonder that after hours of drill, men will rush their meals for baseball. This is nothing new, however, for the *Odyssey* says of Greek warriors, "*They took their midday meal upon the river's bank and anon when satisfied with food they played a game of ball.*"

Every unit has its team. The 362nd has a Twilight League and the Camp Official Baseball scorer, J. E. Welch, who scores for the Division Team, for the Inter-Division American and National League, and for over twenty-nine within them.

He should be up in logarithms, though I have no idea what they are and am secretly gratified that I can spell the word, off hand. 'Twould seem that baseball players have rushed to the battlefield as to an athletics field, and indeed baseball demands much the same strength, speed, skill, self control. Another Big League player, Capt. "Jim" Scott, famous pitcher for the White Sox, gained his commission in the Second Officers Training Camp and was assigned to the Officers Training Camp at Camp Lewis. He organized baseball matches for Wednesday and Saturday, relieving the strenuous studies with recreation which was continued physical exercise.

The 362nd also boasts a man from a "family all in," Sergeant Alex J. Wilson, whose four brothers are in the service, whose father resigned his position as forest supervisor to stump for the Canadian draft law, and whose only sister is a Red Cross worker. Two of the brothers fought at Vilmy Ridge, where one was killed and the other was unaware of it until letters from home informed him.

The Chaplain of this regiment lost no time in entering the war. Not waiting for an appointment, he enlisted in the regular army at once, but was transferred to the National army at Camp Dodge. Private F. W. Hagan was soon Corporal Hagan. He was next ordained a Congregationalist minister, finally appointed Chaplain Lieutenant and ordered to Camp Lewis.

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Shortly before the 91st Division left Camp Lewis, Gen. Styer was ordered to Manila and Brig. Gen. John B. McDonald assumed command of the 181st Infantry Brigade. He is another Southerner, born in Alabama, and graduated from the United States Military Academy in 1881, a man whose experience, ability and bravery appear in the bare details of his career.

Assigned to 25th Infantry and transferred to 10th Cavalry 1882. Adjutant Quartermaster and Commissary Fort Stockton, Texas 1883-4.

Acting Regimental Adjutant on march from Texas to Arizona, April-May 1885.

Commanding company of Apache Indian Scouts 1885-87; Geronimo Campaign.

Provost Officer, Apache Indian Reservation, Arizona, 1885-87; Acting Indian Agent temporarily 1886.

Commandant of Cadets and Professor Military Science and Tactics, Alabama Polytechnic Institute 1888-91.

Regimental Quartermaster 10th Cavalry 1892-96. Commanding Troop "F" 10th Cavalry 1896-97.

Commandant of Cadets and Professor Military Science and Tactics, South Carolina Military Academy, The Citadel, Charleston, S. C., 1897-98.

Lieut. Col. 1st Alabama Volunteer Infantry in Spanish-American War 1898. Chief Mustering officer for Alabama, November 1898.

Captain 3d Cavalry 1898, commanding Troop "I" in Philippine Islands 1900. Desperately wounded through right lung in action in Northern Luzon 1901. Recommended for brevet Major for gallantry in this action for continuing in sole command till victory was won, and not permitting his men to know of his wound until the action ended.

Light duty on account of wounds, as Quartermaster, General Hospital, Washington Barracks, D. C. 1901-2.

Regimental Quartermaster, Constructing Quartermaster, General Hospital, Washington Barracks, D. C. 1901-2.

Regimental Quartermaster, Constructing Quartermaster, and Quartermaster by detail installing water, sewer and heating systems and alterations of all buildings at Fort Assinniboine, Montana, 1902-06.

Quartermaster U. S. Military Prison, Fort Leavenworth, Kan., 1906-07.

Major 15th Cavalry, Commanding Fort Ethan Allen, Vt., 1907-08. Major commanding Separate Squadron and Machine Gun Troop 15th Cavalry, 1909.

Army War College, Washington, D. C. 1912-13.

Inspector General by detail and Department Inspector, Hawaiian Department 1914-15.

Assistant Department Inspector, Philippine Department, Manila, P. I., 1915-16.

Colonel, Cavalry, Inspector General, Inspector Western Department, 1916-17.

When wounded and apparently dying, Capt. McDonald was carried for fifteen miles on a stretcher over a rough mountain road to the post. His superior, Maj. Kingsbury, and Maj. Gen. J. Franklin Bell both sent letters of sympathy and congratulation. At that time neither Bell nor McDonald anticipated a world war for which the United States would raise a great army housed in a huge cantonment and to which that "dying" man should come in command of a Brigade. Nor even a little over a year ago did such a thing presage when Col. McDonald came to Tacoma to inspect Troop B, Cavalry no longer, now serving under Gen. Liggitt in France. Gen. McDonald was on the Border as Inspector of Cavalry more than thirty years after he had ridden that very region in pursuit of Geronimo and his murderous Apaches, whose name was synonymous with fiendishness until superseded by Hun. Geronimo, the last Indian Chief to rebel, was the last of the old to die, at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, several years ago.

With his Aids, Lieut. Earl F. Knoob of the 83rd Field Artillery, a West Pointer, and Lieut. M. B. Tayler of Infantry Reserves, Brig. Gen. McDonald went out with the Division the end of June. Apache fighters will feel at home against Prussians.



## CHAPTER XIV.

MACHINE GUNS CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN INFANTRY AND  
ARTILLERY—THE AMERICAN BROWNING—A NEW HEART  
SPECIFIC—A GIFT TO THE NEXT DIVISION—A FIRST AND  
LAST COMMUNION.

The make up of a modern army is so different, arms and armers, from the old, changed even since the United States entered the arena, that it is confusing. Take machine guns, not artillery nor rightly infantry, though a company of machine gunners is attached to each infantry regiment, beside which there is a Division Battalion. Although used before this war, machine guns were few and of comparatively small importance compared with those which work such terrific havoc today. Until lately our troops have been drilling with various makes, principally the Lewis, even using British and French, though practically all these and similar ordnance were the invention of Americans, or rather an American, John M. Browning. The government was awaiting an improvement upon them all before manufacturing to supply our entire army. The query was common, "Why experiment with another when all these are proved and produced?" But the forthcoming Browning was not experiment.

Many years ago, a boy living in Ogden, Utah, fond of hunting the big game so plentiful thereabouts, chafed at stopping in the midst of an exciting chase to reload his gun after every discharge and invented a repeater. He has been inventing and improving firearms ever since, but caring nothing for name and fame, has allowed any firm for whom he designed at the time, to take the glory. The Colt pistol, used for many years in our army, is his. Belgium, Russia, Spain, Serbia, all had Brownings pistols as standard equipment before this war began. It is said

one of them afforded pretext for this very cataclysm when a Serbian student fired a Browning revolver at an Austrian Archduke, killing the first of the millions. It was Browning's machine guns which saved the legations in the Boxer Rebellion, and they will act a leading part in the tragic end of Kaiser Wilhelm who, by the way, once decorated Mr. Browning. So, coincidentally did King Albert who, when the millionth Browning pistol was manufactured in Belgium, created its inventor Chevalier of the Order of Leopold, so that he is Sir John, though he will never own to it. Still, a Knight of Ordnance is more appropriate than of tea and such—Maxim, Sir Hiram, is another Ordnance Knight. Nobody will wager which decoration the American prizes.

The rapid fire rifle is the climax in purely infantry arms, and renders the foot soldier a walking magazine, for it can be shot from the shoulder and weighs but fifteen pounds, only a little over five more than an ordinary rifle. It has an improvement, in that it can be fired by trigger in separate shots or discharged automatically, in which case it shoots twenty rounds in two seconds. By pressing a button the magazine slips out and another can be instantly inserted. This gun is air cooled. It is the polished descendant, so to speak, of that pioneer repeater which the young Browning made by hand nearly forty years ago, when he turned the larger parts upon his father's lathe and hammered and chiseled the smaller. Repeater! Let us hope that the sharp repetition of its death message may soon be translated from the German *Straf* into English Peace.

The nearest approach to it was the French Chauchat which weighs nearly twenty pounds and fires but one-hundred fifty shots a minute. These automatics are carried by tall sturdy men after the machine gun barrage and before the riflemen come up, as they decimate the enemy with their rapid fire. A section of automatic riflemen is part of every rifle company now.

As automatic rifles are go-betweens for rifle and machine guns, the latter connect with artillery. At Camp

Lewis, a number have been in use, but principally the Lewis, with a record of five hundred rounds before cooling, though it had an air chamber. The new Browning, for which we waited, fires six-hundred shots a minute for any length of time, as it is cooled by water in a jacket which condenses from its steam, and it does not "kick" even when called upon to such speed. Major Herring had one of all kinds of machine guns in his office and was most interesting in pointing out their differences. The new Browning machine gun, which has been adopted by the War Department weighs, including water jacket, but thirty-four and a half pounds. When used in an airplane where atmospheric conditions prevent the gun's overheating, the water jacket is detached so that the weight is but twenty-two pounds. It rests upon a low tripod from which it is easily removed. In fact it is the simplest of all machine guns as well as the most terrible. An ordnance worker can assemble three Brownings to one of any other make, and gunners can quickly take it entirely apart and replace any part necessary.

Think of the ammunition required for such rapid fire! A recent government report states that the greatest output for one day was 27,000,000 cartridges for rifles and pistols. But they were needed, for the report adds that the daily output of rifles for a week in June, averaged 10,142. So that the United States has again demonstrated that when it is "good and ready, Something's bound to happen": 55,794 rifles in one week, beside thousands of extra parts for them, think of it! That is a special training in this war, the repair of everything, from a motor truck to a rifle, which the soldiers are being taught.

No wonder that, as Capt. Emmet Colpin insisted, machine gun companies are specialists, every man of them—this in reply to my ignorant remark that it seemed easy to fire an automatic, especially as officers computed range and elevation, a tender brought ammunition and cleared away empty shells, the gun neither heated nor kicked, did not even make much noise, for machine guns' *pup-pup-pup* is little longer than the popping of bushels of corn.

Capt. Colpin has had experience with them on the Mexican Border but says the work is very different from that of two years ago, and growing more intensive all the time. He has been in the regular army for fifteen years, and has seen machine guns grow in importance.

In the first place, all the company must be expert in signalling, as orders for firing and cessation, change of base or range or direction, information as to location of the enemy etc., are signalled from various vantages and in any manner most convenient. Then, too, though computations of range, elevation etc., resultant from these directions are supposed to be supplied by officers in charge of machine guns, the men must be able to take their places in case of casualties, while many things like wind, the tendency of the gun to rise a trifle, enter into the problem. I remember seeing a young fellow out on the range alone after the company had completed practice, working away with his machine gun attempting "to see if I can't get her to stop changing her mind about where she means to strike. I've taken her to pieces a dozen times." and he did it again. A gun isn't a her any way, and a she doesn't change her mind any oftener than a he, either. The targets were of paper marked in small squares and stretched along a wall of logs high enough to prevent bullets over-reaching. From all this you conclude machine gun companies must be of men who can think, and think quickly, acting likewise. They are required to be in perfect physical condition, long on nerve and short on nerves, and to possess at least a grammar school education. They learn to take their guns entirely apart very rapidly in blackest night, to supply a part, every one of which is named, and reassemble them, by working blindfolded in training.

In battle, each machine gun is served by eight men. One, in a slight depression, sits with his finger on the trigger, one watches the long belt with its 250 rounds of cartridges, woven-white the width of any ordinary cartridge belt. There are 272 of these belts to a load, which is constantly brought by ammunition carriers.

Mule carts are usually employed to bring loads from the base at the rear. Tripods are first set up and adjusted to the direction, then the barrels bolted on, sighting being by means of a graduated white stick placed a short distance before the gun. The fire is automatic, capable of 600 shots a minute which spread like a fan, winnowing souls into eternity. This spread is known, so that machine guns are placed at proper distances to produce a continuous leaden hail. This is called a barrage, a bullet barrier, behind which the infantry advance and before which the enemy fall in heaps.

Maj. F. C. Endicott is commanding officer of the 346th Machine Gun Battalion at Camp Lewis for the 91st Division, a regular army man who rose from the ranks. Two of the 346th companies are motor. Maj. W. W. Hanson commands the 347th and Maj. Gimperling the 348th.

Of the latter is Capt. William Aird of the regulars, who served in Cuba, the Philippines, Mexico, and in the Boer war. Lieuts. Allan Duncan and Turnbull are also entitled to that service ribbon though they may not wear it upon United States uniforms. Capt. Aird's brother George, fired the first shot at a submarine in the Fall of 1917. Our Capt. Aird claims record time for the 175 Californians in his Machine Gun company in rising, dressing, packing, in the middle of the night, for the trenches, to entrain for the East, or to ship for France.

The 346th Machine Gun Company wants it distinctly understood that all organizations must demonstrate running endurance toward the end of their training. Not that they have the slightest intention of doing any running Over There, but simply to prove they are the "huskiest bunch" here, ninety-five per cent of them stood the test of six miles running pack-a-back. They insist that it proves nothing except that all but five percent are stout hearted and the rest must match up or they won't take them along.

Of the British officers who were sent by their government to assist in the training of our troops in the cantonments during the first year of our entrance into the





CAPT. A. S. FOSKETT

great war, Capt. A. S. Foskett was stationed at Camp Lewis as instructor in Machine Gun work, and Serg. R. J. Ross, who was wounded in the battle of Loos, was another.

Speaking of Machine Gun men, and hearts and Maj. Endicott, reminds me of too good a story to be selfish with. V——, an old army man who had lately seen service on the Border, was ordered to report at Base Hospital for an operation. It was early in the Fall when wards were crowded and beds at a premium. On time to the minute, only to be informed that the bed destined for him was still occupied by a man whom the doctor had predicted could not possibly live till morning, V—— approached and looked keenly at the patient. "Heart disease," whispered the orderly, "return in an hour."

In an hour he was back and, bending over the man said, "Haven't you cashed in yet? Don't you know that bed's for me? I'll give you two hours." The stricken man

seemed scarcely to understand. At one o'clock V—— leaned over him, "Looky here: this is all well enough for you, you've nothing to do but die, but I'm a busy man. You've got to pass or ante. Don't you let me find you next time I come." It is only just to explain that V—— says he had seen that form of heart-disease before, and had the case diagnosed as liver trouble, white liver.

About the middle of the afternoon V—— appeared again and the patient had rallied enough to be hurt. "Now this is going too far. You've either got to shoot or give up the gun. I tell you I want that bed, and if I find you in it next time I come you'll do your dying out on the mat, and that's straight." He stalked off and the occupant of the disputed bed waxed indignant and rallied round the flag of rebellion. Noting which, V—— upon his last appearance for day said, "Well, it's too late for my operation today, so I'll let you stay overnight, and", he added in a kindly tone, "this camp ain't half bad, and seeing you don't know what you'll be in for if you croak, why not get well?" which my informant said was just what he did do, "was fair kidded out of dying, which he really would have done."

And what had Maj. Endicott to do with it? Well V—— had his operation and decided a furlough would cheer him, but the Major would not consider it, whereupon V—— advised the relater to watch his smoke. He went to the hospital for change of dressings every day. Just before entering next time he blew his nose with great violence starting a slight hemmorrhage and told the medic he was constantly troubled by that, thought that it was complete rest he needed to recuperate. And he obtained that furlough.

In the Division April Meet, one of the Machine Gun Battalions won a contest more amusing to onlookers than to contestants. Everything at camp follows bugle-calls which, as one of the officers expressed it, are apt to be caught with frog-in-the-throat. Probably that is why the competition was arranged. "Even my bugle is hoarse," grumbled a Californian—Californians did considerable

grumbling at first and sung their State song until, as one of their chaplains remarked, they quit being Californians and turned into soldiers. In this bugle contest, W. H. Maitland, of the Machine Guns was adjudged best bugler, and A. R. Handley, 362nd Infantry, second.

At the Remount exhibition in June, in the single mule and machine gun entry for equipment and efficiency, the Machine Gun Company of the 362nd Infantry took the Loving Cup, leaving second place to Company D, Machine Gun Battalion. However, Company D won the Loving Cup in the second part of the exhibit, for time and action, allowing the second prize to Company E and third to A, both of their Battalion. The 348th won first in the four-mule team and escorting wagon, leaving second to the 362nd Infantry Machine-Gunners.

Understand that in every Infantry Regiment at Headquarters Company there are seven sections: staff, orderlies, and band; a medical detachment; a supply company; a signal platoon with telephone section at Headquarters and at each battalion; the pioneer, which does the engineering for its regiment, and the gun section, operating one one-pounder and so connecting, as does the machine gun company just described, the infantry work with the artillery; and lastly, the sappers and bombers section. The former mine and undermine. The government and workings of a modern army are very much like those of the Federal, State, City and Ward, with Headquarters at Washington, D. C., for both.

Bombers call themselves the Suicide Club, but the Artillerists call them Mothers' Darlings, Fair Weathers, and the like, because they must wait till the big guns have cleared them a way. Headquarters Company of the 361st congratulates itself that the Suicide Club has not developed into a Murder Club, since A's eternal singing of one idiotic song has incited every man to choking the words in his tuneless throat. Not liking to kill one of their own mess, however, the bombers offered to extend the attention to his teacher, only to find it was the dear but misguided Lady of Hostess House. So he sings on, but the

bombers "hope for the best when he goes over the top." In case Headquarters Company could ever forget the words, here they are:

*"I'm a little prairie flower,  
Growing wilder every hour,  
Nobody ever cultivates me, I'm wild, I'm wild."*

his company say they're the ones to be wild, and they are wild.

The Battalions, 346th, 347th and 348th willed the handsome new assembly hall, just completed before they left Camp Lewis, to their successors. It has a great fireplace by which they may dream of home when rains begin, and a porch, its latest addition, upon which to greet friends, for men at camp have learned that home women knew, after all, what was homiest, and when they go back, men and women will be closer together, see if they are not. The Machine Gunner's hall is the aristocrat in the way of chairs, having the only leather upholstered furniture of which the Ninety-First boasted. Their chaplain, Lieut. John W. Beard, did much toward this assembly hall. Until Lieut. Reed B. Cherrington was appointed chaplain of the 348th Machine Gun Battalion, just before the Division went out, Chaplain Beard served all three Battalions. He was one of the later appointments at camp, coming from Hoquiam, where he was known as the Lumber-jacks Sky Pilot. Soon after his arrival, the boys thought they would like to see the parson ride, and intimated to the Remount that a horse filled with the spirit would be appropriate. The boys happened around to see the fun, not knowing that he had spent many a month in lumber camps. Well, there wasn't any fun. The Lieutenant mounted, the horse knew in a moment that he was mastered and a spotted rocking horse was not milder.

It was Chaplain Beard who conducted the first communion of many denominations, held at Y-3 just before the Division left. Secretaries from the different Huts

who were ordained ministers assisted, First Presbyterian Church, of Tacoma, loaned the communion vessels and over eighty communicants gathered who will never again sit down together in this world.



## CHAPTER XV

NEW IMPORTANCE OF ARTILLERY—ITS YOUTH—TWO BRIG-  
ADIER-GENERALS BURR—ARMY WOMEN'S SERVICE—MO-  
TORIZING ARTILLERY—ITS RANGE AT CAMP LEWIS AND  
THE FIRST CANNON THERE—FIRST ARTILLERY CO. IN  
U. S.—LIEUT. GAMBIER—COL. PRATT—MAJ. GAY AND  
PRVT. WILHOIT FOUGHT IN FRANCE—MAJ. JAMISON—  
WANTED, A HATING CUP—LIGHTS AT HEADQUARTERS  
—FIRST N. A. ARTILLERY'S BAND ORGANIZED, YOUNGEST  
LEADER—CHAPLAIN NOOY, 347TH F. A.—COL. GRANGER  
—FIRST REGIMENTAL ARTILLERY TRUCK SCHOOL—MAJ.  
DAVIS—MAYOR ROLPH'S VISIT—ASSEMBLY HALL—CAPT.  
SUTTON—FIRST FIELD SERVICES—SOME CHARACTERS,  
INCLUDING THE THREE GUARDSMEN—CHAPLAIN LACOMBE  
—THE 348TH AND COL. BOTTOMS—OLD CAISSON SONG—  
SMOKE BOMBS AND ARTILLERY DRILL—CHAPLAIN BARRON  
—TRENCH MORTARS AND CAPT. MAWDSLEY.

To the three great branches of land fighters this war has added what might be termed an over-land, aviation. It has also shifted the importance of those formerly employed, advancing Artillery, youngest of the three, to head of the family, and relegating its dashing leader, Cavalry, to the rear. Men have fought and killed since Cain and Abel, on foot, since earliest Egypt days, on horseback, but only since 1280 with artillery, when Moors used it first in Europe at Cordova, and Ferdinand of Castile took Gibraltar with cannon in 1309. The Chinese, stationary for ages, primal discoverers of everything, had invented gun-powder four centuries before, but, as in everything else, did not follow it to its great end. After Spain, France used artillery in 1338, and Joan the Maid is said to have

pointed the guns herself, in 1428. The father of Artillery was Gustavus Adolphus who, in the Thirty Years war—and of this there have been but four!—used two guns to a regiment, and set all nations thinking. So Louis XIV. made Artillery a separate branch of the army and founded its first school. The French have always been noted in this branch, from Napoleon I. and Napoleon III. who wrote, largely himself, a standard work upon Artillery, till Today's fighting; but the Germans were the last to adopt it.

China's unworked ideas have lead the world: Germany, in every art and endeavor has tagged along, seizing upon other nations' discoveries and inventions, reaping what other have sown. So this sponging World-Profiteer became "Superman," boastful, bloated, bumptious, baby-bombing Bosche—Bosh! Even their Frederick the Great to whom for lack of great men they must ever look back, even unto the early Eighteenth Century, thought little of Artillery.

Prussia? No. This United States, youngest of Nations, invented the first long gun to fire hollow projectiles by direct fire at long range, and Col. Bomford of the United States Ordnance Department, did it 'way back in 1812, called it the Columbiad; and the United States, inside and outside the Ordnance Department, has made endless improvements upon that gun in the last 106 years. The Krupps know all that, none better. So when this War announced, "Artillery First, Gentlemen,—and Huns," we were ready for the Front after but short delay for manufacturing some needed Artillery and training more Artillerists.

The latter part of that preparation, for the 91st Division, was entrusted to Brig. Gen. Edward Burr, born in Boonville, Missouri, in 1859, educated first at Washington University, then graduated from West Point in 1882 with the distinction of standing first in his class, and being therefore assigned to the Engineer Corps, with the customary Second Lieutenant's commission which he exchanged for a First the next year. He was Captain



BRIG.-GEN. EDWARD BURR

of a Company of Engineer regulars at Santiago, and later Lieutenant-Colonel of the 2nd Volunteer Engineers, but was mustered out of the volunteer service into the regular again after the Spanish War, reverting to his

regular rank. There his advance was rapid, as old army promotions went, being Major in 1903, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1908, Colonel, 1912, ordered in June 1914 to organize a new regiment of Engineers at Vancouver Barracks, and in August 1917 to proceed to Camp Lewis as Brigadier-General of the 166th Field Artillery. He had, on the way, served in the Philippines, been Commandant of the Engineers School, Washington D. C., Senior-Assistant to Chief of Engineers, and in charge of fortifications construction.

Camp Lewis! Again that fateful connection with the past which tended toward this cantonment. Brig. Gen. Burr shares one characteristic with a former famous, and infamous, member of his race—wide scholarship. Otherwise, Brig. Gen. Aaron was everything Brig. Gen. Edward is not; the former, brilliant, erratic, never true to anything or anybody; while the latter sticks to study, duty, friend, Country, like a veritable burr. Good blood, the Burr's, contaminated only by the traitor whose father was president of the College of New Jersey, whose mother was a daughter of Johnathan Edwards, whose own position was among the highest of this Country, and whose daughter, the beautiful Theodosia, married to Governor Allston of South Carolina, was the woman Capt. Lewis loved. Had that love not been thwarted, he probably would never have commanded the expedition which gave this Northwest to the United States, which here established a cantonment for the defense of the Nation Theodosia's father wronged, sending to it one of his name to command a Brigade turning its guns against another conspirator with Mexico. It is like the House That Jack Built.

As for Brig. Gen. Edward Burr, his family is his Country's, root and branch. He married Ruth Green of Portland. Both sons, William Edward and John Green Burr were graduated in the class of 1914 from that West Point which Aaron Burr commanded more than a century before, but who left no son to bear his tarnished name. Both are also captains of Field Artillery, the former of

the 17th, with his regiment in France; John Green Burr at Camp Greene with the 13th. A nephew, Lieut. Henry Reed, is stationed at Camp Lewis, while his brother John spent last year in Russia as war correspondent and has recently been appointed Russian Consul-General in New York.

And Mrs. Burr is quite as much in the Service as the others though she bears no title, flies no flag. She came to Tacoma when the General came to Camp Lewis and immediately went to work in the Red Cross Gift Shop which does a rushing business. This was no swivel-chair position, in fact there was no chair of any kind in the shop, despite a law to provide clerks with seats, for if a chair came in, it was sold from under one. Mrs. Burr was as punctual mornings as if her nothing-a-month salary were to be docked if she were tardy; she had only a "snack" at noon, and, at the last, she locked the door at closing time or stayed over-time to conclude a sale. Nothing was allowed to interfere, not even the sham battle of her husband's Brigade. "I'm dying to see it, and invited to a beautiful luncheon in town, too, but this is my work, it must be attended to," and it was. Grown manager, she developed a real talent for business. The last month she was connected with the Gift Shop, it did the largest business in its history, clear profit, of course, for every article in stock was a gift. It is to be feared some of her army friends afterward repented the enthusiasm she inspired in giving of their dainty Orient gowns and belongings. Mrs. Burr worked steadily till the week after the Division left Camp Lewis, standing upon her weary feet as many hours as did soldiers. She did not even take Saturdays off. The General would drop in upon chance of a word with her between customers, to be instantly dropped if such appeared. Not many shops can boast of a Brigadier-General to balance cash of a week-end as this one often had.

This seems as good a place as any to say to the women behind the guns of the 91st Division, what has been hinted before in this book, that few of them are



doing as much for the war as the wives of its commanders, judging from those who graced the vicinity of Camp Lewis. They discouraged extravagance by their example in dress and living, they worked hard and intelligently, they kept brave and cheery. Some remain; other have returned to the four quarters. They are missed.

Gen. Burr arrived the end of August and spent two weeks in the guard house. He did; no other quarters were ready for him. He is the simplest of men, anyway. Surely only at Camp Lewis Hostess House would you see a Brigadier-General standing in the cafeteria line evidently absorbed in some problem, though it might only have been a computation of time, distance, and rate of movement toward the counter. There was little of style but much of skill that first year. Camp autos were few. Brig.-Gen. Styer's was still on paper, he said, and did not run well through the mud.

Maj. O. W. Rethorst was Adjutant, Lieutenants Otto Trunk and Raymond Hartney, afterward Lieut. Parrott, Aids. Robert P. invented the Parrott gun, first used at Bull Run. His ordnance was the most noted during the Rebellion. One of his 30-pounders burst only at the 4606th shot. He was graduated from West Point nearly a century ago, fought the Creeks, was Captain of Ordnance Corps, and superintendent of the West Point Foundry. The Navy Parrott served with Perry, with Fremont in Mexico and fought well through the Civil War. *Noblesse Oblige*. We have many glorious names to live up to, Ninety-First.

All organizations of the new National Army have worked hard to transform men of peace into men of war against a ruthless foe, but Artillery has surely borne its full share. The United States had so small a nucleus, guns are so much larger, problems so many, so different, so difficult. Even the older regular army officers are studying them, for the sudden leading importance of Artillery has annexed a new realm of thought as well as action, and nothing is stable, not even the horses—that was accidental. The fact is, just when horses had been rounded up, trained by the Artillery to bring on cannon

and caissons, motorizing is begun in earnest. Horses were scarce, so many were killed going into action that cannon must often be abandoned, forage was costly and its transportation a huge problem, the terrific shelling had mined the entire battlefield, while fortifications had everywhere been reduced, and heavy guns must be moved from emplacement to emplacement. As the United States produces the best and major part of world automobiles, the Ordnance Department coped with the situation. This occasioned delay in Artillery. When our men serve in France their guns will be drawn by a marvelous five-ton, armored tractor which will haul a 4.7 inch, Four-Point-Seven is the Artillery name of the gun, over and through anything in the way of a shell hole, up a 45 degree rise, on a 70 degree slant. When tested, it cut down trees and climbed over the trunks, paid no attention whatever to a foot of mud and kept up a twelve mile gait, though, with its load, it weighed 20,000 pounds. Nothing but a direct shell will kill or even wound this tractor, which is now being manufactured.

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Camp Lewis, largest of cantonments has a great Artillery range, the best. "No," replied Gen. Burr early in the Spring of 1918, "not the best, it is too flat, too easy. Artillery practice should be under conditions at least as difficult as those which obtain on a battlefield." Lord Bacon put it, "Practice with disadvantages, as dancers do with thick shoes, for it breeds great perfection if the practice be harder than the use." However, that was before the condemnation of the Nisqually Reservation where a long hill rising three-hundred feet above the prairie stops shells, and where heavy guns can be placed under many conditions of fire at from six to eight mile ranges. A second range for light Artillery has also been opened, or rather closed, North of Dupont where another hill prevents shells from striking shipping upon Puget Sound. So now Camp Lewis has another "best", and largest.

It is a curious fact that the First Regular military organization in the United States was the "Ancient and

Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, founded in 1637. Eminent citizens have always belonged to it and at last accounts the A. and H. A. Co. was still giving its annual parade, hearing its annual sermon and sitting down to its annual dinner. If any of its members, on their way to war, or recovering in English "blighty" from wounds, should happen upon Artillery drill upon the Field presented by the City of London to its Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company the same year ours was chartered, it would be right interesting to hear it. The Field near Moorfields was presented for a birthday present to that notable Company ending its hundredth year; so that it is just a century more Ancient, but not a whit more Honorable than ours, even though Staff officers and noblemen begged to be voted into it and Princes paid their guinea a year to belong. How strange if the three men to whom the Eighth Henry granted the patent in 1537 could return, one bringing his Long-bow, one his Cross-bow, one his musket, for all three were "Artillery" then, and could be joined by "those Gentlemen" who were "desired to take care that their arms are clean and well fixed, and that they bring with them fine dry powder, and even match." This polite admonition was attached to a summons to meet for practice on their Field a certain day in 1682, dressed and accoutred at their own expense. If these two bodies could there be joined by our own Ancient—and Modern—Honorable Artillery!

In this war, the French Artillery has been marvelous. The 166th Field Artillery Brigade has therefore reason to congratulate itself that a man distinguished in the French army, 6th Artillery, was detailed for instruction to Camp Lewis. Lieut. Pierre Gambier wears the *Croix de Guerre*, with two stars denoting citation before the Division, and a palm branch indicating citation before the entire army. Sergt. Guyon, his assistant, is also a veteran of the early days of the war. At the Remount Military exhibition, Lieut. Gambier won a ribbon for his hurdle riding. Even at a distance one could distinguish the French style of horsemanship.



COL. R. S. PRATT

## THE 346TH LIGHT ARTILLERY

Shortly before the Division left Camp Lewis, Col. Raymond S. Pratt joined it to command the 346th Field Artillery overseas. Graduated from West Point in 1901,

Col. Pratt had been stationed in the Philippines but, after the usual removes of a regular Army officer, which occur at about the same intervals as those of a Methodist parson, he was lately stationed with the 9th Field Artillery at Fort Sill.

Col. F. T. Austin organized the 346th, but Maj. George S. Gay has been acting as Commanding Officer most of the time. He was honor graduate of St. John's Military Academy, and appointed from Civil life in 1910; stationed in those same old Philippines, and in Honolulu, saw active service upon the Mexican Border, and is one of the few men at Camp Lewis, perhaps the only American there, who has already fought in this war. Maj. Gay served in France from July to December, 1917, and fought with Battery D, 5th U. S. F. A. on the Lorraine Front. Wounded? no, none of their two hundred was killed or wounded then. It is comforting to those at home to know that this is often the case. An American, participating in a big battle early in the war, wrote home: "It is wonderful to relate that they must have put a thousand of these great packages of hate (six-inch high explosives) into our midst that day and that I did not see a horse or a man struck down."

Major Gay was all but born in the saddle. At the last great event before the Division moved, given by the Remount, he took the blue ribbon riding Billy in the Officers' Owned Mounts. The old expression "won his spurs" by the way, refers, in army parlance, to promotion to Major, as that officer and all ranking him wear spurs, even when walking. The Major cares for no other amusement than riding and, mounted, belongs in the Centaur Corps.

Had just written that Major Gay was probably the only American at camp who had already served in France when informed that one of the 346th Headquarters Company, Private Wilhoit, had served five months in the French army, had been several times wounded, yet is eager to go back for more. He owns one of the largest theaters on the Pacific Coast at Stockton but is now acting War plays where "All the World's a stage."





MAJ. G. S. GAY

"No. 6 was the First to fire a gun at Camp Lewis." Beg pardon, Maj. Gay, you look like an up-to-the-minute American and you are Seventy-seven years behind the times! The First to fire guns here were United States Marines who had dragged two brass howitzers from the Wilkes Expedition ship, anchored in Puget Sound just off what is now your own Light Artillery Range, which thus they christened for you, in a salute to that Independence Day which you go to prolong.

Another 346th officer to serve on the Mexican Border initiating, in the "Brand new Motor expedition of fifteen trucks," the mobilizing which is one of the marvels of this war, is Maj. Natt Jamieson, who participated in a

raid which recalls another of which he will have nothing said; pity, too, for 'twas interesting. This Jamieson was Captain of Reserve Corps and an instructor in the First Officers Training Camp at the Presidio.

Of the regiment's officers a surprising percentage are Yale-men, though Capt. B. H. Dibblee, Headquarters Orderlies, was captain at Harvard and Half-back in the All-Americans, as was First-Lieutenant Hamilton Corbett.

Headquarters Company has other lights, but none that failed. There is Corp. Lloyd Ireland, Light-weight Champion of the World, also Stegner of the University of Washington and McLean of Washington State College. However, when the Division asked for lists of athletes, Battery D alone sent one-hundred names. All this argues no good for the Teutons.

The regimental band is, with Staff officers and an Orderlies Section, a part of every Headquarters Company. Was it mentioned that band instruments are Ordnance also? This unit has several distinguishments. It was the First Artillery Band to organize within the National Army, and with forty members, which is the number now officially designated, many more than others had, and it claims the youngest leader in the entire army, Sewell S. Snypp. He composed a march for the 346th, and just before his regiment left, went to the National School of Regimental Band Leaders.

The 346th won the Thanksgiving Marathon, and treasure an inscribed Loving Cup—wonder what will become of all such trophies at camp while their winners are putting their athletics to the supreme test in France? They'll be taking Prussian helmets for Hating Cups. Do, Somebody, send me one to drink your health from. The 346th must have more loving cups than any other regiment in camp. At the last contest, given by the Remount before the Division moved, Battery B took a loving cup as first prize for Artillery half gun section, and Battery D a box of cigars; in the unlimbering contest, D grabbed the loving cup and D took the cigars. When the start with unharnessed horses was begun, harness disposed of

as in the field, horses tied, carriage wheel and squad in front of the piece, events were tied between the two regimental batteries. B took a second loving cup, and D a second box of cigars.

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"Do? Do in Artillery? Everything. Our first training is Infants': we have to know everything Infantry knows, and then some." The good-natured jibe was interrupted by some passing soldiers singing.

*"Your Uncle Sammy he-needs the Infantry  
He-needs the Cavalry, He-needs Artillery,  
And-then by gosh we'll all-go to Germany,  
Poor old Kaiser Bill."*

The last line came in ludicrous wails of commiseration connecting the ceaseless repetition with "Oh-h—Your Uncle Sammy." If you hear this in the morning the absurd thing will sing itself over and over in your brain till you sing it into some one else's.

The young fellow grinned as he listened. "Of course he needs us all, but Artillery's the bearing branch. We drill three hours in the morning, ditto P. M. and just as likely as not lectures from seven o'clock till past nine evenings. Subjects? Mathematics, chemistry, wind, topography, we haven't had circulation of the blood yet, but it wouldn't surprise me." He would not fare better in England where they train Artillerymen from 6:45 A. M. to 6:45 P. M. and two nights a week.

After Infantry work, alignment of horses, assembling, learning and naming all parts of the guns. It does seem a liberal education, doesn't it?

Your Uncle Sammy needs privates too. So thought Evan Stallcup, Secretary of the Sons of the American Revolution, Tacoma, attorney-at-law, so he enlisted, was assigned to the 346th Artillery, and detailed as stable-boy. It doesn't sound warlike and it wasn't, in fact it would have made his great-grandfather, Gen. James Shelby of Revolutionary fame, a trifle disgusted perhaps, or

his Grandfather, the first Governor of Kentucky; but "Tige" got a lot of fun out of it. At any rate it was different. *"So he polished up the handle so careful-ly that now he is" etc.* In other words, Private Stallcup was soon Corporal Stallcup, and, as part and parcel of his new command, had the training of sentries. One of them, care-free, good-natured, seemed quite beyond military proprieties. Over and over Stallcup would come up to challenge the sentry, who could never be got to reply in prescribed form, "Advance, Corporal, and be recognized."

Stallcup, very sleepy one night after the unusual manual work of the day, made another tour of the barracks and again approached the sentry whose challenge being, "answered for the steenth time, Corporal of the Guard, triumphantly retorted, *"Well, come on, chief, and let's have a look."* Yet in telling it, the narrator added, "But the Corporal himself was not flawless, for that very day, instead of standing at attention when addressing a superior officer, he had tapped his finger upon his palm and, being good-naturedly reminded by the Captain, had, further, answered, you can't expect a lawyer to talk without his hands." However, he trained down and picked up the buzzer work of the regimental Headquarters company so readily that he was detailed to the Liaison School.

What's that! Doesn't sound very respectable? Is, quite so; School of military connections, the Division Signal School. This was something like! Stallcup, graduate and post-graduate of Stanford, seized upon the novel work and, the course ended, was promoted to Top Sergeant and retained as instructor in the school—"Of course other fellows knew more, but I could teach what I'd learned." So just before the Division moved out, he went East in charge of a detachment of men for short intensive training.

"Never got so much out of a thing before in my life, wouldn't have missed it for worlds"—perhaps the old General isn't disgusted after all, but is watching his descendant's ascendant with a tolerant smile.

All three regiments of the 166th Field Artillery Brigade are served by Catholic chaplains. Lieut. Otto Nooy



CHAPLAIN NOOY

of the 346th was born in Holland so did not go overseas with the Division. He studied, at Usher College, for four years in England, three years in France, three in Belgium, so that he speaks several languages well and is therefore often of use as interpreter in this Babel of an army. The college which he attended at Namur, Belgium was "all shot up." There he often saw the brave Mercier whose parishes now number 800, and his parishioners 2,500,000. At that time he was professor-lecturer and was especially interested in standardizing text books for Belgium. Father Nooy taught in St. Paul Seminary on Summit Avenue, was in Walla Walla before coming to Camp Lewis January 1, and has been twelve years in the priesthood.





*R. S. Grant*  
*347 The Field Clerk?*

## THE 347TH LIGHT ARTILLERY

Col. R. S. Granger is another who should be a good American and a fine officer by this time. Gideon Granger was born just before the Revolution, graduated at Yale, and hurried into the law at twenty-one as next best fighting; served several terms in Connecticut legislature, was conspicuous in efforts to establish public school funds; and was Postmaster-General for thirteen years. His son Francis practiced law in New York where he was long a member of the Assembly and prominent in the Anti-Masonic movement, went to Congress, and in 1841, *he* became Postmaster-General. Next Gordon Granger, West Point graduate, was in siege of Vera Cruz, battles of Cerro Gordon and Contreras, and in at the capture of Mexico. In 1862 he was appointed Major-General of Volunteers, and fought at Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, siege of Fort Morgan, capture of Mobile. He was Department-Commander in Texas and Kentucky. After the war he was made Colonel of Infantry,—only distinguished officers received appointments near to their Volunteer rank. His brother Robert, a West Pointer, fought in the Florida Indian War, served many years on the frontier when it was a frontier, was Colonel of Kentucky Volunteers, Union, and in 1871 *he* was appointed Colonel.

None of all this said Col. Robert S., son of Gordon Granger. A Civil War veteran told it. The Colonel of the 347th F. A. was graduated from West Point in time to fight in Cuba and saw the United States flag finally dismasted—very remarkable, a conquering country's voluntary relinquishment of a land. Col. Granger belonged to the 4th Field Artillery. Made Captain in 1905, he was Captain of the Quartermaster Corps, in 1915. He is a graduate of the Artillery School, and of the Army School of the Line.

Col. Granger came to Camp Lewis August 22, 1917. He is very proud of his regiment which is so largely composed of Californians that he says they brand with that mark any maverick that happens to stray in. He

insists they can beat anybody, firing anything, from a popgun to a three-inch, from an air gun to an automatic, from a toy pistol to a—why in two weeks twenty-six out of thirty-two became experts at the machine guns. For himself, next to cannon balls, the Colonel prefers tennis balls.

The 347th possesses a First among Artillery, a regimental Machine Shop and Truck School, Col. Granger's idea. In this war, more and more, every man must be a mechanic, especially in Artillery. The twelve autos owned in the regiment primarily suggested the innovation. There are thirty-six men in this school, taking a course of instruction under Sergeant-of-Ordnance Smith who was formerly head of the Studebaker Company, Los Angeles. Of course each battery has three mechanics and a supply company detachment. Evidently the 347th Truck School, if that is its official name, can now make, mend or mar anything in that line, since Col. Granger says that when Gen. Helmick inspected Camp Lewis, he said the 347th Firing Squad fired faster than regular army batteries are required to shoot. No wonder Maj. Herring waxes eloquent upon at least one subject. He says men from Camp Lewis to Motor or Ordnance Schools conducted at the great factories in the East, proved such apt students that they were kept for instructors. As fast as motors are built, they are driven under their own power by Ordnance men to the nearest port of embarkation. These men are engaged not only in the construction but the standardizing and repair of trucks. Ordnance men wear black and red hat cords.

As the 346th had all the three-inch guns for Light Artillery work, the 347th borrowed them two mornings a week. Proficiency attained is astonishing when one reflects that the majority of the men had never seen a cannon fired, nor knew what a caisson was other than a trick word for a spelling match. When the war began we were short of Artillery Officers. One in the 347th F. A. is a veteran of twenty-five years' standing, Maj. Frederick L. Taylor. His experience against Spaniards,



MAJ. F. L. TAYLOR

Moros, Chinese and Villistas, with four wounds to take out the romance, will stand him in good stead fighting Huns in whom there is none. On the word of a priest, he is the best loved man in the regiment, this despite the fact that many of the officers are old friends.

When Mayor Rolph of San Francisco made his famous visit to Camp Lewis with a carload of gifts from the families and friends of the 5000 San Franciscans there, most of them in the 347th F. A. and the 363rd Infantry, the former gave him and his wife a huge family dinner party, after which, exactly like big boys, they gathered around the bandstand and received their gifts direct from his hand and messages from his lips. It was like

a Spring Christmas, that May 7th, and a box Social, and a fraternity picnic, all in one. The Mayor had remembered everybody down to the mascot, who received a box of dog biscuits, and who made the customary remark, in dog, that it was exactly what he wanted most.

Though there are many college men in the ranks, a post-graduate of Johns Hopkins, a professor of chemistry at Tulane University, New Orleans, in the infirmary, the men are largely from the trades. "They could build a battleship and plumb it." They did build their Assembly Hall, with its log pergola and battlemented stone fireplace with the iron portcullis, and bookcases suggesting the same; wired the ceiling with lights in rows to make brilliant their weekly dances, and contrived writing desks which drop down for backs to the benches along the walls for those dances. They made the great tables for the magazines and the handsome large standards for the lights upon them, though their lady friends made the shades and for the dozens of overhead lights, the curtains, the bench cushions (round) and the screens to cut off the view of the heaters, all of old rose cotton crepe which makes a most artistic combination with the gray of the stain. Even the piano is gray and the benches built into the four cosy-corners. An Italian, there is an entire battery of "Italian Californians" in the 347th, has made all the paper racks and other small articles, beside the beautiful broad seats, half a great parallelogram which faces the fireplace and will accommodate twenty,—or thirty who are friends. Biagina has done work worthy his name. Everything bears the crossed cannon which distinguishes Artillery, and stationery bears the stamp of the regiment. The designer of this hall, which is near-home for the 347th, was Nathan Gordon of Headquarters Co. Each workman gave his "such" so that when the regiment left, much personality remained in the artistic place to welcome the next comers. The men contributed to a fund which paid the bus fare to and from the city for parties of young girls, chaperoned by older women, for their weekly dances.



The 347th has kept itself busy and decorated its surroundings more than most of the other units. Grass was as rare at Camp Lewis as in Cuba all through the 91st Division's occupancy, but the 347th had a green before they left. Capt. C. Z. Sutton of Headquarters Co. has taken especial interest in improvements. Private King was a landscape gardener, and Capt. Sutton's old home was of the loveliest in beautiful Pasadena so that whatever regiment falls heir to the 347th locality, will have cause for congratulation.

Another beauty of the 347th domain is the bandstand with its appropriate insignia, in the center of the fire break. This stand has been used as altar in three of the Firsts of Camp Lewis, Field Mass, Good Friday and Easter services. At the Field Mass, even quarantined men were allowed, being apart and in the open air. For the Easter service the bandstand was covered with green, an altar arranged in the center, the three chaplains of the 346th-7th-8th F. A., Fathers Nooy, Lacombe and Barron, in churchly vestments officiated, twenty-five members of St. Patrick's choir, Tacoma, sang, the 348th band played, and four men of the Field Artillery, all over six feet tall, Irish descent as you might guess from their names, James Mahoney, John Classen, James Daley and Larry Barrett, were incense bearers. Father Lacombe had charge of the impressive service and the great square was thronged with men in uniform who, scattered all over the world—and out of it—next Easter will doubtless return in mind and in spirit to that gathering.

Speaking of the four tall incense bearers reminds everybody who knows anything of the 347th of the strange friendship of the three giant sergeants of Battery B, Mahoney, Barrett and Brudigan, modern Athos, Porthos and d'Artagnan, though of the former there is no "little man" of Dumas' tale, the shortest being over six feet, the tallest six-feet-five. Off duty, one is never seen without the others, and they will not be parted. One refused a proffered appointment to an Officers Training School, because the other two were not assigned, though it meant his re-

maining among the non-commissioned. A second would not accept a much-desired opportunity to take charge of Military Police going to a port of embarkation because his friends would be left behind. In writing this book, so many, many times the thought has come, if only somebody could, and would, take it for text-book, five, ten, twenty years hence, and bring it up to date, following it, page by page, telling whether projects matured or failed, how new ideas and inventions soon became old and were superseded, which men went up and which down, lived, died; which of the names in that Depot Brigade cabinet became the great ones, even what became of these three friends and whether they kept together. Just to read what you men of the Ninety-First have written upon the blank pages, within one year, would be to gain a fascinating glimpse into life, which is real History. If "Cupid" Munson, former marriage license clerk of San Francisco, who has charge of statistics would speak out. If the "high class Sacramento Chinaman" and the "high class technician of the Supply Company" would express themselves!

And why not? Jot it all down, how you and your "bunkies" fared. Later, when censors are no more, write it to me. Who knows but there may come a sequel which, reversing precedents, shall be so much more worthwhile than this book, when, in that glorious peace you go to win, we shall sit down in fearless reunion to be happy, and rise to work with light hearts.

There are many huge men in the 347th. One soon wore out his shoes in drill over the stones and was confined to barracks till his No. 13 double E lasts could be made to order, as such sizes do not run in Uncle Sam's family even though it is a husky one, and its members gained from ten to fifteen pounds throughout this personnel,—perhaps because eleven of them are from famous restaurants, drawing up to \$150 a month, till they joined his family group at Camp Lewis.

"Battery A, be sure to say, is sure going to batter those Germans some. Why they don't need cannon, just fists, they're professional prize fighters, the whole bunch. Of



course you know Barthley of Chico, Bert Forbes, Pickles Martin"—but I didn't, not one of them. I feel my insignificance more every day. I do not even know Sergeant-Major Thomas J. Costello formerly confidential agent in the Department of Justice, San Francisco, though I don't regret that so much because his department never recovered my watch, though I furnished a perfectly good picture of the thief.

*This* was all but forgotten, "The 347th has the Best jazz band on the cantonment."

Yes, yes for the living, but there is Death too. Lee's comrades of the Machine Gun Battalion stopped to think of that the day they went as far as the little camp cemetery with him upon his long journey to that Far

Country whence no traveler returns. The band played other music now, and as the soldiers marched with arms reversed, for peace lies on ahead, out toward the range, over beyond the Remount, into the quiet woods and amid the sighing fires, there was time and space to remember.

All his Company and all their officers formed his escort. Though he had been but a private, promotion had come, and the firing salute was his. Father Dinand's words will linger with the gunners, will echo in their minds when, continent and sea beyond this quiet grave, others of them will fall amid the crash of great artillery and shrieking shells, with no music, no word of farewell, not even the earth for cover. All these had he, Lee Whelan, first to lay him down for aye within the camp, first there to be accorded Military Honors at his burial, with rites performed by the first priest assigned to this cantonment, Rev. Augustine Dinand, S. J.

The regimental chaplain, Lieut. George Lacombe, is American for several generations, though his French name means the ravine, a glacial cut in the Alps near Dijon, the family birthplace 'way back. He has Irish blood, too, as you will guess. His father's father was the first white born in San Francisco. George followed his example as late as 1886, was educated in the public schools of that city, in St. Patrick's Seminary, Menlo Park, ordained in 1910, took a post-graduate course at Stanford University the next year, and was first stationed at St. Mary's Cathedral, Menlo Park, afterward at the old Mission Dolores, the district from which most of the men of the 347th were drafted. "Why I knew them all, their families, the very saloons they frequented, the Old Mission boys." That knowledge, coupled with his keen sense of humor, is what gives Lieut. Lacombe his hold on the men. A chaplain without a sense of humor should resign, or rather should never be appointed. A test as to this qualification should be part of every candidate's examination. Father Lacombe speaks French as his mother tongue. He has been in the priesthood eight years.

But Lacombe is as well acquainted in the millionaire colony. He is the "Father George" so often mentioned



LEE WHELAN, FIRST TO BE BURIED AT CAMP LEWIS

in that delightful *Letters of Harry Butters*. He was an intimate of that family, who figured in the upbuilding of the Transvaal. He is a member of the Olympic Club and of the exclusive Family Club of San Francisco, the only clergyman ever elected to it, though, to its members, the term used is, "adopted into the Family."

As soon as We went into the war Father Lacombe applied for a chaplaincy and he insists that the happiest day of his life was the day he donned the uniform of his country and the next happiest, the day he joined his "Mission boys of the 347th at Camp Lewis, Nov. 10, 1917."

The regimental surgeon, Maj. N. M. Benyas was a prominent Portland surgeon. The other medical officers





CHAPLAIN LACOMBE AND MAJ. BUNYAS

are First Lieut., now Capt. W. A. Monroe, a Tacoma surgeon, Lieut. Parlow, of Olympia, and Lieut. Skaggs, from Tennessee. Three of the young officers of the 347th are locally known. Lieut. Corydon Wagner in-

troduced his friend, Lieut. Archibald Munro Edwards of Santa Barbara, to his sister Miss Martha, who subsequently changed her name to that of Edwards, and Miss Harriet Smith of Tacoma married Lieut. Frank S. Buckley. Both weddings occurred just before the Division left.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE 348TH HEAVY ARTILLERY.

Until this war which, oddly, though four years old, is still un-named, battles were fought in the open. At the stirring call of the bugles, flags flying before every Company, martial bands inspiring the attack, Cavalry rushed into action, sabers flashing like steel sunbeams, horses eager as riders. Followed Infantry, uniformed in blue, red, green, gleaming with brass buttons and buckles, officers gay with gold braid, conspicuous with drawn swords. All is changed. Behind wire entanglements, like rats in traps, burrowed in trenches secret and dark as the forty years' preparation of the Germans: in uniforms toned to the dun of the earth, with not so much as a shining button for fuse, officers like unto men: their swords, sung for ages, dull-hanging upon faraway walls: the bugles' throat aching with calls they may not sound: for music, only the boom of the guns and the shriek of shells, a diapason of hate, and not a flag to follow gloriously to victory, not one, save the tiny treasured colors in the pocket over a soldier's heart! The Huns have stripped War of its last vestiges of Chivalry.

Today the great guns await the signaled orders from the report of aviator scouts to open their terrific barrage upon the enemy's wire and works. By exact measurements, a line of guns forms an unbroken screen, which batters down everything before it, and behind which troops advance, machine-gunners first, to take up the fire at closer range. Then grenadiers, automatic riflemen, lastly, the body of Infantry, firing their rifles until, close to the foe, the fighting is by bayonet, hand to hand.

The 348th is the Heavy Artillery regiment of the three constituting the 166th F. A. Brigade, and is commanded



COL. BOTTOMS

by Col. Samuel F. Bottoms who has been in Artillery since his second assignment after graduation from West Point in 1897. He was Captain of Artillery Corps 1901, Major of Coast Artillery Corps 1907, Quartermaster 1912.

He served in the Spanish-American war, remaining in the Philippines nearly three years. He had charge of the selection of the Second Training Camp Officers at the Presidio and came to Camp Lewis the end of August.

Col. Bottoms is from a family established in Virginia long before the Revolution. The uncle for whom he was named was a captain of the Civil War, from Kentucky, where the Colonel was born. Late in the Spring Col. Bottoms attended the Officers School of Fire at Fort Sill. Artillery is wonderfully different in this early 20th Century from that studied at the First School of Artillery established early in the 16th Century at Venice. Louis XIV. of France started the next; England not until 1741, at Woolwich. The first in this Country was at Fortress Monroe in 1823, nearly a hundred years ago.

Col. Bottoms is another who is proud of his regiment of Westerners, the majority of whom are ranchers from Montana and Utah. Said he, "They are leaders. Owen Wister could find the counterpart of the Virginian in every squad of the 348th." When one thinks of such an encomium from a Commanding Officer, and hears similar comments upon their firing efficiency, noting the eagerness of the men to learn that they may be ready for the battlefield, there is no room for doubt as to the issue of the war, especially when one recalls the numbers of Prussian gunners actually found by victors chained to their guns. So have the Teutons turned backward two thousand years and more, to the rowers of the Roman galleys coupled to their oars, shackled to their seats. However, the sight of those gunners, chained like wild beasts by their masters, has done much for victory to the Allies. *If they would do that to their own—!*

Until motorizing is complete, the guns at Camp Lewis are horse-drawn, six horses to a cannon, harnessed, and an extra, ridden by a corporal. These animals are, of course, the care of the Artillerists. One of these is Wilfred Killham of Battery A, who last year won the title of World's Amateur Champion in contest riding at Cheyenne's Frontier Days Celebration. His very name is a battle cry.





THESE HEADED THE RODEO



The 348th boasts many horsemen, some of the famous Montana riders not snatched by the Remount, so the regiment put on the First Rodeo at Camp Lewis, a great success, in the Fall.

Watching drill with the limbers one day—a limber is the two wheels and a harnessing shaft which carries the caisson, or ammunition case for a cannon—a heavy young fellow was particularly interested and interesting. In such drill, "Every little movement has a meaning all its own," and this fellow's pleasure in his newly acquired agility was apparent. When he had dismounted, run, mounted and sat, with his arms folded, before the others, a broad grin would spread over his face and run over to ours. A youngster like that is chained to his gun by his cause. There are eighteen of these caissons to a company, two to a section under a sergeant. That smiling young fellow will be wearing chevrons by now. Stay-at-homes who follow your boys in mind, speak more French than some of you know, for so many army words are French—chevron is; it means rafters. The connection is not clear till you remember it is a heraldry term. When a man accomplished some difficult thing he "established his house" which, upon his shield, was signified by the two joined rafters of a literal roof. In the army, a man's shield is now his own good arm, and that is where his chevron is placed to show his advance.

At the battlefront, already, an auto carries ammunition as far as possible to the firing line, then caissons to the guns, where the men stay to help fire if needed or return with empty caissons to refill. I never see caissons now, or hear the soldiers singing of them in that probably oldest song in our army, and naturally a favorite in the Artillery, that I do not recall that unknown, curly headed fellow—good luck to him! Another stranger kindly wrote down the words for me as a rollicking troop sang them in passing, and signed the paper, Corp. C. C. Proctor, Battery A, 346th F. A. So you may add your thanks to mine, for you would like to sing what your boy does. None of their marching songs are classic, not even---

## THE CAISSON SONG

*Over hill, over dale, as we hit the dusty trail  
 And the caissons are rolling along,  
 In and out, hear them shout, "Counter march" or "Right  
 about,"  
 As the caissons go rolling along.*

*Chorus.*

*For it's Hi, Hi, Hee; For the Field Artiller-y;  
 Sound off your numbers loud and strong.  
 Where'er you go, you will always know  
 That the caissons are rolling along—  
 (Bellowed) Keep Them Rolling—  
 That the caissons are rolling along.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*In the storm in the night, Action left or Action Right,  
 Still the caissons go rolling along;  
 Action Front or Action Rear, prepare to mount, you can-  
 noneer,  
 As the caissons go rolling along.*

The Heavy Artillery was the heaviest investor, per capita, of all Camp Lewis units, to the second Liberty Loan.

Col. Bottoms' regimental officers were working with smoke bombs one day, computing ranges. Targets two-thousand yards, something over a mile away, showed white against a ridge. The telephone section had stretched a wire from a nearby tree to a position near the targets. A young officer with a small measure stick a few inches long would sight the target somewhat in the same way, only in a horizontal position, that an artist sizes with his brush. He would turn to the telephone box behind him and call his conclusions, range, elevation, transverse. The operator would then 'phone over to the targets and repeat the directions for target No. 5, say, and the powder

at that point would be touched off. A puff of smoke would rise, perhaps before, perhaps beyond, the indicated target, to the right or the left. If so his "shot" had failed and the officer would correct his computations and turn to the telephone to announce them. A third trial might result in a "shot" striking the target if the smoke-bomb rose before it. In the meanwhile all the other officers watched closely. Before another man directed the fire, the targets, which stood like sign boards, were shifted, so that the problem was changed for every man. There were fourteen of the smoke pots, with their attendants. The amount of powder used in these experiments is inconsiderable as compared with cannon shells, yet the mathematics involved for the officers, the same.

If you are allowed upon the Artillery Range, the varied training is most interesting to watch. Practice is best, because most difficult to compute, in the wind, which accommodatingly blows often across the prairie. Every gun fires a certain projectile at a certain elevation and certain range, like every other gun of same model and like range, and as this data is all compiled and set down upon range tables—

"Simple, isn't it? You just learn your range table as you did the multiplication table and"—

"And it's exactly like predicting what one woman will do because you are aware of what another one did under similar circumstances: it can't be *did*." That's what one means by being all balled up, and that's what Ballistics means, the science of projectiles hurled under all conditions. The range tables forget, if they ever knew, that the earth is round and revolves, and that wind ever blows, and a few other such trifles. So every firing party is designed to introduce the Artillery man to a new gun-woman, to learn her point of view, so to speak.

From Gen. Burr down, they do not talk on the Artillery Range; men do the thinking and let the cannon fire their remarks. It is serious business, gunnery, in this war, to be learned hard and fast. Most of the practice even for the Heavy Artillery regiment has been with the three-inch

guns. Thought part of the time four-point-sevens have been at camp. Problems are the same. Men have been trained in salvo firing which constitutes a barrage when set at computed distances and simultaneously fired, a fence and defense of flame, discharging great shells as accurately as a sniper's rifle its bullets, though the gunner sights at nothing alive, only at an area, and the latter picks his



THE FIRING SIGNAL

man. A gunner, second-class, wears a shell upon his sleeve for insignia, with a bar below it if he is first-class gunner, and a chief mechanic of Field Artillery has a palm under the crossed hammers. At camp it was the raised arm of the Commanding Officer which was watched. When it fell, instantaneously the guns blazed. Of the firing records one may not speak, but be it said that the 166th Field Artillery Brigade will give good account of itself in the days to come.

The Artillerists wish there were a half-tone here of the face of one of their young officers "registering bewilderment," one day on the range. Sighting a small white house in the distance, he computed an angle, and the shot did not strike within a row of apple-trees, or

rather an orchard, of the mark. Chagrined, he revised the computation which itself was divergent, with result even worse. The Battery stood and stared, until a man said, "I believe that house is moving." Absurd, agreed the others, but they went to see, and that was just what was happening. It was in the early days at camp, when several small buildings were removed from the reservation, and to his relief the Artillery-man found "it was a case of government mules, not an Artillery Jackass."

Leaving the range, it was amusing to hear the rail-lery of the red-cord-cannon-men against the blue-cord-rifles-men who had been watching, "We'll cover you, Infants. You fellows don't dare poke up your heads till we begin firing." Jokes and song help along, the 348th has plenty of both. Phil Garn's voice belongs to them, and a Colonel with a sense of humor, almost as important as logarithms. An old army man, though a young one, the Colonel saw enough fun in the first days of the camp to keep from exhaustion. The second day, new arrivals were lined up, patronizingly watched by veterans of the day before.

"Cover Off," shouted the regular army Sergeant. Now it seems that means to double lines by every other man's stepping to the rear. The recruits stared blankly till the inevitable leader, who shortly uprises from any group, removed his hat, whereupon the others followed suit, and the seasoned soldiers of yesterday guffawed at the ignorance of "those rookies."

The story recalls an incident which occurred in the early days of the camp when the negro troops were stationed there, and which threatened an ignominious death to an officer of the 348th F. A. Returning from the city, he was challenged by a sentry as dark as the night. "*Who goes there?*" He replied.

"*Who goes there?*" He replied somewhat impatiently.

"*Who goes there?*"

"What do you mean by challenging me over and over? Are you a cuckoo or a sentry?"

"A sentry, sah, an' ma ohdas am, challenge three times an' then shoot," and the gleam on a raised rifle barrel



indicated that he was about to carry out the second part of his "ohdas."

To return, as the officer did eventually to Artillery, it is marvelous what the Ordnance Department has already accomplished in supplying all the cantonments and troops abroad. Germany had been prepared for more than a generation. At first the Allies lacked both guns and munitions, so did we, yet United States Representative Medill McCormick asserts that at the battle of *Chemin Des Dames*—what a terrible road for the Ladies, even for the dauntless Scotch—so dubbed by Teutons—"at *Chemin Des Dames* there was a gun for every three or four yards of front attacked, and three artillerymen to every two infantrymen engaged." When the English fought against, instead of with, the French on the Somme, at Crecy, nearly five-hundred-seventy years before, the former boasted three small brass cannon.

One of regimental Headquarters group is always, alas and alack, the guard house. Its occupants wear blue denim, and, if not held for serious offenses, are put to work outside, always under guard of a soldier. Military Police arrest offenders and march them to another part of the camp. Why not place them in the guard house of their own company?

"Because they would be guarded by their fellows in that case, and they would not, perhaps, receive the discipline intended. Soldiers form strong friendships, it's just as well not to tax them.

Lieut. Stephen F. Barron, chaplain of the 348th, was born in San Francisco but at three years taken back to his parents' former home in Ireland where his education was begun. Returning to California, he attended Sacred Heart College and the Seminary at Menlo Park. He has been assistant pastor at Centerville and at Holy Redeemer, San Francisco. He came as chaplain to Camp Lewis in November. Beside his religious work, he organized baseball teams for the 348th, managed several dancing parties, put on a play—*Not in the Regular Army*—he has always been interested in drama, and taught English to a class of eighty Aliens in the regiment.



LIEUT. STEPHEN BARRON

An Artillery Brigade consists of three regiments of Artillery and a Trench Mortar Battery. As was shown, progressive fire from the lightest—rifle Infantry, and automatics, hand grenades and machine guns;—goes over into long-distance heavier work to Trench Mortars, Light and Heavy Artillery; in battle, reversing this order by *beginning* with demolishing by Heavy Artillery. A Trench Mortar does not in the least resemble its name, which suggests its first shape when invented near the end of the 16th Century, an inverted mortar or bell, firing a large round shell which burst when it fell. Instead, a Trench Mortar is a short gun, firing bombs instead of cartridges like a machine gun, and shooting vertically instead of horizontally. Bombs can be fired at great range. In their



CAPT. MAWDSLEY

long preparation for this war to be "forced" upon them, the Germans were supplied with great numbers of this terrible ordnance, but the Allies have rushed their manufacture, and training in their use was added to that of our National Army. The insignia for Ordnance is a bursting bomb—

"There, I told you that was not intended for a bowl of pussy willows, and you said it looked like a Japanese bronze bowl, and that the Japanese buttons and cannon bear chrysanthemums"—Well, anyway, it's a *bomb*.

Capt. Harold Pease commands the 316th Trench Mortar Battery of the 166th F. A. Brigade. As this is a new development in Ordnance, experts who had distinguished

themselves in that service in this war were detailed to assist in the training.

Capt. E. W. Mawdsley of the Manchester Regiment and Trench Mortar Battery, with his assistant instructor, Sergt. H. Lewis, was assigned to the 166th Brigade. Like all the detail, he is young, and a true-to-type fighting Briton. Surely the only unsmiling hour he ever passed here was that in which this picture was taken. He possessed a sense of humor quite American, which has doubtless pulled him through many a tight place. This was shown in a bright talk he gave before the Nurses' Association. Wounded severely, he was taken to a hospital just behind the lines and a bath ordered for him. "Thanks awfully," said I, "But I don't believe I can have one, both arms and hands are rather badly hurt. But, you know nurses, I had the bath."

"That evening I was transferred to a hospital further back. 'Give him a bath,' said the nurse. But I've just had one, said I. No go: bath number two. I was taken to a seaport to be shipped home and, awaiting the transport, the nurse, despite protests I knew to be futile, gave me bath number three, within fifteen hours. Crossing the channel, one of the men said, 'Mawdsley, lay you a sovereign we'll have another bath the minute we arrive.' That I did not take him showed my wisdom, for a fourth bath greeted us, the fourth within twenty-four hours; I *should* have taken a wager that we were the cleanest men in the empire."

Capt. Mawdsley was a great favorite and the officers of the Ninety-First had hoped for his company Over-seas, but he was ordered to Camp Fremont. Later, then, and after the peace!

## CHAPTER XVI.

THE ENGINEER CORPS—COL. JEWETT AND HIS COLUMBIA RIVER JETTYS—CAPT. POWELL AND THE TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP—ENGINEERS' WONDERFUL ACCOMPLISHMENTS—TWO ADJUTANTS—TWO DEPARTMENTS ADDED TO ENGINEER CORPS—CAPT. KEEN AND BRIDGE WORK—RIFLE-WORK AND BEAR-WALKING—FIRST ENGINEER IN GUARD HOUSE—PICKED MEN—LIEUT. BATAL—A MULE SKINNER—ENGINEER TRAIN AND DEPOT—A LITERAL RETREAT—CHAPLAIN LUTZ AND HIS NEW HOPE—GERMAN SENSIBLE.

Of an Army, that composite body formed of millions of individuals, Engineers are the spirit, the genius, the innate propelling power. They are both the "*engine*, anything used to effect a purpose," and its driver. So wonderful are their achievements that they might be those of genii were it necessary to rise above Man, created "a little lower than the angels." Only the fallen need Superman.

American Engineers were brought up on railroads whose difficulties seemed insuperable, spanning canyons, climbing mountains, bridging cataracts; upon building jettys which say to the Tide, "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther," raising a whole city-level and protecting it, the only walled city in our free Country, from the Sea itself. American Engineers have accomplished what others have abandoned in despair, witness the Panama Canal. Ingenuity—cousin-word—is a characteristic of the National mind.

What United States of America Engineers have accomplished abroad during this first year of the war is the marvel of Europe, but consider the Corps we have sent there. To begin with, honor graduates of the United





COL. JEWETT

States Military Academy, West Pointers which supply our regular army with officers, are always appointed in the order of their standing, to the Engineers. When the required number of Second-Lieutenants has been supplied

them; the next ranking graduates are attached to Artillery. Construction is so much above destruction.

When a man is Colonel of Engineers, it is safe to look up to him as one who has accomplished something for the world's betterment, though you would not be apt to learn that from him, especially, if he were Col. Henry C. Jewett. In his case, ten to one, he would, instead, show you a huge topographical map, the work of that department under him, upon which, if you were as dull as I, you would gaze admiringly but perplexedly.

Henry C. Jewett was appointed from New York to West Point, from which he was graduated in 1901. Of course he was in the Islands, among the Moros, and all that, and he was instructor at West Point in chemistry and electricity for five years from 1907. He was Major before being ordered to organize and command the 316th Engineer Corps at Camp Lewis.

Quite casually, Col. Jewett mentioned that from 1915 to 1917 he has been engaged upon construction work. Well yes, as an Englishman would say, quite so, quite so. The fact is, that in those two years he had succeeded in redeeming, constructing, completing an all but impossible work, the jettys at the mouth of the Columbia River. Even American Engineers had hitherto failed upon this project which had been begun years ago, but which could not withstand the bombardment of waves from without, and the internal terredo sappers and miners, like a city besieged by aliens and rotten with treason. One does not need to be a seaman, but only to have crossed the Columbia bar, to know something of the marvel of that accomplishment—"From 1915 till 1917? Oh, I was engaged in construction work."

One end of this jetty is two and a quarter miles long. The old one at the South, which would not withstand the terrific wave action, but *must* and *did*, is six miles long. Hearing of this, a man who had watched construction of the Eads jetty of the Mississippi, said that, after a storm, he had seen a block of concrete, two and a half by five, by a score of feet, which had been bodily lifted by the power of the waters. Rubble was used on the Columbia.

Col. Jewett looks like the man to pit himself against the forces of Nature, tall, sinewy, still, yet with the power of a magnet to attract steel to steel. That is why he gets so much out of his men, because he gives it. There is not an officer in the 316th Engineers that is not a bigger man because of association with Col. Jewett, and there is not a man in the Corps who has not felt the impulse of the organization. That is almost as great an achievement as building the Columbia jetty, giving a life-urge to hundreds of men, hundreds to "carry on."

No wonder the United States Engineers have done decades of work in a twelvemonth in France, fringing seaports with great piers and wharves, and acres of warehouses; running to them hundreds of miles of railroad to convey their American stores to the battle front; building bridges and rebuilding before the Huns have scarce finished destroying them; constructing roads whereon the Allies' millions may march rapidly to a change of base; making ready sanitary camps with sewerage and pure water supply, so that this army of ours is the first which has not lost more men by disease than by battle and wounds; designing fortifications, emplacements for artillery and roads to move it to them, trenches; camouflage to conceal them all. Shiploads of engineering machinery went with our first Engineers. Foresters are cutting trees in France and Engineers superintending building cantonments, hospitals, etc., and electric lighting for them. That verse in the Bible which was so hard to believe is easy now, "If ye have faith— ye shall say unto this mountain, be ye removed." Engineers have both faith and works, and when the 316th goes across there will be a distinct addition to both.

For the most part, the men of the 316th Engineer Corps enlisted at once, resigning good positions, some very important ones drawing large salaries, to go as private, knowing the crying need for Engineers, Civil as well as Military, and the long technical training involved. Whole Companies are college graduates.

The castle which distinguishes the Engineers is one of the oldest of Army insignia, of which, to a man, they

are very proud. This makes it particularly funny, the story an Infantry-man told. It seems a "rookie" at work in a nearby corral had not secured the insignia which should mark him, and was told he must get one at once. The next day one of the Engineer officers noticed the "mule-skinner" wearing a castle and inquired, "What are you doing with that castle? You're not an Engineer."

"Castle? *Castle*, why I thought it was a stable."

Lt. Col. A. R. Ehrnbeck, since Colonel, was in charge of the preliminary engineering work in building the cantonment, remaining until Spring. You, little school boy, grumbling over the hated map making, what would you say to one which shows every building in Camp Lewis city, down to a coalshed? If you want to belong to the Engineer Corps which is doing such wonders, you must conquer, if not love, your enemy, that map, for the United States has thousands put away for emergencies. If you were with Engineers at the Front, you would be risking your life to seek out the lay of the land, to survey it and draw maps of it that you might prepare most direct roads for the rushing army, avoiding impediments and enemy connections; discovering water supplies which your genius would secure, and lowlands which must be drained before troops come; calculating the slope for sewerage—for armies in these days do not lie down in marshes as during the Civil War they might, if the ironic order rang there, "Halt and make yourselves comfortable for the night."

"Oh, but that's different"—not a bit, maps are used in laying out camps, did you read how Col. Ehrnbeck contrived this one? Maps are used every day, trenches and fortifications are first dug and built on paper. Maps are shorthand notes for volumes of information.

Now, Small Boy and Big Boy, you will have more comprehension of the work of the Topographical Department of the Engineers Corps of the 316th under Capt. Orman Nimmons Powell, which department Col. Ehrnbeck said he considers the best of its kind in the Country. There were several camps, as at Roy, and Nisqually where, the Indians had complained, the cantonment was infringing



CAPT. POWELL.

upon their lands and the Engineers went to map and prove. This locality is like the celebrated Lake Region of Scotland and several of the little lakes had never been named. The mappers were told there must be names upon their drafts so they called them, as Indians used, from resemblances, Foot, and the like. Men at these little camps lived in tents away from the cantonment and there did the work assigned them, a copy of which remains to Camp Lewis.

Capt. Powell is from Georgia, where his family have lived in one place for generations. The first in this Country, Capt. William Powell, was killed in 1622 in an uprising; another, Col. John. P. Williams, fought in the Revolution, as did Capt. John Cowart who was one of



Lafayette's Expeditionary Force in aid of America, as Capt. Powell is of the American Expeditionary Force in aid of France, nearly two centuries later. His grandfather was Captain in the Civil War, and his father, Capt. John S. Powell, fought in Cuba and the Philippines. His family on his mother's side was represented in the Revolutionary War and down, with a Maj. Storey in Indian wars, a Maj.-Gen. Storey in the Indian and the Mexican wars, and with several, on both sides of the family, officers in the Confederacy. But, as someone has said, "Blue + Gray = Khaki." In the case of Capt. Powell of the 316th it is true. His father remained in the Philippines for years as Judge of the Supreme Court, and the son, who had been graduated from the Alabama Polytechnic in both civil and mining engineering, went there and remained for six years in government engineering work, though not in the army.

He was engaged in like work in New Mexico, through the fascinating old Pueblo and Cliffdweller region, when the United States entered the war. He wrote to Washington at once offering his services and was told to attend the Presidio Training Camp, whence he issued Captain of Engineers, coming at once to Camp Lewis, where he was made Chief of the Topographical Department. And Capt. Powell, despite his gray hair, is but thirty-one.

One phase of his work is preparing maps for the Intelligence officers from which to make out their scouting problems. Men have worked for sixteen miles around Camp Lewis and up the Nisqually with its superb canyon and wire cable cage, like that used over great gorges by the Italians in this war. The Engineers also mapped for Company and Regimental hikes and the Division Practice March. At the Front the obtaining of Military maps is one of the exciting parts of their many-sided work.

The principal thing accomplished by Capt. Powell's department, however, was that immense topographical map, twelve by sixteen feet, which was completed during the training of the 316th. This map showing "the contour of the earth upon a plane surface," resembles—the En-

gineer Corps will resent this,—one of those economical magazine patterns which have all their parts traced upon one bewildering sheet. I always respected a person who could understand that pattern, so to gain information from a topographical map seems almost as wonderful as technical surveying, reducing to scale of 400 feet to the inch, and drawing one. What can be the use of showing every five-foot rise of ground if you don't expect to fight over it, legally or otherwise? Still the Belgians did not expect to fight over their country either, and trust the Engineers for knowing their own business and energetically attending to it. Why even their mascot is named Joffre. The Engineers say they have been so busy that, except for their one handsome dance, they have not been able to enjoy the frequent socialities of some units. Probably this accounts for Joffre's uncompromising attitude toward women. He should have been named Kitchener, for, amiable to a fault with men, he is all but vicious to anything in skirt. Capt. Powell will admit that Joffre *is* amiable to a fault because his was the only door in officers' quarters which will push open, and Joffre, having discovered this, persists in bunking with the Captain, who regrets that he will not be able to take Joffre to France for a footwarmer in the trenches.

Capt. Jules E. Hanique was Adjutant of the 316th until its departure, when Capt. Powell was assigned to that office. The former was born in Paris and speaks Flemish as well as French. He was one of the board to examine men of the Division for fitness in Interpreter Service overseas.

It was through this interpreter's corps that Eugene Malfait, after wearisome waiting, obtained his chance for active service overseas. He has a terrible account to settle, beyond one man's power, but he is one man who will give his life to it. Born in Belgium, he had, when war broke out, more than eighty relatives living there, many of them prominent in official life, some in literature and art. He was a postman in Tacoma. Malfait endeavored to trace those relatives and learned that but two



remained, both in a French asylum, the mother, wife of the mayor of a Belgium town, was insane from horrors and loss, and her daughter was with her, while all the rest were either dead or prisoners in Germany. He enlisted with an ambulance Company, expecting to go at once to France. Instead, he was ordered to Camp Lewis Base Hospital, and detailed as postmaster there! This was hard, but Sergeant Malfait bided his time, and when the Interpreters' Board invited applicants, he was examined and obtained a Second-Lieutenant's commission. Now he will begin paying his debt to the Hun.

Adjutant Hanique was the only unenthusiastic Engineer. "Build a bridge," they tell us. But there is neither wood nor stone at hand. "Build that bridge!" Well, isn't that the wonderful thing about being an Engineer, contriving, doing things one way if you can't another, able to "make bricks without straw." Their accomplishments recall the assurance of a courtier to Louis XIV, "Sire"—just drop the e for equals—"if it is possible it shall be done today; if it is impossible, tomorrow."

Speaking of Adjutants recalls Adjutant Brizou, one of the French instructors assigned to the 316th as expert on bridges. Everybody asks of what organization he is Adjutant. It seems that in the French army it is not an office but a rank, and that a queer one, for he is neither a commissioned nor a non-commissioned officer, betwixt and between for honor. He is a veteran of the early days of the great war and decorated, as all the French detail, for bravery. He is of the *6 me Genie* in his own country. Their word for Engineers shows plainly the connection with genius and ingenuity. It seems odd that in this branch, the United States army should need instruction; still, this war is new to every phase of destruction, and construction must keep rapid pace with it.

Col. Jewett grouped the activities of the Engineer Corps into recognizance, bridgework, fortifications and demolition. But as if the multitudinous affairs so classified were not enough, two other departments have been added to the Engineers. Training troops in the military



ADJ. BRIZOU

use of poisonous gases has been transferred from the Medical Department to them; and a unit new to all armies has been added, the Tank. It certainly is not a classic name, and its insignia, the same, must look like a ranch tractor. They say the Britishers burst into shouts of laughter when the first ones came lumbering along, but the Germans did not join in the merriment. As usual, they made frantic attempts to capture a tank to copy and adapt. Our ordnance department has been secretly building greatly improved tanks, those terrible running forts, those landships armored and belching destruction from every port hole.

Capt. Powell's department would be included in the first, recognizance, meaning, literally, to know again. Engineers seek information and map it for use in military movements and stratagems.

Bridge work of the 316th Engineers was in charge of Capt. Leavell at the first, but he was ill all Winter and his place was taken by Lieut. Delprat Keen, who was



promoted to the Captaincy in time to take his company to France. Delprat Keen was a graduate of Stadium High School, Tacoma, so young that he was kept out of school for a year before entering Yale, from which, Sheffield, he was graduated when but twenty years old. He immediately entered upon responsible engineering positions. Feeling that the United States would soon be at war and eager to be in at the first, he joined the Coast Artillery. He was advised to enter the Presidio and did so, coming to Camp Lewis as First-Lieutenant

It was "more like it" in Spring, when men who had begun with regular Infantry drill, next constructing bridges over nearby rivers, went to American Lake and built their first pontoon bridges. First they must learn to manage the flat boats upon which the bridge is laid and some of the men had never held an oar, as, at the beginning, many had never shot a rifle. "You would never have guessed it, though," boasted Lieut. Keen, "why, after only a few days' practice, some of those fellows made 47 in 50 at 500 yards, then 45 in 50 at 600 yards, and 15 of 20 struck the bullseye."

"How big was a bullseye at that range? Oh, about front-sight size. That's some shooting, at the start. They did better, some of them. Those Enfield's are the gun."

American markmanship has been notable since pre-Revolutionary days when sniping Indians was in vogue. You remember Daniel Boone and his musket so sure that the very squirrel knew it and called out "Don't shoot. I'll come down." By the way, a lineal descendant of his, Boone's not the squirrel's, was a corporal at Camp Lewis for awhile, Clarence Boone of the 316th Engineers. Men of this West with their chance at nearby big game, would naturally lead in this, and the frequency of the badges for markmanship upon blouses shows that they do. In the Spring, each Infantry regiment had a fortnight's shooting on the range, in "second line" trenches with sandbags half way to the top and a firing step about four and a half feet down. So many of the Ninety-First are tall men that it seems they will be obliged to use a trench length-



CAPT. DELPRAT KEEN

wise. One day I saw six officers talking together at Hostess House. The shortest was six feet-two, the tallest six-feet-seven.

All Engineers have rifle practice, but only eighty-nine out of one-hundred-fifty carry arms. They are not supposed to fight men, but forces: earth, water, fire, disease, difficulties; to surmount opposing Brains rather than go Over the Top, yet they are always in danger, since even if constructing far from the battleline, what they do is always something the enemy wish undone, and they are watched. So I, for one, remember with a thrill an officer of our earliest Engineers saying simply when the battle needed a hand, "Hey, boys, we've got to get into this," and they threw down their tools and rushed into the fray.

What men dislike most is "bear-walking", back-breaking as it is to the usually tall men of our army, many of whom stand several inches above the six-foot trenches. They must stoop enough to clasp their ankles, and becoming expert in this trench walk is a matter of life and death. Lieut. Keen appreciated all this, he is three inches above the trench top himself. One day drilling his men at bear-walking he called out cheerily, "Let's all grunt and growl; we'll all be bears," and grasping his own ankles the handsome young officer led off ferociously. All were boys, or grew boys again, and with an accompaniment of noise that would have scared a Kodiak bear stiff, that company remained double longer than ever before. Delprat wasn't named Keen for nothing, Americans can do anything for fun. And that understanding and comradery, coupled with their knowledge of his ability, are what helped the young Lieutenant, in a difficult situation as acting Captain.

The company took great pride in their record of not one man in the guard house all Winter, even for the slightest infraction of discipline. In the Spring, a man overstayed his leave. Keen reprimanded him and warned him not to repeat the offense, but a fortnight later, he did. This time it was the guard house. The men were furious; all right enough for the Brigades, but *Engineers!* They all

but mobbed him, while their language was both strong and fluent. In fact they used so much, that none of them had a single word left for him for weeks. He was completely ostracized; in the vernacular, he did not belong.

One day a private came upon business to Lieut. Keen who remarked, "You look familiar, have I ever known you?"

"Well Dink, you were not in my class there, but"—

"Sheffield," ejaculated Keen at sound of his old Yale name, "what luck!" and the grip was warm. Such occurrences are common at Camp Lewis.

Lieut. Keen was associated with Adj. Brizou in bridge work,—Captain Keen now, and of Engineers, at twenty-six. In an early military exhibition at Camp Lewis, the Engineers gave an exhibition of speed and skill in bridge-building, strength of the hurried work being proved by the crossing of heavy equipment wagons.

The district officer at Portland examined recruits with reference to their fitness for special branches of the Service. Then, too, men were selected from the regiments on the cantonment when found with training, trades, or qualifications for the Engineers. Their work was intensive; line officers studied two evenings a week and non-commissioned officers, four.

A brave and distinguished man is the French officer, Lieutenant, afterward Captain, Batal, who fought in all the early terrible days of the war. Asked about the Marne, the smile dies from his face and that set look which some who fought there never lose, returns. How one wishes to be able to visualize the historic battles and the heroism in them which fastened to Lieut. Batal's uniform of horizon blue those two decorations, the War Cross and the rarer Military Medal, both of which he wears. He is the only officer in the French Detail awarded the latter, and it is significant that he also is an Engineer, of France, and was assigned to that Corps at Camp Lewis—Oh, you men of the 91st Division, you certainly have been fortunate in every way. Of them to whom much has been given, much will be required, but we of your Northwest have supreme faith in you. We shall watch you with solemn pride.



CAPT. BATAL

Lieut. Batal was instructor of the fortifications division for the 316th Engineers. Nothing to equal the scope, activity and resource necessary in the area of this war has ever taxed Engineers before, since the Great Engineer finished His Six Days' World-Work and rested upon His Sabbath. All "impregnable" fortresses and fortifications have long ago been utterly destroyed. Strongholds must now be literally places strongly *held*, principally emplacements for artillery. Lieut. Batal's experiences are invaluable to our Division. That he is a highly educated man goes without saying and he is also more—well, comrade-y, than some of the detail. When the Ninety-First went out, Capt. Batal remained at Camp Lewis and became Instructor in the Fourth Officers Training Camp there.

Capt. Harmon Bonte is of an old California family, his Grandfather the Episcopalian Bishop known throughout the State; but he himself is better known in connec-



tion with big mining operations in Utah, and important engineering work in Alaska, which he abandoned at once to enter the army. Though widely known by what he had already accomplished, Capt. Bonte, is another young man, only thirty-six, about Capt. Batal's age, one would guess.

Lieut. Carrick was in charge of excavating the dugouts of No Man's Land up on the bluff. This gives you a good idea of doorway for gas protection. I was amused



DUGOUT

at the answer of one of the young fellows, "Why no, we didn't *dig* it, the doughboys do that." Well, he will be very apt to do it in France, where our Americanism, "Dig in", has become literal.

There was a private in the 316th, who found himself a square peg in a round hole. He had been a cowpuncher, came from the Imperial Valley, and was so accustomed to riding that all he had feet for was to fasten spurs to. He was tall and lanky, and the drill, though he never complained, was hard upon him, so one day his Captain

asked if he could drive mules. "*Drive!* Why I can drive thirty teams with reins, and as many mules as I can see, with a jerk-line!" He was given the corral.

Col. Jewett is, beside Corps Commander, Division Engineer, thus in charge of the Engineer Train, which carries tools and everything needed by the Corps at the Front, although it, too, as one of the Trains, is connected with Col. Saville's Department. They overlap, as does the Ammunition Train, into Artillery, which it supplies. Engineers and Artillery are affiliated in Service. First-Lieutenant E. L. Norberg is head of the Division Engineer Train.

Col. Jewett has also general supervision over the Detachment of the 420th Engineers Depot, which, like all depots, does not belong to the Division, though the men hope to be ordered to the Front. Capt. V. C. Suckow is Commanding Officer of the twenty-three men who constitute the force, with one Lieutenant, A. J. Stern. The Captain is another big man, physically and mentally. The 91st Division is noted throughout for its tall men, but it seems as if in the Engineers all are tall.

This beautiful arch of small logs was the first built at the cantonment. It was designed and built by the depot men, who also bounded their grounds and gardens with sapling-rails, made flower boxes for all their windows, a pergola and a lattice of small boughs, which are the envy of everybody who passes. They had grass, too, and grass that first year, was scarce enough to be mentioned. Their flowers were very cheery in the Spring of 1918. The depot force also formed a Y of walks which were of gravel, not rocks, upon which they stood for Retreat.

Speaking of Retreat makes the men near there—for the Trains adjoin the depot—smile. One afternoon a woman, unused to cantonment customs, was walking past a Company drawn up to pay respect to the Colors about to be lowered. As *you* know, she should have remained standing, silent, where she was when the bugle sounded Retreat, but she came on till a Sergeant, not so courteous as his Colonel would have been, yelled "*Madam, Retreat.*"



ENGINEERS DEPOT

Startled, she began the only retreat in her ken, backing and backing, till, before the entire Company, all making believe they were not there, she abruptly sat down upon a rock pile, one white shoe in the air like a flag of truce.

A flag of truce, by the way, is *the* only article not furnished Engineers by this 420th Depot. Every tool and instrument is in charge of it and given out as needed.

The 316th Engineer Corps' Chaplain is Milton C. Lutz, born near Nuremberg, Schuylkill County, Penn. His great-grandfather, Christian Lutz, was a veteran of the Revolutionary war, who settled there, so Lutz and Nuremberg and Schuylkill do not spell Germany. Lieut. Lutz' education began in the public schools. A teacher's course in the East Stroudsburg Normal school followed, and a literary scientific course in the Bloomsburg State Literary Institute, after which he moved to Chicago and took up Theological studies. Licensed, he preached at the same time. Theology was followed under the personal instruction of Dr. A. E. Wright, founder and president of Grace Biblical Institute. Advanced work gave him the degree of D. D. While serving as pastor he took special work in the University of California and in Whitman College, Washington.

While pastor at Live Oak, California he was also Chief Probation Officer of The Juvenile Court of Sutter County, for six years. While serving as pastor at Walla Walla, Washington, he received the appointment of Chaplain, January, 1918, and was assigned to the 316th Engineers. He is a member of "The Church of the United Brethren in Christ."

Asked the peculiarities of the sect, he replied that it had none, that it was organized in Isaac Long's barn in 1757 a-purpose to teach a simplified faith, Otterbein being its first exponent. Chaplain Lutz says this church was the pioneer in fighting both slavery and liquor. The Chaplain's first name, Milton, perhaps tended him toward poetry. However that maybe, he hopes to complete a volume of verses in that blessed "After the war." A little daughter was added to his flock just as her father left for France, a child he will never have seen until that time.





"Let me see, what is *hope* in the language of the France I am starting for? What? *Esperance*? I shall ask her mother to name the baby that."

Lieut. Lutz speaks German, and, aided by Maj. Post of the 316th has organized a class for the study of that very necessary language among men who could learn so much of value to our army if when reconnoitering, they could understand the Germans they overhear, or, endangered, could answer readily in the language of the foe. Quite a number of the officers of the 316th have joined the class.

Chaplain Lutz has charge of educational work among the enlisted men, also of the Corps postoffice, beside the usual visiting the sick and conducting services.



When the 316th Engineers go to their great Service in France, their home people will follow them with pride and await them with—

ESPERANCE.

## CHAPTER XVII.

THE MILITARY POLICE—ITS C. O. COL. SAVILLE—DRINK AND GAMBLING TABOO—CAPT. THORNBERRY—LT. COL. ALLEN—AMMUNITION, SUPPLY, ENGINEER TRAINS—CHAPLAIN REXROAD—THE SANITARY TRAIN AND LT. COL. REYNOLDS—MASONIC AMBULANCE CO.—PORTLAND'S LARGE PART IN MEDICAL WAR—FIELD HOSPITALS—THE ELK'S UNIT—DENTAL INFIRMARY—MAJ. SMITH AND PHYCHIATRY—UNITED STATES FIRST DECLARE WAR UPON SYPHILIS.

Probably no other branch of the army is so little understood as that of the Military Police, two of the reasons being that much of its important work is secret, and that it is new, initiated by Americans, but adopted by our Allies across the water, almost before it had been consolidated in this country. There is now an Officers School for Military Police at Jacksonville, Florida. It polices cantonments for its contributing zone, supervises road and bus traffic for speeding and crowding, having eight motorcycles for that purpose, arrests soldiers or civilians employed at camp when absent without authority, or law-breakers; keeps a list of camp retainers and an eye upon their conduct, takes charge of prisoners and conducts them to confinement after sentence, "takes up or runs out undesirable camp followers, detects spies, finds and returns foolish young girls, polices railway stations, watches hotels, public utilities and military stores, etc."

In war, all these duties and countless others, are theirs. The Military Police also protect telegraph wires, keep roads to the front clear, watch inhabitants, prevent spying, and take charge of prisoners of war, in short, in camp and field, guard, protect, detect, arrest, keeping both High-

ways and Byways clear to Liberty, and blocking them to License.

Again have Camp Lewis and the 91st been fortunate in the Commanding Officer of this extremely important Service, Col. M. E. Saville. They owe him much more than they will ever know, and the people of the Northwest are greatly in his debt. He has been invaluable in aiding near-by cities to rid themselves of the thousands of undesirables who invariably flock about an army camp like vultures over a battlefield, for, wherever soldiers on leave go, the field of the Military Police extends. For instance, following a military order issued upon all hotels, barber-shops, restaurants, fruit stands etc. in Tacoma, for examination of their employees, it was found that some had not complied, forgetting they were dealing with the United States Army. Military Police were posted at their doors, no soldier was allowed to enter, and if within one was "right in the middle of perfectly good chocolate pie, it was beat it." A corps of them has been regularly stationed in nearby cities, with wonderful lessening of immorality and crime, for politics may, and does, often interfere in civil justice, to our shame be it acknowledged, but there is no nonsense about military trials. Many people dreaded the advent of the troops, but, under Col. Saville, Camp Lewis has been safer and cleaner than any civilian settlement of its size in the world, a broad statement, but one verified by records. They have been safeguarded from without and, as far as humanly possible, protected from themselves.

Col. Saville is a great big, keen, kindly, fun-loving, understanding sort of man. Even in the picture you will see it would be of no use to try to hoodwink him, and that "His eyes is sot;" but it is easy to see why his men swear by him instead of at him. He started out to make Camp Lewis the cleanest camp on earth, and he seems to have done it. He is an old army man of thirty years' service, born in Missouri, graduated from the U. S. Military Academy in 1893, connected with 22nd, 13th, 10th, and 14th Infantry Regiments. He served at Santiago



COL. SAVILLE

de Cuba and wears a wound chevron. He has served principally in the West, four times in Cuba and once in Alaska. He also served on the Border as a line officer, and in the Quartermaster's Department. When the 91st

Division was organized, Col. Saville was stationed in Alaska and was one of the first officers to report at Camp Lewis, being assigned to command of the Divisional Trains and Military Police. As soon as the selective draft men began to arrive, he hand-picked a number of men, organized the Military Police, and began work. At that time the underworld was attracted to the Camp in large numbers. Col. Saville soon organized the community in such a way that effective means were at hand for the prevention of vice-producing establishments and of all forms of degeneracy usually attracted to Army camps. High ideals set forth by the Commanding General were made realities and extended to near-by communities.

Thousands of prostitutes arrived—and departed, speeded by the Military Police. Several of these vampires were found to have been hired by Austrians to spread their unspeakable disease among Camp Lewis soldiers, a branch of war service distinctly Hunnish. Still, many a soldier, sworn to give his life if need be to his Country, has in this way not only deserted to the enemy but has taken his comrades with him, for Sir William Osler calls "Syphilis an easy first among infections." Such a soldier is a traitor.

Among other duties of the Military Police have been those necessary to the keeping of inhabitants loyal. These very efficient Military Police have succeeded in suppressing and driving to cover the sabotage, disloyal or seditious activities that were common in the Northwest. This work has been constructive and has required finesse and acumen to avoid the political pitfalls that have developed from time to time. Col. Saville's influence with Organized Labor Organizations, together with his active endeavor with the loyal elements throughout the Northwest, has resulted in his name being a dread to law-breakers generally. To him is largely due the cleaning out of that traitorous organization whose very name is misleading and should stand for I Won't Work. At the end of January, a well-forward plot to organize soldiers at Camp Lewis into I. W. W.'s, to frustrate war plans, was discovered, and



seven leaders were arrested by Military Police. A bright young fellow named Jack Vosburg, who had, by the way, so far played leading man's parts in moving pictures, in this plot took following man's, sleeping in the bunk house with the I. W. W.'s, where he heard a characteristic "leader" from one: "*The three most dangerous things to the workers' progress are religion, patriotism, and autocracy.*" He went on to say:

"They talk about the I. W. W. being destroyers of property. Who has more right? Did not the I. W. W. build it? I want to see the day (and I know it will come—and after that day I am content to die) when we will overthrow the capitalists and the autocracy. They arrest our speakers and stop our papers, but we have them printed and go along just the same. That is why they want to down us. Now is the time to strike for they have their hands full with this war. If we don't receive any gain ourselves, what is the use of fighting; Germans are just as good as we are. The only way is for the men to refuse to go to war. If we all get together we can prevent it."

—and the men exchanged seditious remarks which were brought against them in their trial.

During the time that Col. Saville was protecting the ban on a near-by community, it happened that one of the recalcitrants of the existing vice and seditious rings visited him at Military Police Headquarters and, glancing at a soldier in the outer office said, "That man's face is familiar, who is he?"

"My orderly," replied the Colonel, "and your chauffeur for two weeks." The visitor made a very short stay, it would hardly seem to have paid him to have come so far simply to remark about the weather and the beauties of Camp Lewis, the only topics touched upon after the silence which fell.

The Colonel is descended from the First Earl of Hastings, the French Saville who went over with William the Conqueror to England, and the men of his family have been fighting pretty much ever since, so that fighting is

in his blood. His ancestors in this country were Revolutionary, 1812, Mexican, and Civil War Veterans, prominent in the settlement of New Jersey and Northwest Territory. He married Cora Gordon in 1896. Her forebears also fought in all this country's wars, so that it was a foregone conclusion that their two sons should enter the Service. Wilson, named for an early superintendent of the United States Military Academy at West Point, finished his second year there in time to spend a few days with his father just leaving for France, and Gordon is destined for Annapolis and the Navy. So the Saville's are another All-Service family, for Mrs. Saville has devoted one entire day a week throughout the Winter to Red Cross work, conducting, in conjunction with Mrs. Seebach, wife of Major Seebach of the Trains, a large class in surgical dressings, and allowing nothing to interfere with it.

The United States is still a pioneering country, has always struck out new paths. A navy without grog would not float, other nations held; an army without liquor would be dry enough to blow up. This Country calmly ordered discontinuance of rationing, and emptying of canteens, but the spirit of the service has only gained by dropping the s, singular as that sounds. In fact, it is the principal reason why Camp Lewis had had no trouble. The Military Police have been most vigilant against that thief "which men put into their mouths to steal away their brains." It is noteworthy that when Captain, afterward Admiral, Wilkes sent out the exploring party from his ship which traversed this campsite in 1841, he anticipated this order, a strange thing in those bibulous times. He says in his "Narrative:"

*"Knowing how much time is lost on boat expeditions by the use of grog, and the accidents that are liable to occur when a strict watch cannot be kept over it, I decided not to send any spirits with the party. I am fully persuaded myself that that portion of the ration is unnecessary, but in order not to deprive any of the sailors of it who might deem it essential, I had the boats' crews called aft and found that nearly all were in the regular habit of drawing their grog. I then offered to any who*

*might wish to continue the use of that part of their ration, the option of remaining with the ship and having their places supplied by others. There was no hesitation on the part of any, who all decided to go."*

Wilkes was not alone, even in that day, in his opinions, for Dr. McLaughlin, Hudson Bay Factor at Nisqually close by, purchased the entire cargo of rum brought by the brig T. H. Perkins, that it might not be purveyed to his post, where spirits were strictly forbidden.

Gambling, another vice of former armies, is strictly tabooed now: spells courtmartial; and the Military Police have another thing to watch for. In peace times, drinking and gambling were the principal recreations of the old army. Their places have been more than filled by the constant and varied amusements supplied to the new. Results are notable. For instance, Col. Saville took several carloads of soldiers from the Pacific Coast to the Atlantic, not posting a single guard, without a suggestion of trouble or a trace of rowdyism among them. At Spokane, Chicago, and Philadelphia, they had several hours' leave. Not one took advantage of his liberty but all were present at roll-call. Think what such a journey would have meant in old days, or for that matter, contrast it with the short trip which doubtless brought some of those very men to camp last Fall, when drinking and quarreling finally nearly resulted in the death of the porter. So recalling what Col. Saville once said of the Military Police: "Others build something visible, our work is invisible," one cannot agree.

Speaking of activities which fill the soldiers' leisure, recalls the opening of the new, Y-8, used by the Military Police. Col. Saville presided over the dedication with wit and appreciation, accepting the building in behalf of his command, urging them to enjoy its pleasures and opportunities to the full, and praising the work of the Y. M. C. A. The fine musical program included several selections upon a superb harp, played by a Y-man, McBain Milne, former harp soloist of Theodore Thomas orchestra. Another harpist who has appeared several times at camp entertainments is little six-year-old Alice Dillon, daughter

of the leader of one of the Infantry bands. She plays a small harp made expressly for her.

Maj. M. Y. Croxall was until Spring in immediate charge of Military Police. He was then ordered away, expecting to go into Cavalry for which he was well fitted, having ridden much over his extensive ranches. His place was taken by Maj. Read. Lieut. Sidney Foulston, who is in command of Military Police kept in Tacoma, also an efficient officer, was promoted before the Division went out. In fact, as Col. Saville says, they are hand-picked men, and he is proud of them and their record. They have the courtesy of the educated, which the majority of them are. They wear a broad band upon one arm with the blue letters M. P. upon it.

Two Military Police officers, Lieutenants W. P. Gillogly and H. N. Schindler, began a six weeks' course of instruction to young women and girls at Tacoma Stadium in military training under auspices of the Patriotic League, when pleasant weather came. Women are called upon for so many unaccustomed activities these strenuous times that such instruction is of great value.

A sergeant of Military Police whose home is in Tacoma where he was born, Crete Chezum, while at camp, made a suggestion which will likely be taken up: that a tract of a thousand or more acres adjacent to every cantonment be devoted to Universities, shops, gardens and ground for the training of trades suitable to maimed soldiers, who, returning from war, find themselves unfitted for their former occupations. Concentration of such service would benefit the Army.

The Ninety-first has been most fortunate throughout in its content with its individual unit and officers and men. I am tempted to say that is particularly true of the Military Police. The hours are very irregular, necessarily, as in no other branch of the service, and a man may lose much sleep night after night in exigencies, but the men evidently would have it no otherwise. All they resent is that "Some people think we have a safe job. Don't you believe it. We are drilled both as Infantry and Cavalry, but are armed only

with pistols, and are special targets for attacks at the Front. As for our Intelligence department"—he stopped abruptly, adding only, "Do you know we have a corps of men who speak every language but Timbuctoo? Col. Saville has put in a requisition for the first Timbuctoon to enter the Depot Brigade, and he always gets what he starts for."

Speaking of Intelligence, there is now attached to the Military Police a man who until Spring was Instructor of Jui-jitsu in the Divisional School of Intelligence, Capt. Risher Thornberry, the First and Only foreigner to obtain a diploma from the Japanese government for the practice of its national "Gentle Art of Self Control," which gentle art can cause instant death, if need press, with no other weapon than hands and body. The Japanese samurai, nobility, could defile their swords upon no man not equal or superior. The Ninety-First was again most fortunate in securing a master of the difficult system, a man who was chosen to teach Jui-jitsu to the Japanese themselves. Curiously, and wisely, they will not issue a diploma to a student who has but proved himself proficient, he must teach others, for a set period, successfully. It is something, then, to be instructed by a man who holds that curious scroll. Capt. Thornberry published a series of illustrated books upon Jui-jitsu several years ago.

"The principle of the system is simple, that of the lever," he explains. That may seem simple to him and clear to you, but to me there are still several points unilluminated about this "wrestling kit which no soldier should be without."

Capt. Thornberry's life would furnish plots for plays, for books of travel, war, adventure, for mystery stories that would chain Conan Doyle to his desk—that is, it would if he ever spoke. Von Moltke was said to have been silent in seven languages; Thornberry has been silent in seventy crying adventures. Perhaps it's because he's a Quaker, from a family who came to this country in times of persecution for the peace and quiet denied them even there.

In the big still frame you can see immense strength, but no hint, nor in the almost expressionless face, of





CAPT. THORNBERRY

agility sudden as lightning. As for anything exciting, you would think his whole life presaged by his graduation from Hiram Medical College, Ohio. He spent a few months in Florida camps and went to Cuba during the Spanish-American war. He was surgeon aboard the Hospital Ship Relief for two and a half years, went through the Boxer-Rebellion and the Russo-Japanese war, entered the Y. M. C. A. work in 1902 at Nagasaki, having done naval work in the Philippines. Nagasaki is the great coaling station of Japan. Here the Floating Society occupied the only clean building in the city and boasted the only soda water fountain in Japan, and "the fizz was twenty-five cents a glass." He was a U. S. marshal under Consul-General Fowler for a year.

What follows, and hint of his dramatic adventures, was told by a close friend, who is responsible when the Captain reads this.

It was in 1902 that there began that series of covert attacks and marvelous escapes which would read like the "continued-in-our-next" episodes of a dime novel should they ever get into print. Richard Harding Davis is one of those who attempted to learn of them. They began with his going ashore from his ship to treat a desperately ill *mestizo*, (Chinese and Filipino) a beautiful young girl. With him was another doctor who had called him for consultation, and a much-loved prominent American citizen who had asked the physicians to come to her. Disinfecting his hands, Dr. Thornberry pushed up his sleeves and thereby disclosed a mark tattooed upon his arms—nonsense in company of some friends long before. It was the skull and serpents, sign of his healing calling. Years thereafter, he learned that it was also the sign of a terrible Oriental society, similiar to the Black Hand. It was seen by the sick girl whose brother was of an opposing cult, and she was commanded to kill the man of mercy who bore it, also the two with him, who might be implicated. She therefore poisoned them with one of the fearful secret potions known in the East. The other two died in frightful torments. Dr. Thornberry, with an iron constitution, survived, but for years suffered periodical returns of intense agony, under which he would eventually have succumbed, for 'tis said the poison never fails, had it not been for Jui-jitsu. He was told by Orientalists that tapping near the spine, or the constant violent exercise of wrestling, might eradicate the subtle poison. He chose the latter and began Jui-jitsu. He took hourly lessons in the most violent forms known. After a time the poison exuded from the skin in tiny drops from knees to ankles, and finally he entirely recovered; but for thirteen years, he was relentlessly pursued, from one country to another, and his life attempted in every form. A charm foiled every hoodoo, it would seem, for he was never even hurt. Toward the end of that time he received a number of

anonymous letters warning him of attempts to be made, and finally, three or four years ago only, a letter reached him saying that he was never to be molested again, that it had been found he had no affiliation with the hated bund. This is not the place for all the dramatic story, the many incidents of which are almost unbelievable.

He has lived in Mexico through all its revolutions since Madero. Did you ever read "Real Soldiers of Fortune? One of them was Maj. Burnham, hero of the Boer war, a relative of John Hays Hammond who put him in charge of his 600,000-acre concession in Sonora. There Capt. Thornberry and his little family lived for three years, and he was in entire charge of the protection of the Americans of the district and of their movement and rendezvous, should flight become advisable. This was from 1909 to 1912. During this time he was closely associated with Maj. Burnham, one of the wonder scouts and intelligence men of the world. Capt. Thornberry is invaluable to our service. His war record as surgeon was long, but he wished to go into the fighting Army, entered the Presidio, and was graduated from the First Training School as Captain. He now heads a company of Military Police and will go with them to France for another war. And a Quaker!

Of course Military Police have also the care of their horses, and they are well mounted. Headquarters Troop Guarding Headquarters in war, and in peace employed principally as orderlies, belongs also to the Trains. Capt. Coakley is its Commanding Officer.

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Lieutenant-Colonel Allen Smith, Jr., Commanding Officer of the 316th Ammunition Trains, comes from a fighting family, one of whom was an officer with Washington. His Grandfather was Maj.-Gen. C. F. Smith who was in command of a Division at Fort Donelson and of whom Gen. Grant in his Memoirs says, "*It is probable that the general opinion was that Smith's long services in the army, and distinguished deeds rendered him the more proper*

*person for such command. Indeed I was rather inclined to this opinion myself at that time, and would have served as faithfully under Smith as he had done under me."*



MOTOR TRUCK

Gen. Smith had been distinguished all through the Mexican War, at Cerro Gordo, San Antonio, the Storming of Chapultepec, commanding a storming party at—but this is not a record of today. He was graduated nearly a hundred years ago from West Point and he died soon after his gallant charge on the Heights of Donelson. Grant wrote: "*His death was a severe loss to our western army. His personal courage was unquestioned, his judgment and professional acquirements were unsurpassed, and he had the confidence of those he commanded as well as of those over him.*"



LT. COL. ALLEN SMITH

This, too, was told by the Civil War veteran, who fought at Donelson. The quotations are from Gen. Grant's autobiography, and speak as clearly of the generosity of the one, as of the capacity of the other.

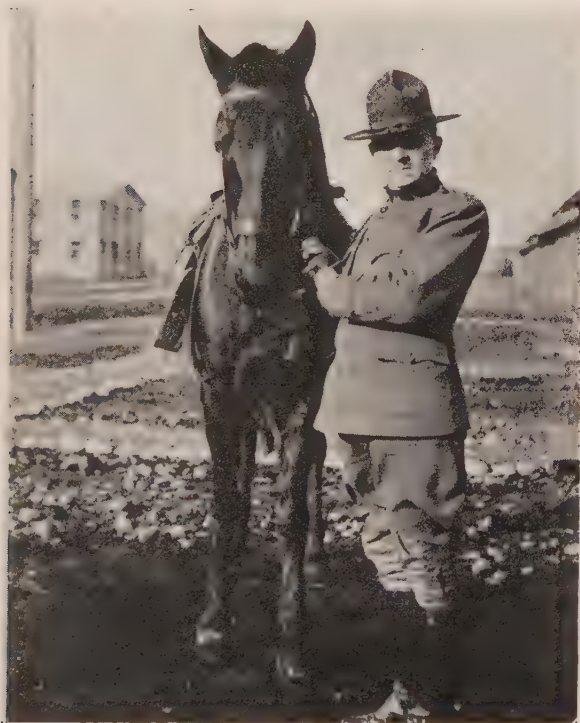
Lt. Col. Smith's father was a midshipman in the Civil War, and was retired as Brigadier-General. He himself



enlisted in the First Washington and was appointed Second-Lieutenant in the Spanish American war. He fought in over thirty engagements, says a friend, without, a scratch. He was in the China Relief Expedition, and in the Philippine Insurrection was Major of Scouts; was in the Islands for six years. He served on the Mexican Border at Douglas, Yuma and Ogallas, coming as Lieutenant-Colonel to Camp Lewis August 25, in charge of the 316th Ammunition Train. This Train, like the others, is under general control of Col. Saville, but also belongs to the Artillery arm of service. Enlisted men wear the T which shows the former, and a red-and-blue hatcord. Its great steel motor trucks carry ammunition of all kinds, transport the small arms and even one three-inch gun for each battalion, machine guns, caisson, shells and the like. They bring such ammunition from the depot of supplies at the rear, to a distributing base near the front, where the combat trains attached to the various units pick it up to take where needed upon the firing line. There are supposed to be thirty-six motors to each of the four companies. There are also mule-drawn wagons and caissons. Of course animals are occasionally used, but in this war, more and more, it is the motor. The men of the Ammunition Train are largely specialists, assigned because of their knowledge of motors which they must know like the alphabet, and be able to repair. They undergo some drilling as artillery battery. Many of the men are from the large auto factories.

Another officer of Spanish-American service is Major Norris J. Shupe, in command of the motor battalion of the 316th Ammunition, who attended the first Officers Training Camp at the Presidio, formerly a lawyer of Chicago, but whose home is in Pasadena. The Major is a fine horseman, but, under breath, his daughter Phyllis is better. Officers of these trains ride horses at camp but at the front will travel in autos. Major Weir of the Mounted Train will be glad of this. The Lord did not Hooverize when He made the Major, and a Trains tradition will recall the big man on the little mare the day of a long hike.

True to her sex, the mare bore a good deal, and long, in both senses, but, finally concluding that the imposition would go on, deliberately lay down on her job, as one aptly put it. She did not kick, just quit. The Major said a number of things, doubtless justified from his point of view, but the mare kept an ominous silence; actions speak louder than words. She lay there in the road, stubbornly



MAJ. MORRIS J. SHUPE

refusing to rise, and listened quietly to the Major, who, with eloquence which both surprised and charmed, with plenty of local color—mostly lurid red—and dashes of humor, though he himself appeared to be unconscious of these, he exhausted the subject.

Just before the Trains went out, Maj. Gen. William Kobbe, U. S. A. retired, and Mrs. Kobbe of Pasadena came to Camp Lewis for a farewell visit to their son, Capt. Eric Kobbe, of the 316th Ammunition. Another son, Maj. Herman at Camp Fremont, and a third, Col. F. W. in France, are of the regular army. The other two sons, Captains William H. and Eric, attended Officers Training Camps. The former recently lost a hand in a premature grenade explosion, yet he and the others hope he will be retained in active service. All this might be expected from a family with the father's record. He enlisted as a private in New York Militia in 1862 and was a First-lieutenant by the next year. He fought throughout the Civil War, then entered the regular army as Second-Lieutenant, fortunate in being demoted but one rank, for in the sudden decreasing of the army, when only distinguished officers could be retained at all, there were scores of necessary cutting demotions. There was General Rousseau, who became a Lieutenant in the 7th Cavalry, but was always called General.

Maj.-Gen. Kobbe fought in the Philippines as Major, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Brigadier-General, and was Department Commander of Mindanao and Jolo. Having acquired the habit of being brevetted for bravery during the Civil War, he kept it up in the Islands. All this made it more of a joke upon Capt. Eric Kobbe, his being thrown from his horse in manoeuvres one day, even if his leg was broken. Now in the regular army the forfeit for being thrown has immemorially been champagne all round for jeering brother officers: it is the only thing that shuts their mouths. As Washington is dry—at least as to liquor—the occasion was robbed of even this sparkle. It was bottled, but as a beverage, Oh! The Trains officers combine in hoping that if Capt. Kobbe is *fated* to break the other leg, he will not fall until their arrival in France, where champagne will partly console them for his misfortune.

As the Trains were needed, they were, with the Artillery, the last of the 91st Division to leave for France the end of June, 1918. The Ammunition Train celebrated by

a beautiful party in their Assembly Hall on the very last Saturday night. The invitations were general, everybody made welcome. Sergeant Whyler had charge of the decorations, and as he was interior decorator for Douglas Fairbanks, they were beautiful and unique. In the center of the ceiling hung five large flags of the Allied countries which at a signal during the dance, fell, scattering dozens of toy balloons of every color attached to corsage bouquets of sweet peas and maiden-hair ferns for the ladies. The company insignia accompanied each, for a keepsake. A supper, carrying out the decorations in pink and green, completed an evening in which song and dance had combined to enliven a farewell to all the pleasures of camp life. Now, it was France and fight.

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The 316th Supply Train is commanded by Maj. Oscar Seebach who entered the Spanish American war with the 13th Minnesota Volunteer Infantry. He was in the battle of Manila and in August 1898 was shot through both lungs. He was brevetted Major at that time when he commanded a battalion under Gen. Lawton. He spent ten weeks in a hospital recovering from his wounds. For fifteen years afterward he served in the National Guard of Minnesota. His home is at Red Wing, that state.

There are 192 auto trucks in the 316th Supply Train, and six companies of seventy-five, with two officers to a company. The motor trucks take the place of the old mule-drawn supply wagons. For five months the men are drilled as infantry. They understand motor cars better than their own bodies. Some of the men needed are not yet drafted for this important service and may be asked to be inducted with this Train, which brings rations, equipment, forage for animals of the Trains etc., from the base of supplies to the troops, as the Ammunition Train does gun food. The Supply Train also holds reserves of cattle and horses to be killed or harnessed as required. The Supply Trains do not, of course, fight unless attacked, but are trained to defend themselves and the Army necessities they carry.

Maj. Seebach filled a new role when he gave away the bride in the second military wedding at Camp Lewis, Miss Agnes Johnston, to Lieut. Wilmer Brinton, childhood friends in Butte, Montana. The chaplain of the 316th Train, an old friend of both, performed the ceremony in Y-8 which was prettily decorated. The groom's company furnished music. All the officers of the companies commanded by Maj. Seebach were in the wedding party and every man of the Train was on hand to do honor to the occasion. The mess hall had also been decorated by the men themselves and a banquet was served to the battalion and guests. Many a time in the trenches in France you of the Supply Train will remember all the good fellowship of that wedding, will you not? and the fact that every one of Lieut. Brinton's company gathered flowers upon a hike the day before towards the mess hall decorations.

Also under command of Col. Saville of the Military Police, by reason of their activities at and near the Front in keeping roads open for them, is the Division Engineer Train which supplies its corps with everything needed by them in building, operating and repairing railway, road, bridges, entrenchments, in fact all operations of this great branch of the army. There are heavy tools and appliances, explosives, animals and vehicles, and the men in charge of them all. The systematizing of all co-ordinating branches has had great effect upon efficiency.

Military Police and Trains insist that they have just the chaplain they want in C. A. Rexroad. He is burly and jolly and strong, and can ride and swim and wrestle with the best of them—and the worst of them, equally. He was born in West Virginia but brought up in Christian county, and Christian fashion, in Missouri. His father was a blacksmith, and the chaplain considers himself a first class horseshoer. He worked his way through college, starting with two dollars and a half in his pocket and a scant ten dollars' worth of clothes, yet he won the oration medal in his third year. This was at Scarritt, where he took a M. A. degree. At college he played end, right guard and right tackle, pitched baseball semesters, and hay stacks, summers. After graduation and ordination he went into





CHAPLAIN C. A. REXROAD

the service of body, mind and soul, that is, he conducted athletics, taught school, and pastored a church, all at once. In one Oregon town, he was superintendent of schools, in the bargain. He taught religion and history and Latin and athletics. He believes in a stalwart faith in a sturdy body, plenty of laughing and living and loving. At Milton, Oregon, he was Athletic Director and sub-teacher in Columbia College Jr., and pastor of a church. At Corvallis, he was also a member of the Advisory Board of the Y. M. C. A., at Oregon Agricultural College. At Butte—he is no rolling stone but a Methodist, which accounts for his many moves—at Butte he actually remained five years. He was president of the Sunday School Baseball and Athletic Association which won the medal for Silver Bow County.

The radio wrist watch which he wears was their gift. For three years he was also manager of the Lyceum course. Two summers he was superintendent and morning lecturer of a Chautauqua. He can ride any horse he can shoe, and not climb off "to rest his horse" as one of the young Lieutenants said he did, to Col. Saville's great amusement.

When Ritchie gave boxing lessons at the Y's, Lieut. Rexroad immediately "signed up, just as well to do a thing scientifically." The funniest thing that ever happened at Camp Lewis was the boxing bout which ensued between him and Chaplain Lutz of the 316th Engineers. They put on wrestling togs in approved fashion—what would his Methodist forebears have said to this, even in a layman, and in a clergyman! At any rate the Y was packed to the doors, soldiers perched in the roof girders and in the windows. The second round was lengthened for pure enjoyment of the scene. Chaplain Rexroad received one black eye—there is no King-road to pugilism, but the other "drew a pair, and besides." The winner was presented with a very beautiful shower bouquet consisting of a large flat cabbage, hung with tiny carrots, tomatoes and parsnips upon narrow ribbons. Lieut. Rexroad chuckles even yet over his victory and that shower bouquet.

But when Chaplain Rexroad speaks, the men go to hear. For the First time at Camp Lewis, he had the buglers sound Church Call one Sunday morning. The soldiers had never heard it and when three buglers before Y-8 trumpeted, the startled Companies rushed over to see what was the matter. The regulars or the navy would have recognized:

*"Go to church if you care,  
Do the right if you dare.  
Some folks go to sing and pray  
Others to hear the Preacher's say:  
Many, for they were raised that way,  
Go, all are welcome there."*

The Military Police and the Trains hear it every Sunday now.

## THE SANITARY TRAIN

The term Sanitary Train is misleading to a civilian. The word sanitary, pertaining to health, they know of course; but is this branch of the Service, something like 250 medical officers and 1300 enlisted men, a huge camp Health Department? It is not. It is First Aid to the Injured at the Battlefront and goes with the Division. Of it are four Ambulance Companies, trained to remove the wounded from the battlefield to the four Field Hospitals which complete the Sanitary Train, and which are set up at the Front, where they are enabled to care for at least 200 patients *an hour* during a combat. Surgeons and others assigned to this department must be, it goes without saying, experts, and especially trained to speed. Every Field Hospital is equipped with tents and bedding to care for 216 patients. Of course bandages, disinfectants, anaesthetics, etc., are brought with the Train.

In addition to the Sanitary Train, there are about 200 medical officers with the enlisted medical detachments throughout the Division who are being trained for overseas service and who, in the Infirmarys attached to various units, care for minor ailments among the sick at camp. All of these officers and men are not only capable of performing surgical and medical duty, but are trained to a working knowledge of the fighting organizations.

Because "conscientious objectors" to war have been allowed to enter Sanitary Trains, do not fancy they are among the safe. The fact is that aviators, at first considered the most endangered, rank fourth in casualties, and ambulance men first. When it is remembered that the large majority of ambulance men, aware of this fact, are volunteers to that corps, it is plain that any "cissy" of your acquaintance is not apt to belong to a Company, and if any "objector" does, it is more than probable that it really is a matter of conscience, that he would rather give his own life than take an enemy's. For these men, unarmed, go upon the battlefield with their stretchers, carrying the wounded to the Field Hospitals close by,



where immediate treatment saves thousands of lives; in fact this almost instant attention has reduced death percentage among the wounded to a heartening extent. Ambulances then take the sufferers further to the rear to

Base Hospitals. As the Huns specialize in wounded, hospitals, Red Cross workers, women and children, their airplanes and snipers take heavy toll of these passersby and of the brave men who go forth in quiet mercy, not in frenzied pursuit, to save, not to kill, knowing full well that of ten who start upon their errand, six will not return.

The Sanitary Train, though at Camp Lewis apart from all other Trains in location, extending as it suitably does along the Base Hospital, has no connection with that immobile hospital, but is part of the command of Col. Saville of Military Police. The reason will be readily seen, as this whole Train goes abroad and the Military Police guard roads and keep them clear to the battlefront. The Sanitary Train is also under the general jurisdiction of the Division Surgeon.

In immediate charge of the eight companies of the Sanitary Train, at its Headquarters, is Lt. Col. Harry B. Reynolds. He was a prominent physician at Palo Alto, California, was graduated from the Officers Training School at Fort Riley as Captain in June 1917, was in charge of mustering in the National Guard of North Dakota, came to Camp Lewis late in August. He is an enthusiast over his men, and if you half smile, remembering how many officers at Camp Lewis have "the best," he reminds you that his are chiefly volunteers to a 'specially hazardous service and, moreover, principally college men who resigned important positions to enlist as privates. Take the Ambulance companies: the 361st, Captain John Kuykendall, came as a body from the University of Oregon; the 362nd trained at Fort Riley, Kansas, one of the three camps for medical men; the 363rd is entirely composed of volunteers organized in Portland; the 364th, officers and men, are all Master-Masons from lodges around San Francisco Bay and Oakland. It does seem that he has good ground for his boast.

Col. Reynolds is one of those men who always drops something interesting into even a casual conversation. He explained that all organizations numbered below 100



belong to the Regular Army, those *in* the 100's to the general army; the 200's are National Guard, and the 300's National Army. There are sixteen Divisional cantonments in the country, Camp Lewis is number 16, so the trains are 316. The companies are four, four times sixteen is 64, back to the sixty-first, on the same principle of the numbering of city blocks.

Speaking of the 364th Ambulance Company, it is the only war organization in the country of which every one, of the 124, is a Master-Mason. Around the tables of the Masonic Club, San Francisco, the idea was broached when this country entered the war. John L. McNab, H. G. Squier and Clayton Elliott took up the plan. Before the First of July, the required five officers and 119 men had signed for the duration of the war. From then the company was continually entertained, and at the end of July a farewell reception was given them at the San Francisco Civic Auditorium where their colors were presented to the Company. A few days later they donned their uniforms. August 4, under its Commanding Officer, Captain Cadwallader, the Corps met as a body for the first time, in front of the Masonic Temple on Van Ness avenue; was formed in a column of fours, and marched to the City Hall, where it was addressed by Mayor Rolph of San Francisco and presented by him with a guidon; thence down Market street, preceded by several Masonic bands and followed by hosts of relatives and friends, to the Ferry Building.

They were the first of the Ambulance Companies to arrive and they camped in tents for two weeks at Camp Lewis. These Masonic Brothers are like brothers with a small b. Every one of them wears a heavy, broad, square-edged gold ring, with *Ambulance* in blue enamel at the top, and name and date engraved behind it. The masonic grip within that company, 364th Ambulance U. S. N. A., will be hard to break. Said one of them, "There will have to be more than one page in that book about—'here their names I write, these were my pals,' for everyone of us will have to inscribe all the 123 others. We're all pals

in this Company—better still—Yes! have each sign his name.” Capt. Bert L. Doane is now their commander.

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There are four field Hospitals, commanded by Major Stanley Berry, one for each Brigade. Upon the Battle-front, it is established close to its organization, that the wounded need be carried no farther than necessary. The 361st Field boasts of eighty-five percent volunteers. The 362nd attends to casualties at Camp Lewis. According to First-sergeant R. D. Wallis, who brought one hundred seventy-five of them from Fort Riley, twenty were assigned from the regulars and thirty-five from the Reserve Corps at Portland, so that, as he says, their company “is the best, with the pickings of all three branches of the Service.” It is the only animal-drawn Field Hospital at camp. Sergeant Wallis, who gave the picture, hopes it will show all the faces of “the best bunch in camp” but I hae my doots—about showing the faces, not about the best. They are all so good that it’s a case of liking best the kind of fruit you eat last. They have some good animals in the company and Capt. G. H. Richardson was to have ridden in the Remount Rodeo but was ill.

The 363rd, under Major Sellwood, was recruited in Portland; so was the 364th, which boasts of being First of Sanitary Trains to reach Camp Lewis, July 14, 1917, enlisted under Major Strohm, now assistant to the Division Surgeon. Maj. Archie Dowdall is Division Ambulance Commander. Several of the 364th have obtained commissions.

They are a fairly busy branch, these Field Hospital men, who are not named, it may be needless to remark after the Division Surgeon, but because they are mobile, take the field, while the Base Hospital remains. They train with Infantry, though in the Field they wear pistols only. They are instructed in the care of sick and wounded, administer anaesthetics, attend lectures upon physiology, bacteriology, and every branch of medicine. They serve as assistant surgeons, nurses, and chauffeurs of the twelve motor trucks, so that the entire Sanitary

Train serves between the lines of action and the zone of advance. As one of its members boasted, "Our Train clears roads of communication before ever the Military Police take them over. In Field service we even wear the Red Cross that the Hun may know we're the birds he wants to snipe, like a fencer wearing a red badge over the heart. Talk about Medics! Do you know we won the silver football? Never lost a game in the Division. Medics! How about the Division Champion undefeated, heavy-weight pugilist, or the World's Champion hurdler, both our men? How about George Cunna, the swimmer, of the 362nd Ambulance? Have you heard Sergt. Perry of the 364th Ambulance sing?" He would have been boasting yet, had not Recall sounded. Then had you passed the corral and sheds on the way, wagons, horses, trucks, ambulances, motorcycles, all parts of the organization, you would be inclined to believe with him that the 316th Sanitary Train "is a whole thing, I'm telling you."

Five of its eight companies are from "Portland, the home of medical patriots," as Lieut. Lacombe, chaplain of the 347th Artillery, expressed it. It isn't safe to be "indisposed" in Portland nowadays, there cannot be a physician left in its borders. Why, there is Base Hospital 46, University of Oregon and Elks, one of the first units to be recruited, last July, and only mobilized the end of March, awaiting orders to prepare for France all that time. A committee of four from Portland Lodge B. P. O. E. No. 142 came to present the colors. Monroe Goldstein, attorney from Portland, made the presentation speech, referring to the million dollar fund of the Grand Lodge raised for war purposes. The equipment of the hospital cost \$60,000. C. M. Ringler, exalted ruler of the Portland Lodge formally gave over the standard, which was accepted by Lt. Col. Davis of Hospital 46. George L. Baker, Mayor of Portland, and several of the council also visited the unit which underwent intensive training at Camp Lewis. Addressing, them, he said:

*"Remember, boys, Oregon is as proud of you as you are of Oregon. Remember wherever you go, the people of*

*your home state are with you 100 per cent. Some of us are too old to go with you, but you can rest assured that we will back you up in the good work you are doing. The whole country is with you and I want you to feel especially proud of your home town."*

This unit is not only a Portland; but quite a family one. There are said to be as many relatives in it as in a Maine village, including four brothers, Nelson's—and the organization is not from Salt Lake, Utah, remember, but Portland, Oregon.

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Counted with the Sanitary Trains, now, is the new Dental Infirmary on the other side of the parade ground where, in a large, two story building, are installed the finest of dental chairs and full electric equipment, sanitary in white enamel, with gleaming instruments enough to strike terror to the heart. The best enlisted dentists or, as they call them at camp, dental surgeons, to the number of thirty-six, treat the teeth of 120 enlisted men daily. Every man in the Division must have his teeth examined every month and the slightest cavity is filled at once, free. This is one great Compensation: a Nation addicted to inordinate quantities of sweets and salt, eating little tough, jaw-exercising food, and many people, especially in country districts, neglecting tooth care and repair, we were fast approaching a toothless future. More men have been refused admittance to the army because of their teeth than for any other reason. This emphasizes their importance.

There is a well-equipped laboratory in which eight, even ten sets of plates a day are made by two experts, while so large a stock of teeth is carried, that any man's may be matched in size and color. These, too, are free, and plates are carefully fitted. Everything except gold is free. If only I had some of the money in my pocket that I have in my mouth, I could own a six-cylinder, and even afford to run it.

An officer is in charge at the infirmary every hour of the twenty-four, ready to leap at a jumping toothache and kill a nerve as he would a Hun. It is the most up-to-date

dental establishment on the coast, even the instruments are electrically sterilized, and the box opens at the touch of a foot upon a spring in the floor. It was thought this dentists' office of twenty-three chairs would serve the whole Division, for dental surgery cases are treated at the Base Hospital; but another even larger will probably be built at the other side of the cantonment. This infirmary is on the South side next the 44th Infantry. It was not opened until May and the long room is filled with waiting patients from morning till night. Just think in how much better physical condition those troops will leave camp, compared with themselves, when they came! The Ninety-First will add this work to its other reasons for smiling countenances. Dentists will accompany the army overseas, taking full field dental equipment. The insignia of army dentists is the same as the medics' except that the serpents of the Caduceus have D upon them. Many a man, and may yours be among them, will return from the war unscathed, in better health and repair, better educated, traveled, self-controlled, than ever before in his life.

\* \* \* \* \*

Attached to the Field Hospital section of the 316th Sanitary Trains, but with his office at Division Headquarters to be near the Judge-Advocate, with whom his work co-ordinates, and the Division Surgeon, under whose department he serves—First in the United States to be appointed to a strange and telling work in our army, or any other, is Major Robert P. Smith, Neuro-Psychiatrist—Whew! Yet so deeply am I interested in newly acquired information pertaining to the mysterious department, that I can pronounce it quite casually si, ki, with the accent on the ki, a-trist. The word means mind-healer, though the department means that, backwards. The science of it is not new, though the practical applications to army life and courtroom are; and though Major, formerly Doctor Smith, for many years specialized in diseases of nerves in his Southern home and for several years in Seattle, has developed its researches to practical value, he insists that Judge-Advocate Strong deserves all credit for intro-



ducing it into the service. And that is a genuine achievement for, as Major Smith puts it, Psychiatry is an intermediate between law and medicine. To me it seems a wonderful hyphen between Judge Advocate, providing new voices to plead before judgment. Psychiatry is a mental X-Ray medicine, Orthopedy of morals. For instance, there is the young officer who goes into fits of rage over trifles, or nothing, the private who tells the wildest stories of his marvelous exploits, the athlete who believes he has lost the use of his arm, all who have a kink in their brains, instead of in their spines: mental and moral misfits. These in many phases have come before the Psychiatric department to about the number of 2,500, a very small percentage of the 50,000 men who have entered Camp Lewis, and only about 700 of them have been rejected. Some have been returned to civil life where they are capable of earning a livelihood, perhaps, without ever doing any harm, but who would endanger those about them in a crisis. Some have been found insane and returned to their States to be confined. Many have been cured by the specialists with which Major Smith is associated.

Of the former was the curious case of a private in one of the Trains. He came in the early days of the camp and, though often quoted for his queer sayings, held his own until his empty bed was discovered one night in barracks. He appeared for assembly in the morning and it was found he had slept in another barracks. Questioned, he replied casually that he just thought he'd see if his pals would miss him enough to look him up. Asked how long he had been in the army, he replied, "twenty years," and that he was Top Sergeant. Asked where he had been stationed before coming to Camp Lewis, he answered promptly, "at Fort Steilacoom." He was taken to the Psychiatrist and, after examination, returned to the asylum from which he had escaped in the Fall. He had changed his name, entered the army, and been but a few miles, for months, from those who searched for him.

Had it accomplished no more than at Camp Lewis, the Psychiatric Department would have vindicated its estab-



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lishment in ridding the Division of the unfit, but overseas it has already proved invaluable. Captain Calhoon, formerly in charge of the State insane asylum at Steilacoom, has charge of the clinic for mental and nervous diseases.

There is less malingering in this part of the hospital than in any other, as you will agree when you remember that a soldier who succeeds in fooling his examiners stands a good chance of confinement in an insane asylum. Major Smith chuckles over one exception, a man who had formerly enlisted in the regular army for the customary three years. He decided that if he was considered feeble minded he would fare better and he apparently lay awake nights to think up new schemes. Being a particularly acute man, much brighter than his commander likely, adds



NCE UNIT

Major Smith, that three years was a delightful joke. Well, he was caught in the first draft and began the feeble-minded play at Camp Lewis. "Confronted with the results of our clinic, he heartily concurred in the findings, acknowledged that life at Camp Lewis was not so dull as it had been in the little old army post, and that he was ready to serve. He went back to barracks and put his undoubted brains into soldiering, and he's going to be heard from, mark my words."

One of the isolation wards is devoted to psychiatric patients and is under Capt. Albert Stewart's charge, with Miss Bessie McCann, a very capable nurse who has specialized in mental and nervous diseases. Dr. Stewart is of the quiet, patient, kindly yet forceful and resourceful type,

that succeeds best in such a field. He has been connected for years with the State asylums at Steilacoom and Sedro-Woolley.

Naturally, most of the work done in this department it is not wise to divulge, but some cases may be referred to. A huge man six foot six, so perfectly proportioned that he did not look large till he rose and towered above me, was writing while awaiting discharge papers, a man with a kindly, boyish, almost childlike face, one who, returning to ordinary life in the lonely open for which he longed, would never be suspected of the "unstable mind" which had been shown in his strange form of hysteria. While drilling, he had suddenly imagined that his right arm had become immovable. He complained of pain in it and held the arm crooked. Doctors found nothing whatever the matter with his arm and saw that his was a case for the Psychiatrist: healer of the mind. Nothing could persuade him that he could move his arm. Suggestion was tried but not hypnotism.

Dr. Stewart had an idea; he told the man that if the arm could be limbered, it would doubtless entirely recover, but if it was so painful they would better anaesthetize him, so they gave him a whiff or two and then worked the arm up and down several times. He realized that it was cured, but told me that it was still weak and painful. Such form of hysteria is apt to return at any crisis and he might in battle find his gun arm immovable, such is the power of mind over matter. It would be useless for the Government to feed, clothe, transport, and pay a man who cannot be *all* there when needed. It is well to find this out early.

Stretched in bed was another man who imagines he cannot stand upon his feet, and who quivers all over if one but lays a finger upon him. He says he "once lay four months when they served him so before." Nothing but his bed afire would induce him to try to stand. There is nothing the matter with them. As Major Smith says, "his feet are in his head;" but what I don't understand is why if he *feels* pain in his feet, there is no pain there. Oh well, I'm no psychiatrist, and the dividing line between



sanity and insanity is so narrow and so wobbly that many of us must be standing very near it, or often, stepping over it, without anyone's suspecting, least of all, ourselves.

In a small room, locked in and under sentry, was a man just brought from a regimental guard house for a misdemeanor which indicated mental unbalance. A strong room connected with this ward is for the insane until they are removed, or for those temporarily unmanageable. In all nervous trouble the soothing power of water is well known. In this room is a bath tub water bed, in which a man may lie comfortably supported and submerged for hours, even overnight. It has a new contrivance in a thermostat which may be set at any degree in the mingling of hot and cold water, and remain. This cannot be altered by the patient and its advantages are apparent when one considers the dire consequences if some insane sufferer had succeeded in turning on boiling water, or had lain long in water grown cold.

There were three occupants of this strong room, interned by their ignoble enemy, the only one capable of teaching a Hun frightfulness, *Morphine, World Alien*. Following a recent outbreak they were exhausted. Two were of small calibre, but the world has suffered loss in the other's downfall. His great somber eyes had once bespoken the promise, "Your young men shall see visions," and the prophecy of massive head was of realizing those visions. Both promises had been ruthlessly broken. Refinement had been torn from the handsome face like a scrap of paper; clouded were the eyes. The long arm which had enlisted to be strong for the weak, shamed its khaki and hung limply at the side of the weakest, "gassed", body, soul and spirit by morphine. Such derelicts only endanger the passage of real men, so, as soon as sighted, they are removed to this Soul's Sick Bay, and the psychiatric department pronounces him "unfit for service." Drug fiend he may be, but is he too far removed from the manhood which was his, to feel that the dishonorable discharge, laid within his pallid hand, sends him forth, for life, for death, *A Man Without a Country*.

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Both slacker and coward should I be, did I not here enlist, as the humblest of privates, in an offensive movement which is no longer, thank God, a forlorn hope. Read sadly of our widespread shame, gladly that its dominion is to cease, and proudly of our Government, First among Nations ever to attempt the eradication of a disease more devastating than typhus, cholera, smallpox, yellow-fever, Black Plague or White; old as sin, modern as Today—Syphilis, ranking general in the Army of Death. Now that many and varied “respectable diseases” are traced directly to it, Syphilis stands the convicted murderer of thrice the number of tuberculosis victims, damning both soul and body unto the third and fourth generation. American men have shuddered at the sacrifice of Belgian women to Hun Leprosy, of cutting off their breasts as warning to other syphilitic Germans. Do they not know that they themselves have brought upon their own wives the loss of breast by scalpel instead of sword, and have murdered their own unborn children, or disfigured the living more hopelessly than have Huns the children of enemies?

As a people we had begun to realize that to ignore a condition is not to change it, so when war was declared there was a strong and general demand that our army, should not be dis-armed. The very next month, then, May 18, 1917, two extraordinary laws were passed by Congress, sentencing Alcohol and Prostitution. These laws mark an epoch in civilization. For the First time in World History the twin destroyers are not, legally, attached to the army where, indeed, they had often held position as Aid-de-camps. This is a prime Compensation wherewith not only to comfort our hearts, but to make answer, if there were no others, to the question, Will this war pay? Yes, thank God, Yes.

But will that law accomplish it? No, of course not, unaided, but if men themselves fight like the soldiers they are, if we at home open our eyes and stand by them, then this powerful law will win, backed by the Military Police and the Medical Department of our National Army. It is this: Every soldier who enters the danger zone, im-

perilling himself, without orders, to a craft more frightful than a submarine, is compelled to report, within six hours, that he has spoken the enemy, and to submit to the Wassermann test at the camp hospital. Should he neglect this, and afterward show signs of syphilis, he is court-martialed.

But our army is bound for France. Read from a scientific medical journal:

*Conditions are said by returning observers to be unspeakable. Unless our boys go there fortified by knowledge and the resolve not to fall to temptations so extraordinary we can expect but one thing—a returning army of syphilitics. Where our soldiers may be quartered with civilians it is said that 85 per cent. of the villagers, mostly women, are syphilitic. The American Government should be besought not to billet our soldiers in such surroundings, but to put our men into camps and zones under American military control and under American ideals of environment.*

*Europe after this war must repeat the history of the sixteenth century, in a great epidemic of syphilis. Will it happen here also? For every syphilitic returning there will be one, two, five, ten or twenty other cases developing, and the effects upon the nation will be that of incalculable harm. To this the loss in killed and wounded will be insignificant in comparison. And as far as syphilis is concerned the damage may go on for several generations."*

O, men, we have sacrificed much for you. We Mothers served nine months in the wearisome inaction and anxiety which you dread most, and then, in first-line trenches, fought death hour after hour, in an agony you cannot guess, shedding our blood for you in the bravest of battling where no enheartening bugle sounds onslaught nor Taps, in which comrade can help, whose cross-of-war You were. All this we Mothers and Wives bear for your sakes—O Men of the 91st, for *Our* sake, *Remember*.

And we, we Sisters. We have shared the dear home, have played and studied and worked with you, have always been proud of you, but never so proud as now, Big Brothers. As you have been sure of our purity, we have believed in yours—O Brothers of the 91st, for *Home's* sake *Remember*.

And we, flushing with the joy of it, we are your Sweethearts, willing, forsaking all others, to cling only unto you while life lasts. Is that such a little thing?—  
Men of the 91st, for *Love's sake*,—

REMEMBER.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

SIGNAL SERVICE CORPS—MAJ. WYMAN DIVISION OFFICER, MAJ. DANVERS AND THE 316TH BATTALION — MAJ. SULLIVAN AND THE 322ND—A YANKEE WIRELESS—SUI-CIDE COMPANY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY—THE DIVISION SIGNAL SCHOOL—CARRIER PIGEONS—THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE AT CAMP LEWIS—HOMERS IN AIRPLANE FLIGHT.

Electricity is the American of science. Owing to its rapid development, telegraph, telephone, wireless, all within the lifetime of some, for Morse wired his first message in 1832, Graham Bell's telephone was the marvel of the Centennial Exposition, wireless is almost of Today—the Army Signal Corps has become eyes, ears, tongue of Mars. Their aviators spy out the enemy, note his position, direct Artillery attack and barrage. Ears, is the Corps, in listening posts, at tapped wires, picking up messages which roam the sea where wires are not. Tongue, is the Signal Corps, speaking in various languages, dictating shorthand notes in dot and dash, spot and flash, light and shade, in letters of flame, and transcribing them upon photographs and maps, into messages and orders—*Per Lieut. Signal Corps, Stenographer to Mars.*

Division Signal Officer is Maj. Charles Wyman who, since leaving West Point in 1907, has had special training along these lines. During the second intervention in Cuba, Lieut. Wyman, with the 17th Infantry at Camaguey, alternated mapping with chasing bushwhackers, who were burning sugar cane. From Fort McPherson, Georgia, he was detailed to the Tennessee Moonshine country, then to Texas, where, at San Antonio, he was Aid to Gen. Ralph Hoyt. He was detailed to Ft. Snelling, Galveston, and the Hawai-

ian Islands. At Vancouver Barracks he was made Captain of Signal Corps in 1917, was Captain of the 44th Infantry now stationed at Camp Lewis, and August 1, made Major, and ordered as Division Signal Officer to the cantonment. As such he is charged with the efficiency of the several methods of communication within the Division. This includes Radio, Telegraph, Telephone, Cable, Pigeons, and Visual Communications; also, the receipt and transmission of messages.



MAJ. WYMAN (LEFT) AND MAJOR DANVERS

At the Front, he takes over all electrical lines within the Division's area, direct all activities of the Signal Corps, schemes out new methods of communication, and assists the Chief of Staff by arranging for the reception and transmission of such information to, within, and from the Division. Rather a telling sign for a young man—

*U. S. N. A. Oculist, Aurist, Linguist.*



Maj. Wilford Danvers, commanding the 316th Field Signal Battalion,—that is he wearing the service hat, Maj. Wyman with cap, before the tent—enlisted for the Spanish-American War, and saw service in the Philippines. He afterward enlisted in the regular army, was stationed in Hawaii, and three years at Benicia Barracks, in Signal Service. May, 1917, he was made Captain and Instructor of signaling at the Presidio, Monterey. In November he was Captain, 322nd at Camp Lewis, and in January became Major of the 316th Battalion Signal Corps. He was born



FIELD WATER SUPPLY

in Utah of Mormon parents. His Grandfather, L. W. Shurtleff, was a Forty-niner, traveling all the way from Omaha to the Land of Promise, by "handcar." The first of his family to come to this Country, from England, arrived in 1780.

Maj. Danvers is enthusiastic about his men because of their enthusiasm in their work. His radio company spent \$180 of their own money, assisted by friends, in purchasing material for experimenting. The morning of the

Division March to Roy, this Company was up with the lark, that is if the lark is so silly, having the whole day before him, of rising at four o'clock, and had their wires strung, their aerial erected, connection effected with Camp Lewis before the troops arrived. They had telegraph and 'phone wires, the nervous system of the Army Corps, running from Head to Foot and along the Brigade Arms. Company A is the radio unit for the 316th and had charge of wireless which communicated with Camp Lewis. It was a warm Spring Day and the men repaired often to "the spring".



FIELD TELEGRAPH

A field Signal Battalion, by the way, consists, as in all units, of a Headquarters and a supply section, and of one wire, one radio, and one outpost company, beside the usual

medical detachment. The hat cord is appropriately, white and orange—light and flame—the insignia is a burning torch between two signal flags. The men are armed only with pistols, for they are supposed to do no fighting, though always in the danger zone. All the officers of this Battalion are Reserve Corps men.

The quick witted French are experts in signaling. Lieut. O. Lamarche is the liaison officer. Liaison means connection, by any, by every means. Like all the French Officers, Lieut. Lamarche wears the ribbon which signifies



a medal in the service. He was of the 8th Engineers. Of the same French unit was his assistant, Serg. Bertrand.

The Wire company become experts at the work under adverse circumstances. That this operator is accustomed to other settings is guessed. At the Front, the cutting of wires is the continual effort of the enemy. Repairs must be instant and vigilance unremitting. The wire is the spinal cord, it is pretty much what one of the corps said, "the whole show", as the din of a modern battle sector makes that of a boiler factory only a foreboding silence.

Maj. Frank Sullivan, commander of the 322nd Field Signal Corps, which might almost be officially designated as the Volunteer Californian, is the only officer in the 91st Division who knows every man in his command "even to his front name". According to the same authority he is "the best ever and not above joining the bunch". Maj. Sullivan has had years of experience in signal service and most of the men in his Battalion are specialists, many college graduates, technicians from big business, and enlisted for special service because of it. Most of them were picked before being mustered in. There is Lester Burnham of Spokane, who fought in the Spanish-American and was determined to be back in uniform if he is fifty-four. There's Elias Rowe, expert electrician, Tacoma, draft age but afraid he would be obliged to wait, and allowed to volunteer because of his proficiency. There's Serg. Eyman who was a balloonist in San Francisco, should think he would have gone into aviation, heard he afterward did.

Capt. Edmund Hull of the Radio company must be proud of two of his men who, typical Yankees, contrived and built a receiving station which, indisputably, is unique among wireless. The condenser is of tin foil from chocolate bars, tape etc., the variable condenser is two baking powder cans; flashlight batteries and a battery from a wrecked automobile, supply the current. They did buy the receiver and audion for increasing the sound, but they built the aerial, ninety feet high, of odds and ends of wood. One of the geniuses is Serg. Cornish who helped construct Monterey wireless station, and the other is Corp. Goodspeed Corpe. If he would drop that final e his name would say just what he himself bids his company. Messages despatched by the powerful government radio at Monterey and other Californian wireless stations are picked up by this "junk", distinctly heard, and read by the Radio Company.

Running telegraph wires does not necessarily imply extra speed in relay races, but when Company B beat Company A they felt they could win over any, cross-



country running especially. "The 322nd Signal has track men to burn:" R. B. Golding who won the Panama Exposition Marathon and holds Loving Cups galore; W. J.

Postal who has won enough Marathons to suggest an improvement in the Postal Service had he entered it instead of the Signal; A. B. Norton, both runner and swimmer, Honolulu; Sergt. Hanley, sprinter, and a former athletic instructor in San Francisco, and E. K. Bartlett of the University of California.

As for Company C, that's an adopted son, in toto. Mrs. William Beckman of Sacramento became interested because her own, Sergt. St. Kilda belonged to it, and sent her boys their entire athletic outfit for foot and baseball or anything else they might mention was desired when they wrote, as she urged them to do. At Christmas she sent them a phonograph with records, one especially for Maj. Sullivan and his Adjutant, Lieut. Kenneth McKim, with an Irish song on one side and a Scotch on the other, boxes of "eats" and a silken guidon, guide-pennant to fly before them. Company C, is really pampered. The others say a holiday was good enough for them on Washington's Birthday, but Company C must have their Fairy Godmother, and it must be her birthday, and she must give a birthday party to herself with the whole 280 men and officers invited, one of the largest Signal Companies in the Army and one of the largest dinner parties; and, *They say*, Company C ate like a Suicide Club, as the Outpost Signal Corps is nicknamed. Then Sergt. St. Kilda made a few remarks on behalf of the rest and presented Mrs. Beckman with a gold fountain pen inscribed "To Godmother from her Godsons of Co. C 322nd Battalion F. S. C. Feb. 22, 1918," and she promised never to write a word to anybody else with that pen, and the whole affair was perfect except Capt. John S. Baker of the Outpost was in the Base Hospital. On February 22, 1919, Company C will be dreaming back to that dinner and Camp Lewis and Mrs. Beckman, and nothing in all the books she has written will equal the adventures they are living.



There was another Signal Battalion, unique in some respects, which trained intensively at Camp Lewis for several months but was never a part of the 91st Division, and went overseas the end of March. It consisted of over two hundred men mobilized from expert telegraphers from all States in the United, and was commanded by Maj. John Keck. That, too, was of Volunteers.

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Signs, signaling, is as old as the hills upon which its fires were builded. Indians had a smoke code and sign pictures; East Indians rivalled telegraphic messages with their signals. Why even children with a cane used to play "Malaga raisins are very fine raisins, but raisins from Smyrna are better". It amuses this insignificant little chronicler to know that her literary style, or lack of it, will be criticized by modern Americans just as Polybius', the great historian's, was criticized by the ancient Greeks, though with this second line, the parallel between us abruptly terminates: that he was the First to chronicle, 200 B. C., the use of Military Signaling, I the last, or rather latest, 1918 A. D. No, there is another likeness, Polybius understood nothing of wireless; neither do I.

The Morse code used in our army was devised soon after the telegraphic, which it is. Wigwagging came in during the Civil War. A man came aboard the Flagship Black Hawk to teach it to the Signalers, and it was readily picked up by two boy ensigns. One of them, going ashore, found that a Brigadier-General was about to visit Admiral Lee. With his handkerchief he wigwagged the news to his chum, who told the Captain. The Captain reported it to the Admiral who ordered the ship "dressed" and himself appeared on deck in full uniform only to find that the General had not yet left shore. "Who told you the General was at hand?" enquired the Admiral.

"Mr. Barr, sir," answered the Captain.

"And Mr. Barr, who told you," pursued the Commander.

"Mr. Calvert wigwagged it to me, sir".

"Are you a signal officer? How did you know the code?"

"Just picked it up, sir; it's very easy".

"Huh," grunted the Admiral, "valuable code!"

Every genuine boy has flashed his secret fishing plans and pirate's rendezvous with a piece of broken glass or scrap of tin, to the exasperation of elders whose faces intercepted the messages. All this explains one of the duties of Signal Commanders, devising new codes. Germans have boasted, and proved, upon several occasions, that they can study out any signal code message within two hours, and reply in kind.

How can a land soldier—is it not strange that there are Marines and Sub-marines, Land and Over-land men fighting today—a land signaler attract an aviator's attention? He lays upon the earth a strip of white canvas 12x3 feet, which is to say, "I'd like to speak to you a minute." Upon this a black square 3x3 feet might announce the regiment, Company etc., and the conversation between man and super-man begins. Sometimes this is read from a great page of white waxed canvas, 12x12 feet, roped around to make it lie flat upon the ground; answered, perhaps by electric horn blasts, twice repeated from the skies. Signals are operated by lights—torches, hand lanterns, searchlights, semaphores, stationary alternating lights, colored fires, and Ardois incandescents, red for a dot, white for a dash; by sound—bombs, rockets, honk etc., by flags,—one, or two, in the hands, or by many run upon a halyard, all these, beside all forms of electric communication, and our lately added pigeon service.

Of most of these the camp visitor will see nothing and hear less, for it is, naturally, secret, but parties of men are to be seen everywhere waving signal flags, one rapidly working them while men seated somewhere in the shade are taking down what he says. This is work advanced from that of a class held one rainy day in a Y. Pvt. Kingsbury, tenor soloist of Pilgrim Congregational, Seattle, graduate of an Eastern Conservatory, voice, piano and organ, he who sings Joan of Arc like a personal appeal, was conducting a signal class from an Infantry Regiment. You must know that a signal platoon is part of the Headquarters Company of every organization.

"How old you are?" inquired one foreigner, signaling.

To an inquiry, "Can you tell what the date is?" another answered, "Yes, if I could spell February". An enthusiast sprang upon the platform and flagged this question, ambitious for a baby-signaler, "Are you going to Seattle on Saturday?" This was read by one of the class, and an eager-faced fellow, hand up in the very



SIGNALING

way it would have been when the boy was short half his six-foot length, jumped to the platform, and while the class awaited an equally ambitious reply, triumphantly flagged "N-o." How they jeered. Military classes, especially at the first, were certainly informal, but that they accomplished, all agree.

The work done by the regimental signal platoons is principally "buzzer" and "wigwagging." In some headquarters companies the former's wires connect the offices, and men become quickly proficient. They are then detailed for six weeks' instruction to the Division Signal

School, which began February 1. This is under Maj. Wyman's general supervision, but the immediate command of Lieut. H. W. Glensor, who is both popular and successful in calling out the enthusiastic work of the 1500 students. By the way, soldiers attending service schools wear green hatcords, except those of the Officers Training Camp who wear red-white-and-blue.

It is a course which appeals to the American turn of mind: telephone and elementary telegraph under Master-Signal-Electrician Frank McCurtain, once expert at Mare Island Laboratory; map making and reading, and radio telegraphy, M. S. E. (as above) Ray Quick—surely he was fore-named, graduate of University of California and post-graduate of University of Illinois; all methods of visual signaling, M. S. E. Henry Greybill, of the regular army, and highest "non-com" of the 316th F. S. B. Capt. A. M. Taylor of the 316th Outpost Company also works with them.

A man soon takes fifteen words a minute by semaphore and eight by wigwag or radio. Electricians are "worms," Outpost Company the "Suicide Club," for the listening posts are the Signalers' ears. Night work at Camp Lewis has shown the signal platoons speedy and noiseless in the dark.

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Not till Spring were carrier pigeons added to the Field Signal Corps. Odd that should be the very latest, when Noah started the service so long ago by sending one out over the waters—suppose that First is claimed by the Navy. Upon their First Crusade, the Christians discovered that the fore-knowledge which had so puzzled them in the Saracens was brought by carrier pigeons. Announcement of victories in the ancient Olympic games was despatched by pigeon post. The Dutch used carriers somewhat in war, so did other nations, but to no particular purpose until the Franco-Prussian war, when besieged Paris kept up communication with the outer world despite surrounding Germans, in that way. Military despatches were microphoto'd upon collodion films which were enlarged when received. Whole newspapers were sent in

this way, as many as 30,000 words being carried by one pigeon. This taught the Prussians, who are at least "adaptive." Since 1870, then, they have been breeding and training both birds and men. Thousands of pigeons are now a regular part of war service both on land and sea. They are not so successful upon the latter, but it is said that even there ninety-five per cent of messages thus despatched have been delivered.

There are several reasons why pigeons are invariably used as carriers; first, their wonderful love of home and family. They mate for life and remain true to the bird on the nest to which they return at their highest rate of speed when released, and that speed is *two miles a minute* for thirty miles, which of course covers more than the enemy's proximity, in rising. Released from the dark basket in which they are carried, they dart straight up into the air at such a speed that a machine gun cannot hit them, circle widely till they get their bearings, and then rush for home half a mile above the earth. They pay no attention to a terrific barrage, neither fear nor hesitate, it is home and mother for pigeons, and they have flown 800 miles at one flight. Recent government tests have proved that pigeons have actually delivered *long* messages before wireless!.

Handling war pigeons is dangerous work, but that is what seems especially to attract American volunteers, so when a call went out from Camp Lewis for the birds, and for men to enlist who were experts in breeding, training, and handling them, there was instant response. It was also announced from Headquarters that men who had such experience would be transferred from other army units to the signal section if they applied, so another section of Signal Corps is already at work in the National Army. It seems that fanciers all over the United States have long been breeding speedy homers for their own amusement and racing them against other lofts, as horses used to be raced against other stables, before speed autos made horse races slow. So there was good material to begin on. All pigeons are naturally homing and swift, but breeding and training improve everything.



Pigeons are found pretty much all over the world, so that they do not attract attention as a rare bird would, also they are about of a size and much alike, the two black bars being all but universal. These points protect them in the war zone, but draw the fire of the pot-hunter in this country, who might kill a valuable carrier with an invaluable message, so Congress has passed a law providing a one-hundred dollar fine and six months imprisonment as a maximum for "killing, trapping or in any manner possessing," pigeons owned by the United States, the same bearing bands marked U. S. A. or U. S. N., and a number.

At Camp Lewis the new loft was stocked with about thirty pigeons. These breed constantly, laying two eggs every month in the year, except in severely cold weather which seldom exists on Puget Sound. They prefer lofts and "pigeon holes," which are named after them, to nests, especially if the former are painted white. Yet in the early part of the Nineteenth Century, throughout the Mississippi Valley, they took to nesting in trees. There were sometimes as many as one-hundred nests in a tree which often broke down with their weight. For forty miles they would swarm, the day would be darkened when they flew. They roosted in solid phalanx as large as hogsheads and were smoked out and salted down. All these astounding facts were vouched for by Audubon and other bird writers. Their end was as strange: with advancing civilization, just as with the buffalo, they suddenly disappeared, no one knows where.

Germans had 50,000 and the combined Allies 60,000 homers at the beginning of the war. The United States has over a hundred breeding lofts now, beside those at cantonments and posts. At the former, only pedigreed racing birds are kept. The cock helps with the hatching, though it must be admitted that he is like most fathers, does not confine himself long. Still, the four hours he does sit, weigh upon his mind to the extent of hundreds of thousands of human lives at one battle, perhaps, instead of the lives of two homing pigeon, "squeakers," as the young are called. Odd thought, that his anxiety to "get

back home" bears the pregnant message fastened to this living wireless.

Camp Lewis men succeeded very well with their pigeons, which needed not to be of the pedigreed for this Volunteer Flying Corps, as pigeons might truly be called. The section is taught feeding, affixing the messages without hurting the little messenger, and experimental flights, increased constantly.

When the 91st Division moved in practice march to Roy, it was literally with bag, baggage and bird, for along went Co. A. Pigeonry—that's my own, not the official—and when the tiny orderlies were sent with messages they did not even wait to exclaim, as in other war plays, "I fly," they simply flew, about forty of them. By the way, not only the Signal Corps, but all our fighting units will carry racing homers at the Front, as they can be used when cut off from all other communication to announce whereabouts to Headquarters, and to give information.

Capt. C. Z. Sutton of the 347th Field Artillery Headquarters Company, was the First at Camp Lewis to use pigeons from an airplane. During one of the "battles" of the 91st, he went up with an aviator and sent reports of the position and strength of the "enemy" to his Colonel by pigeons instead of by mounted orderlies. It was unofficial and a good piece of work of his own seeking.

Another branch of work was later added to that of the Signal Corps, spruce-production for airplanes, 500 limited service soldiers being at one time ordered to Vancouver Barracks in June.

## CHAPTER XIX.

THE QUARTERMASTER DEPARTMENT'S WIDE SCOPE—LT. COL. COLEMAN, DIVISION Q. M.—PUP TENTS—LT. COL. COMO, CAMP Q. M.—MANY SECTIONS OF Q. M. ACTIVITIES—NEW DEPARTMENT OF CONSERVATION, SEGREGATION AND RECLAMATION UNDER LIEUT. ROWAN—CAPT. SMITTEN AND MAJ. HAYS—FIRST CAMP LEWIS UNIT AND FIRST OFFICER NEVILLE—CAPT. MAYBEN AND MISCELLANEOUS DETACHMENT—Q. M. SCHOOL—FIRE PROTECTION—CAMP BAKERY—THE COOKS' SCHOOL—CONSERVATION AND LIEUT. MALLUM—POST EXCHANGES AND CAPT. OLDENBORG.

So many and varied are the activities of every department of this great National Army that, looking into each, it seems to be almost the whole. This is particularly true of the Quartermaster Department, which until a few years ago did not include the Commissary nor the Pay Departments, as it now does.

The Master of Quarters supplies them as a small part of his agencies, and their fuel; clothing of all sorts and warehouses for it; provisions for man, forage for beast, and storage for the same; wagons, motors (cycles, cars, trucks); railway transportation of troops and supplies; pay of all and triplicate accounts of moneys; office furniture and account books, stationery, and typewriters, to keep those accounts; and supervision of it all. This is but an inkling. Included in the Quartermaster Department are Post Exchanges, bakehouses, conservation, disposal of garbage; construction of original cantonment, additional buildings as needed, their upkeep, repair of everything within the Quartermaster's jurisdiction; and, in case anything comes under none of these heads, a casual department.

There used to be a saying among first settlers in the West where the Indians made offerings from everything they possessed, "Oh, give it to the gods"—when there seemed to be no other use for it. So, if a job does not plainly fall within the province of any other camp organization, "Oh, give it to the Quartermaster's."

For all this immense business there are, of course hundreds of clerks who must be educated men, and representatives of all trades. As work cannot fall behind, for in the army it is not do what business you can, but do all there is, the insignia of the Quartermaster Department gains significance. It is a wheel crossed by a key and a sword, surmounted by an eagle—transportation, movement, hustle, with key to stores and money, a sword to defend them, a keen-eyed watching eagle, high-soaring, far-sweeping, swift, sure, dominating. The Service cord is buff—"short for buffer," said young Q. M. "that's what the department is."

Some idea of accounts kept by this Department is given in the simple statement that expenditure for Camp Lewis during its first fiscal year, apart from the cost of its building, was \$13,243,429.35, the larger part being for "pay of the army." For "supplies, service and transportation," \$4,396,558.01 was expended, mainly for the first item, food for man and beast. Transportation does not include bringing drafted men to camp, and "service" is mainly for civilians' pay.

The Quarter master Department is two-fold, Division and Camp. The Commanding Officer of the former is Lt. Col. F. W. Coleman, a big cordial man who somehow keeps his smile on through all the crowding day, for work he does, but worry he does not. Now sometimes, generally in fact, if the head will not worry, the body of the organism must, but in this case Col. Coleman's work is so systematized that nobody worries. He is a natural organizer. There is discipline everywhere, yet no one ever saw him out of temper.

Col. Coleman's ancestors were Holland Dutch, and came to this country on the overcrowded "Mayflower," settling

at Plymouth Rock, where the family's tablet is now engraved in the record rooms on the isle of Nantucket. His grandfather was Colonel Robert Bunker Coleman of New York City, and his father, Major F. W. Coleman, who entered the Civil war at the age of twenty-one as a Captain of the 161st New York Volunteers, his company being organized at Niagara Falls, N. Y. At that time he was a Civil Engineer in the construction of the Erie Canal. After the Civil war, he remained in the Regular Army for ten years, attaining the grade of Captain, and Major by brevet on account of wounds received in action at Cold Harbor, Virginia.

Frederick W. Coleman was born in Maryland, 1878, had already finished college and was studying law when the Spanish-American war broke out. Being eager to fight, he was commissioned by the President direct from civil life, and appointed Second-Lieutenant of the 13th Infantry, when just twenty years old. There were but two younger officers at the time, and he is now one of the youngest officers of his rank in the United States army.

He went at once to the Philippines where he remained three and a half years and was promoted to a First-Lieutenancy. There the insurrectos were living off their own people, and murders among themselves were so common as to attract no attention, but in a whole year after our troops took over the province of Pangasinan there was but one murder.

Lieutenant Coleman became Captain in 1905 and joined the 10th Infantry. He was on duty at the time of the earthquake in San Francisco and went with the 10th to Alaska. Two years later it was ordered to Panama, and for four years Capt. Coleman served there, part of the time co-ordinating with the Engineers upon a huge tactical map of the region, covering five miles each side of the Canal, clearing the jungle to the tops of mountains to obtain their broad view, each sector covering its square mile and connecting it with the next, like fitting a puzzle picture. The last year at the Canal, Capt. Coleman was Provost-Marshall in the City of Panama and Commander





LT. COL. F. W. COLEMAN

of the American Provost Guard. He became Major in May of 1917 and in August was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel in the National Army, coming to Camp Lewis as Quartermaster of the 91st Division on the 5th of that month. In the Spring he was detailed as Acting Chief of Operation Section upon Gen. Greene's Staff, another promotion. Col. Coleman has been closely associated with

the General for six years, in Alaska, and with the first United States troops to occupy the Canal Zone, where he was Adjutant of the 10th Infantry. There was but eight months' break in their connection, when Capt. Coleman was in the Commissary Department in Chicago. He was in the office of the Quartermaster-General at Washington when war broke out and a widely experienced man was needed for this largest of cantonments. This snapshot of the Colonel and six-year-old Frederick W. III., was taken at Camp Lewis just before the former left for France.

Col. Coleman was a member of the U. S. Infantry Rifle Team 1910, which won the championship of the United States at Camp Perry, Ohio, and later won the famous Dryden Trophy of New Jersey at the State Rifle Range at Seagart. More than that, he wears the handsome Distinguished Rifle Shot Medal awarded him by Congress in 1910, "the dogs of war" still in leash. This means he was the best shot of the best shots in the entire United States Army, Navy, and Marines, at three successive annual contests, which are arranged with the greatest attention to detail. Candidates must qualify in their own units. The successful teams from every State meet in January and the winners undergo intensive training till August, for the honor is greatly desired by the regiment as well as the man. Twelve are selected for the army. At Camp Perry, Col. Coleman says there must have been about 900 shooting, targets standing for a mile and a half. When the final test comes, twelve shoot at six targets, all at one instant, that there may be no question of change of wind or other conditions. You can imagine a man must have marvelous skill not only, but a self-control and steadiness of will as wonderful, to win such a contest, among his peers, three successive years. No temperish man, nor man of moods, could do it. As was mentioned, Col. Whitworth holds the Distinguished Pistol Shot Medal, won in the same manner.

The Infantry has taken this medal three times in fifteen years, which is an incentive to every man on the rifle range at Camp Lewis. It is something too, to see three

such rare trophies in their own cantonment, the climax of their own first honors, the "Marksman" badge, for Americans are the best shots in the world. The third to hold the coveted Distinguished Shot Medal is Major Charles E. Reese of the 44th Infantry, for rifle.

Col. Coleman has seen much Staff duty, served for a time upon the General Staff and was Assistant Chief of Staff the latter part of his time at Camp Lewis. Asked what was the most difficult thing in his position here, he answered readily, "Getting enough out-size uniforms and shoes from the government for a Division which runs into cloth and leather as this one does." The Colonel himself is a good example of this. When the Ninety-First goes into Germany, the inhabitants will think a race of giants has been bred against them, to offset their under-handed preparation begun before these men were born to conquer them.

Speaking of giants, one day a company of Infantrymen were setting up pup tents on the parade ground. One of the soldiers was still ununiformed because of his immense size. Now a pup-tent is so called because it is just about the size and shape of a dog-kennel, and two men occupy it. If this recruit could lie on both sides of the prop-sticks and wind his feet about one of them, he would have plenty of room in a pup-tent. He was one of Col. Coleman's problems.

That tent-drill, by the way, was interesting. Each of the "dog shelter" mates carried half of the outfit in a canvas roll. At the word, he would untie this, remove his side of the khaki roof and button to the middle of the other's. The fastenings are snaps like glove buttons. One man's place is at the front, the other's at the rear. Each has a jointed stick in his roll which now he stands at an end to support his lowly roof. Next each draws the attached guy ropes taut and pins to the ground through made loops, with pegs of wood or aluminum. They were testing both, but the aluminum pegs were weak sisters and, generally, doubled uselessly when struck. These, incidentally, were issued by the Ordnance Department, and,

as Maj. Herring said, proved a failure. It was interesting to see differences in men about driving these pins. Some big fellows, accustomed to making their strength itself a tool, drove them into the hard ground with their heels; some looked helplessly about for a hammer, some readily seized upon the Glacier's, the stone with which it beat this region into shape.

It was pleasant to see the Captain's smile as he watched the Company set up their tents in prescribed form, then front-man and rear-man stand at attention.

"Now don't you call that good work for only the second lesson? They will soon be experts, my men will." He looked at one wabby tent, its ridge wavy and guy-ropes slack, and said, "If you pitched your tent like that on a rainy, blowy night in France, you would likely have it about your ears just as you dropped asleep. Build your houses well, boys, and with some armfuls of dry grass, or boughs for bed and the dirt taken from one side of the canvas heaped along the other to drain it, you'll be comfortable."

Such was the encouragement and reproof of that Captain,—wish I had asked his name, but there were many of him at Camp Lewis training this new, green, but eager army.

But to return to the Quartermaster Department: there were over seventy warehouses for its various stores, by February. These are being continually increased in numbers and size. Four immense ones are filled with clothing, under charge of Capt. W. Ruddock. You see civilians discard their wear completely, and the apparel of 50,000 men supplied with two suits, overcoats, hats, and several suits of underwear, makes a considerable closet necessary, especially as even quarter sizes are made, in order to fit enlisted men as comfortably and nattily as possible in ready-made clothes. Officers have theirs made to order. As for shoes, ninety sizes are kept, and yet our 91st Division men have had them made to order. One of you wears No. 16.

One warehouse holds only typewriters. There is also a repair shop for them. That is a Compensation of this war, instruction in the repair of everything which is

furnished, that means less boarding houses and more homes after the war.

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If there is anything about the Quartermaster Department that Lt. Col. James F. Como does not know, it must be the Quartermaster-General who can mention it.



LT. COL. JAMES F. COMO

Officially, he is Constructing Quartermaster for Camp Lewis, supervising its labor, including civilians. He has advanced most unusually in the army from sheer ability, having enlisted as a private in 1891 when the Sioux were acting the bad Indian for the last time. But a man like Como was not born for privacy, any more than his pro-



genitors were. The Comeaux, Huguenots, came to the New World from France in 1500, and were of the ill-fated Acadians. Some remained in Canada and, today, twenty-three of their descendants are fighting in Canadian regiments in the France that drove them forth nearly four centuries ago. Como's great-grandfather—the American side has simplified the name,—headed a party of the exiles and settled them in New Acadia, site of the present camp at Plattsburg, curious connections when you recall that Col. Como is in the army in that

*“Far West, where the mountains,  
Lift through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous  
summits,  
Down from the ragged, deep ravines, where the gorge,  
like a gateway,  
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's  
wagon,  
Westward the Oregon flows,”—*

whence Gabriel came.

This Como must have more than a convenient conscientiousness, since upon his mother's side, he is lineally descended from the stalwart preacher John Robinson, who almost seems to belong to my family, for, upon a rock in a large steel engraving which hung in our dining room, just where I saw it every meal when I raised my eyes after “the blessing,” John Robinson preached his sermon, longer even than in life, to the group of Pilgrim Fathers and meek Mothers grouped about him.

On both sides there have been many fighters in all the wars of our Country to the Como's credit, so when the Spanish-American loomed, James F. enlisted again, served both in Cuba and the Philippines. He had been instructor in post school and trained in the old Commissary Department, so when the Quartermaster Corps was organized he was transferred to that, being already recognized as an expert. Three years before this he had taken an examination which gave him a Second-Lieuten-

ancy. Two years later he wore the silver bar, and ten years after, two of them. On the Mexican Border he was in charge of distributing supplies along hundreds of miles. Maj. Como came to Camp Lewis, and Lt.-Col. Como remains.

From the Division of the work, some idea can be gained of the scope of the Quartermaster Department and its big Pay Office near the bus station. This, for enlisted men and civilians, is under Capt. Hoff; second, Subsistence—for 50,000 men,—Capt. Gladwin; third, Clothing and Equipage, tents typewriters, etc. Capt. Bramstadt; fourth, Fuel and Forage, hay, oats, cottonseed meal, Capt. Timmer; fifth, Fire Department, Lieut. Mantor; sixth, Motor Truck Company, Lieut. Neville, and the Mechanician Repair Unit for motors, cycles and field trains, Lieut. Synder; seventh, Utilities, maintenance of water and light systems, and buildings, Maj. Hays,—with seven officers and four-hundred men; eighth, Laundrying, Drying and Renovating of Clothing; and, ninth, Conservation, Segregation and Reclamation, Lieut. Rowan.

This last department is new to our army which has hitherto been, like the Nation itself, extravagant, at least in the destruction of immense "refuse" none of which is refused now, even broken glass being sold back to factories for seven dollars a ton, whereas bottles and jars bring a good price. Tin cans, nearly two tons a day, are collected, flattened under a press, and sold in fifty-pound blocks for ten dollars a ton, F. O. B. Manure is contracted for by ranchers and sold, 160 tons a day. Garbage is carefully assorted in Company kitchens and placed in the several, labeled cans which are washed out every day. Ten pounds of garbage equals one pound of hog, and the man who has secured that contract, raises more than 3000 hogs near Camp Lewis. All grease is tried out now, quite in the manner of a careful housewife, and when you consider that every soldier at camp is allowed a pound and a quarter of meat a day, that means something. Ground bones produce glycerine, so much needed now.

Straw from enlisted men's mattresses used to be burned, now it becomes bedding for horses. Papers and

magazines, were also burned, but thirty-five tons weekly spells income, in these days of paper shortage, so they are baled and shipped. One building contributes nothing to this saving, however, Division Headquarters, where the contents of the waste basket would reveal secrets which the enemy would pay its spies well to gain. Every scrap of paper in this building is therefore burned, and under the eyes of an officer.

Baling wire has never been re-used until this very sensible campaign began at camp. Now it is straightened, wound, and comes handy in the Quartermaster Department. Horse-hair is saved when shearing is necessary, and sold for padding, mattresses, etc. Sacks which used to bring three cents apiece, if anyone saved them, bring from sixteen to twenty cents apiece now, and 27,000 were shipped at one time.

Conservation of forests is a modern thing in the United States, but trees are still recklessly felled in localities. Diasters attendant upon the Huns' deliberate destruction of trees in Belgium and France, have made people think in the United States. At first, there was lack of system in felling timber at Camp Lewis, but Gen. Greene issued an order that no trees should henceforth be cut for any purpose, except those selected and marked by an officer in authority. So conserved, the fir forests upon the cantonment will last for generations. Lumber, too, had been recklessly used, and left-overs burned. Uncle Sam has his woodshed now, and when Aunt Columbia wants a coalshed built, or a shelf put up, young Sammy goes there and selects from what there is.

Young Sam was very careless with his clothes too, for Uncle furnished him new uniforms when his were worn or even torn. Nowadays he is not given a new suit till his old has had as many new parts fitted in as the *One Hoss Shay* had.

Lieut. J. V. Rowan, who is in charge of this entirely new department of our National Army, Conservation, Segregation and Reclamation, has really accomplished wonders in the short period of its operations, and is en-

thusiastic in devising new uses for old things. He has already schemed out so many that there is not enough actual "trash trash" left to heat necessary hot water, and the incinerator itself bids fair to become an extravagance.

With pardonable pride the Lieutenant shows warehouses containing sorted materials, in no wise harmed for other use, packed in cases whose original addresses are painted over, and strengthened with baling wire which hitherto had no further use than causing profanity from entangled passersby. Take shoes, for instance, men who have "cobbled" before, are working at up-to-date electrically driven machines repairing 250 pairs of shoes a day. Until Spring these were sent to shops in nearby cities where the charge for repairs was considerable, beside bringing up the cost to civilians. Shoes are mended with new materials as long as they are worth it, and then with the better parts of other worn-out travelers. Such shoes serve for un-dress parade, anyway. In this reformatory not only are soles saved, but every scrap of leather, grown so costly.

My family laugh at the "ridiculous things" I conserve, so nothing Lieut. Rowan showed of his reclamations exceeded mine but one, I must give him credit for having a large box with thousands upon thousands of brass rings which, out of their environment, one looks at twice to recognize. Yes, small eyelets from shoes, in one packing box, from leggings, in an other. Canvas leggings are, of course, washable and lasting, but even they give up finally, as leggings, but are used for stiffening in coats and in many other ways.

The tailor shop employs about thirty soldier expert workers repairing uniforms with stout portions of discarded garments, which match better than new. Rags are sold. Uniforms are dry-cleaned for twenty cents.

Since Lieut. Rowan put his wits to work upon the problem, the only point of vantage in the army of the Teutons is lost, for it, surely, used everything but humanity and decency.

Speaking of shoes, 'twas while the Ninety-First was at Camp Lewis that the government ordered that 10,000

men's feet should be measured, and both feet, for few match. This, too, was conducted under charge of a Q. M. man, Lieut. J. B. Catlin, with Capt. J. C. Carling of the Orthopedic Department as consultant. Your Country intends to leave no stone unturned—even at Camp Lewis—to make its sons comfortable.

The United States Army is the cleanest in the world, inside and out. It is protected and inspected for the former, and provided for and inspected for the latter. Soldiers must show clean clothes once a week and the Post Laundry solves the problem, handling about a million pieces monthly. These are collected and returned to barracks, twice a week, and charged against the men's pay, at cost. Soldiers have little time for doing their own laundry work, but may if they wish. Nearly 200 laundries with up-to-date equipment are now built behind barracks, also drying rooms. Until these were erected, soldiers had no way of drying heavy uniforms after drill in a Puget Sound rainy Winter. Maj. Hays, one of the original Construction Quartermaster Corps, supervised this great improvement. Another officer who came with Maj. Stone, was associated with him in Camp construction, and was one of the last to leave the cantonment, is Capt. Howard Smitten.

Speaking of Camp Lewis pioneers, recalls *Motor Truck Company No. 355, which was the First organization of any kind at Camp Lewis.* They came in May, and their three-ton trucks hauled lumber for the cantonment to be. *Lieut. Fred Neville, of Los Angeles, has therefore the distinction of being the First Commanding Officer at Camp Lewis.* Motor Truck Company No. 355 celebrated its birthday with a dinner.

In country general stores, carrying everything from a baby cap to a coffin, hangs a sign, "If you don't see what you want, ask for it." In this Wholesale and Retail, Buying and Selling, Quartermaster's Department Store, if you don't see what you want go to the basement, otherwise the Miscellaneous Detachment, Capt. John Mayben, Manager, who has the largest Company force, 440 men. These



are specialists. There is not a bit of work in this entire camp city that some man in this human miscellany cannot do. As one of them said, "If anything new turns up, and everybody else falls down on it, we can, and do, do it." They take after their head. Capt. Mayben had years of experience in the regular army, was in the subsistence department at Murray, and came over as assistant to Maj. Stone in the building of Camp Lewis, so he is a pioneer also. He was afterward designated as Camp Disbursing Officer.

There was a Quartermaster School also, conducted by Lieut. R. J. Graham and largely attended six nights in the week by enlisted men hoping for appointment to the Quartermaster Officers Training, at Camp Johnston. Lectures were given by experts upon the varied branches of Q. M. Certainly, in all its arms, there never was a more ambitious cityful of men than you, Ninety-First.

The fire department is a part of the Camp Q. M. D. Six engine houses with the finest of modern equipment and manned by fifty experienced fire fighters protect the camp. Did you ever think how well a city like Camp Lewis, small compared with others, is served, because of the opportunity of choosing experts in every line, from many workers trained in many methods and localities? Some of these men enlisted, others were selected from the draft because of long experience in fire fighting.

Lieut. George M. Mantor, formerly battalion chief of Seattle's Fire Department, is in command at Camp Lewis, and it is more than probable that neither another cantonment, nor any city in the United States holds such a wonderful fire, or rather fire-less, record as Lieut. Mantor has established there, less than \$2000 loss in ten months.

In response to a diaphone alarm which has been installed, every building is instantly vacated, all men lining in front of their own and awaiting further orders or dismissal by its signal. Fire breaks with hydrants occur at regular intervals and everything possible is done to obviate danger of fires. The copious water supply is under continual guard and cannot be approached

without a pass. Three firemen are detailed to every performance at Liberty Theater.

"Well," remarks Mother, "it is reassuring to learn that, but I know he misses my bread." Of course no one would be brute enough to deny it, but the fact is Son doesn't, and if she were to visit the great bakehouse beyond Division Headquarters and near the engine house, she would know why. Looking over the thousands of loaves, cooling upon racks to the ceiling, smelling like a year of home bake-days, the expert bakers do not say, "Yes, I had good luck with my bread today." There is no luck about it, and the bread is always good, though Bakery Company No. 331, Q. M. C., makes eight and a half tons of it in two-pound loaves which are distributed to company mess sergeants every day. There are three eight-hour shifts. The mixers begin at midnight and work till six; other mixers and moulders replace them and work till noon; the third shift finishes.

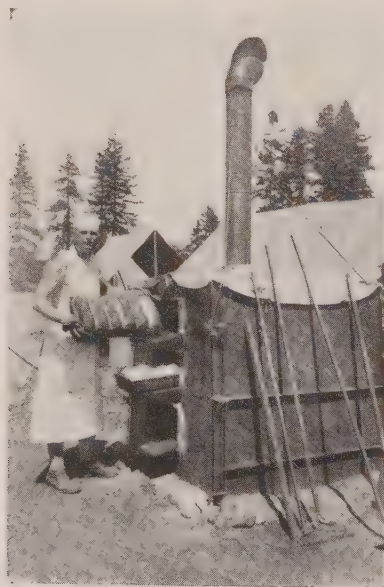
"They must have enormous mixing machines," they have none. Such conveniences could not be carried to the Field, so men do this by hand, and brawny arm. Each trough holds 400 pounds, and three men work it. That is a man's size job, too, isn't it Mother? Perhaps that is how Hardini, "the handcuff king," of the 344th Baker's Company, Q. M. C. keeps up his practice. He certainly had lost no skill when he performed in the "Miscellaneous" vaudeville which packed the big Y-Auditorium.

At first, what was sauce for the goose was not, as usual, sauce for the gander, and while home cooks were struggling with substitutes, Uncle Sam's men-folks had nothing but wheat bread. However, that is all changed. His bakers, have experimented to good effect, with best results for oatmeal or one-third rolled oats, Sergeant says. It certainly tasted good, better than all-wheat bread.

The immense ovens bake 3600 pounds of bread an hour. For the 25,000 two-pound loaves, 18,000 pounds of flour are used, 250 pounds of sugar, 200 of salt, 130 of compressed yeast, and 60 of lard—quite a daily baking, Mother. Two kinds of bread are made, for immediate

use, and Field bread. The latter has less water and, officially, will keep fresh for two weeks, but the fact is that on the Mexican Border, Field bread was perfectly good three months after baking, dry of course, but after wrapping in wet cloths and heating for fifteen minutes, it tasted like fresh-baked, the Sergeant says. Bread is kept upon racks for twenty-four hours, being indigestible before.

Behind the bakery you will see a number of Field ovens, which are in constant use so as to accustom men to work in the open. Each oven will bake 108 two-pound loaves an hour. These ovens are collapsible and can be readily set up behind the lines, for baking is done from forty to sixty miles to the rear so that supplies may not be seized. It speaks well for the bakers, however, that although this is true, and pay for them is much higher



FIELD OVEN \*

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\* Loaned by the Pacific Builder and Engineer, to which magazine credit is also due for items concerning the part of several civilians in building the cantonment.

than for fighting men, being \$75 a month, while they drill but one hour a day, there are never enough, so that the age limit was first removed to obtain older men for bakers. It was all well enough to tell the younger enlisted men that food wins the war, but they wanted to wield a bayonet instead of a poker and be "doughboys" in khaki, not white. The government furnishes, and launders, three white suits and twenty-four undershirts. The latter, sleeveless, are worn in the warm rooms.

Food in our Army used to be furnished raw and every man cooked his own! When soldiers discovered some one who could and would cook for them, they "chipped in" and paid him to do it. Dishes were washed at least once during a campaign. Now, a mess kitchen and pantry would shame any housewife. Every article upon a shelf is removed and wiped off every day and the shelf washed. When my pantry heard that, it did not say one word, but it looked it.

Did you know that there is a large Cooks' School constantly in session at Camp Lewis? There are 200 students from the various organizations, half being always new. The food at this school is cooked under instruction, and is delicious. The Sergeant in charge makes out menus and is allowed pro rata in drawing. He said he was doing it for 37.87 cents a day apiece and had cleared \$133 that month. This can only be expended, however, for food, which seems to a layman very much like pulling yourself over a fence by your bootstraps. This Mess Sergeant was trained in the Regular Army Cooks' School at Monterey, graduates from which are assigned as instructors to sixteen other schools in different States. If they show aptitude, after their training, they remain for another month and are in line for promotion.

Students were preparing a meal when I was there, and it certainly looked good. I was invited to look for dirt or specks of dust, even on the rafters and pipes. I looked around but found none, and not being a fly, took their word for the rafters, as they are wiped off every day. The floor is cleaned as often and every cook must

take a bath daily. As there are eleven inspectors whose sole business in life is to drop in any minute in the day, and who do—eight had already investigated things, that morning—these cooks are a close next to godliness. Lieut. James Atterbury is Division Meat Inspector.

Wonder what Wilkes' sailors would think of all this? In 1841, they dug the first trench on this cantonment and roasted the first meat here by hanging an ox over it from saplings, also they mixed the first dough on these premises in a hollowed log.

Each company in the 91st Division now has two cooks which have taken a two months' course in this school and there is absolutely no occasion for any grumbling at the "chow" served at any mess in camp, but, you know, some men would complain over a meal on Olympus and say the ambrosia of the gods was not fit to drink. At first, of course, there was often reason from complaint, some companies having a St. Francis *chef* and some a moving picture star who thought meals grew on a mahogany table land. Sergt. Keegan and his six instructors have changed all this. Students are even taught the different acids which aid in leavening.

Cooks' sleeves bear the round cap of their trade as emblem upon the sleeve. Capt. I. A. de Young is Division Mess Officer who supervises the entire school and, in general, the cantonment mess condition. He was Senior Grade Instructor at Monterey. The War Department even sent their best man in this branch to Camp Lewis.

Lieut. Harold Mallum is in charge of Food Conservation, as he was of the financial end of the All-Star Football game in the Fall. He became an authority in this campaign in rather an odd manner. While at the University of California he became interested in the subject of dietetics and nutrition. There were plenty of doctors; he would forestall them. He headed the work for forty Fraternity Houses, keeping forty-two sets of books. He served upon a committee with Dr. Wylie, national organizer, 1914. Lieut. Mallum was called to Columbia College where he spent the next year, then returned to San





LIEUT. HAROLD MALLUM

Francisco and was concerned with the dining car system of the Southern Pacific. He attended the Presidio Training Camp and is now assistant to Capt. de Young and in immediate charge of food conservation.

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Nothing is more significant of the great change from the Regular Army of the United States of but a few years back, to our new National Army, than the difference between the former's Canteen and the latter's Post Exchange. The canteen, selling liquor which brought its buyers nothing but the guardhouse and empty pockets, and the Post Exchange where nothing stronger than pop is sold, but almost everything else that a soldier wants, and whose profits return, if not into his individual pockets, into those

of his Company. There is an Exchange contiguous to every organization, twenty-two, with more building, and a soldier is supposed to patronize his own. If he does not, the profits upon his purchases remain outside his unit. When dividends are declared, the Companies may expend them as they agree. For instance, Company I, 361st. Infantry, gave a St. Patrick's day dinner to officers of other Companies in their regiment in recognition of their expenditures at the Post Exchange, whose dividends had just purchased Company I a pool table, \$150 worth of baseball paraphernalia, and several sets of boxing gloves. Dividends are computed monthly and paid in proportion to Company strength. Smokers, banquets, balls, improvements around barracks, etc., all result from Post Exchange dividends.

Another advantage, as the soldiers view it, but a doubtful one; since some spend more by coupon than they can afford or would spend if they handed over cash, is credit. Through their Company Commander, men out of money may obtain coupons good till pay day.

Soldiers can buy almost anything they need at these camp stores without going to town, but trade is principally in tobacco, ice cream, candy, and pop. Judging by the average sale of 144,000 bottles of pop a month at Camp Lewis, thousands of men were brought up on the bottle and have never been weaned from it. Wonder if they really like pop, which tastes as it sounds, or just like a bottle? That many have been accustomed to liquor, accounts for the tremendous sale of candy which men find dulls desire for stimulants. This is particularly true of Californians. The Post Exchange adjacent to the 364th Infantry takes in \$500 a day for candy alone. One of the four Depot Brigade Exchanges sold \$2200 worth of candy May 18, and a soldier's candy day is from about 5:15 P. M. to 10:45 P. M. During May, that Exchange took in \$41,000 for trifles. No wonder the government has advertised for 500,000 pounds of candy for overseas soldiers, and notifies manufacturers that successful bidders will be furnished requisite sugar! No wonder home

people are allowed but two pounds of sugar a month! Government is also catering to the national vice, by advertising for 400,000 packages of chewing gum. Foreigners say American jaws never rest, and they are almost right. The Depot Brigade Exchanges do the biggest business, because the new men are quartered there, and at first they eat, it does seem, for company. Bar chocolate is a great favorite and fancy cakes and ice cream cones. They are like so many children for such things. No wonder that, according to camp auditing, the enormous sum of \$1,777,676 was spent by the 91st Division in its Exchanges up to May 30, and this mostly in small sums, as the cash registers recording them prove. They indicate 25,000,000 sales! The profits, since neither labor nor rent and its incidentals do not cut in, are from twenty to twenty-five percent, all, as has been said, in dividends to Company funds. The next Division will have more and larger Post Exchanges.

The Division Post Exchange officer for the Ninety-First is Capt Dieterick Oldenborg, who has been made Camp Exchange Commander and so remains at the cantonment.

A New Yorker, his family an old one of Holland extraction, he was graduated from Yale in 1912. Having taken an engineering course, he entered upon an adventurous career in several lands. He and a college friend mined in New Mexico. He went to Old Mexico and South America, being connected with the world-wide activities of Standard Oil, and finally started for Asia Minor with a shipload of three-inch galvanized pipe, miles of it, early in August, 1914. *Palestine*, of all countries to be mentioned in connection with Standard Oil, had struck oil! Humanly speaking, the Holy Land was to be delivered from the Unspeakable Turk and the Unthinkable Hun by a shipload of pipe commandeered by a young American not even in uniform then.

He had sailed for Jaffa, but while at sea his company ordered him, by wireless, not to proceed to that post, so he landed the pipe at Alexandria. That he did so, re-



CAPT. DIETERICK OLDENBURG

sulted in the entrance of the British into Jerusalem, for their troops could never have crossed the Sahara without water, and those miles of pipe taken for oil, furnished it.

So the unholy Germans lost the Holy City, and the Jews will come at last to their Father's house, and the flag of David flies in the City of David, and Dieterick Oldenburg was the unwitting instrument of the marvel.

Capt. Oldenburg saw much of the mobilization of the Turks and their rapid training under Prussian brutality. He returned to this Country and decided to enter the reserve officers training camp at Plattsburg, not that he then anticipated our entrance into the war, but he wanted the experience. So now he is Captain

and Post Exchange Officer and the husband of Miss Maisie McMaster whom he met at Hostess House, in a camp that is training men for a war which, four years ago did not seem likely to engulf us. Be sure that of all this Dieterick Oldenborg expected nothing when his chief worry was to find room for himself in a stateroom on that vessel bound for Jaffa, for Capt. Oldenborg is a giant, yet so well built that you would hardly credit him, when standing apart from other men, with his six-feet-six of height.



## CHAPTER XX

THE INTELLIGENCE SCHOOL—CAMP LEWIS' NO MAN'S LAND  
—LIEUT. SHAW—S. O. S., SCOUTING, OBSERVATION,  
SNIPING—GAS TRENCHES, DRILL, PRECAUTIONS—LIEUT.  
WARRELL—CAPT. CHAMPION AND SERGEANT MIRAT.

'Tis rather a steep road from the far side of the cantonment up to No Man's Land, typically steep, rising from the level of ordinary life to the heights of sacrifice and death which this No Man's Land forebodes, and it hugs the pleasant hillside all the way. One turns often to look back and down, oftener near the top, where the whole cantonment spreads to view, bounded by low wooded hills, Mt. Tacoma far to the East, American Lake near to the West, the great maneuvers plain in the center stretching to the broad Artillery ranges on the far side, to the Rifle ranges and the paddocks beyond the Remount on the near, very beautiful, very peaceful. But from it all your eyes will turn to the camp itself, which, from Headquarters buildings, along three wide thoroughfares, follows the low hills on both sides, turning backwards a little at the ends and forming, as for the last time you turn to look, a giant wishbone. Myriad the wishes that have formed it, that dwell within it, that draw toward it!

Back from the brow of the hill, at the edge of the wood, is an upland flat of glacier bed which has been converted into a No Man's Land as desolate, surely, as its namesake. Trenches of regulation depth and width have been dug, with "islands" as in France. These are squares of ground at intervals bounded on all sides by trenches, so that when the wounded are carried back at

one side they may not meet and hinder those who go to dare the same fate, islands swept by a rushing tide of destruction, an ebb-tide of human wreckage. Here and there shell holes gape. Beyond are barbed wire entanglements which define the enemy's side, hung with cans, bits of iron, anything to sound the alarm at a touch, and, entangled, human-like forms. Stray "bodies" lie upon the ground and at varying heights, bayonet targets.

The forest had never encroached upon this place, knowing ages ago that it was to serve a special purpose, not of weal but wile, should bear not grain but brain; for of this stone foundation is the Academy of Mars, whereon no halls uprise but wherein many sink, the School of Intelligence. Surely of all the schools conducted at Camp Lewis, which itself might be called the common school, and these others (Signal, Divisional Arms, Bakers', Horseshoers' and the like), technical; with Officers Training Camp, the finishing school—did not that suggest the idiotic name of a generally idiotic school for turning out debutantes, the antithesis of a School of Intelligence,—the last is surely the most interesting. Its short name is the S. O. S., not referring to the distress call, though its course prevents such need, but Scouting, Observation and Sniping. To this school are detailed men picked from the intelligence section of every fighting organization in camp, men found fitted for this dangerous but fascinating work, wherein more must be learned than can be taught. Such schools are new to our army, as, in fact, to any other, as the problems worked out by them have never before been proposed.

Camp Lewis had the First Intelligence School under way in the cantonments. It was originated by Captain, now Major, E. A. Powell, American war correspondent, who, though not a fighter, nor trained in intelligence work himself, had observed much upon many points since the beginning of this war. He was joined by Lieut. R. Leslie Shaw, of the British Military Detail, who had distinguished himself in intelligence work with the army in France. Shaw joined the Sherwood Foresters, whose name recalls

the adroit daring of Robin Hood, in August, 1914, but was transferred to a Bedfordshire regiment the next January, with which he served in France, a part of the famous 7th Division. He was wounded at the battle of Looz that year, and again at the Somme in 1916. Invalided home, he was ordered to the United States with the Mission and sent to Camp Lewis in October, 1917. Lieut. Shaw was especially trained for intelligence work at the Sniping School at Aldershot, which, oddly, means Oldshot, and also in the First Army School in France. So that the 91st Division may again congratulate itself in having the best of practical and practiced instruction.

Details, of course, of intelligence work are not allowable, but enough can be touched upon to interest. If you drop the *er* from *escouter*, French for to listen, to hear, watch, observe, you will have their word for spy; if you clip the *e*, 'tis the American form which we like better, scout. No better scouts has the world ever known than American-Americans, Indians, and those associated with them in olden times. Of the former, but of course of peaceful generations, more than 5,000 enlisted in our army, and many are being drafted; of the latter, a few still remain, with whom others, like Capt. Thornberry, have been trained. Capt. Thornberry has been invaluable to the Intelligence School since its inception until transferred to the Military Police in Spring. He taught jujitsu and trained others to give instruction in that which enables a man, surprised and unarmed, to protect himself and to kill his foe.

Scouting parties are sent out from the Intelligence School to bring in maps of "enemy country" and information of every kind. These men must evade sentries and prowlers from the other side, and in broad daylight return undiscovered to their quarters on No Man's Land, which has two sets of trenches, understand, exact replica of an Allies versus Hun section in France. This is no easy task for anyone, especially for a city man whose house stands two blocks from a street car, or a sidewalk distant from his auto, whose beaten track is

from an elevator to a desk, and on to a bookcase. Such a man has never crawled since he learned to walk, never climbed since he was a boy, never walked since he rode, and would drop with heart failure if he ran. He cannot swim, yet is utterly at sea in a wood "where you can't tell where you are, every tree looks like every other," and even a country road is destitute of street signs and numbers.

It is strange how soon this fellow learns to reconnoitre, to recognize, to know again where once he has passed, to read a signboard in a broken twig. There was First-Lieutenant De Witt Evans, Tacoma lawyer, who, graduated from the Presidio Training Camp, was detailed to the 363rd Infantry Headquarters Company Intelligence Section. He picked his men, naturally largely from his own college, Stanford, as the 363rd is Californian. Their trained minds gloried in the brain, and their athletics in the brawn, of this new school. He had charge of—it is not wise to give numbers, and was kept as Instructor in the Intelligence Department where he had much to do with the building of No Man's Land.

His company were expert map-makers, which recalls the incident related by Prof. Charles Upson Clark of the American Academy in Rome, showing the extent of German spy work in our own country before the war. One of our officers was in Berlin and was being shown through the Intelligence offices. Scarcely thinking it possible, the American asked if his was there. It was, and he read the added data that he lived near Utica, N. Y., upon an acre of ground having two wells. Astounded, he admitted all except the wells, there was but one, he said. Returning to the States, he found the German spy right, there was an old well, overgrown! Lieut. Evans went to France with the 91st, where he will be commissioned, as all in charge of Intelligence work in our Army abroad are, Captain.

"A fellow needs as many eyes as a fly in this scout business. Instead, he has as many feet as a centipede, every one of them cracking a twig, dislodging a stone, or

raising a dust." Yet the parties do wonders on the scouting tours, one whole company succeeding in swimming a river under equipment and evading patrols. They are taught to keep out of sight till it becomes second nature, and to go softly.

In order to teach men to crawl in and out of shell holes, to find their way in the dark, and still to be in plain view of their instructors who could see the mistakes, goggles of darkened glass were adopted which make a sunny day black night. Toward the end of the training, long night reconnaissances were made, and their errors freely discussed afterward. This is where the foreign officers are especially valuable, forestalling the blunders which cost them so much in the early days of the war, and bringing their dear-bought experience to bear.

Scouts must be strong of body and wit. Men have "hiked" and jumped and the rest of it before being admitted to this school, even then athletes they must be. They see how going hand over hand up a rope twenty feet in two seconds counts, not only in your life, but in the lives of your regiment for which you advance into and beyond the outposts of the enemy at night, so that this Intelligence practice is no game, even if a man is "dead" when discovered and gone when captured, quite as when we played I-spy, only we called it Hi-spy in the days of long ago.

Sniping, snipping, or clipping, speaks for itself. It is something in which Americans have always excelled. It is the exposed, detached, perilous picking off of those who like themselves are doing especial duty. Shooting compares—*Positive* Marksman, *Comparative* Rifleman, *Superlative* Sniper. Lieut. Shaw and Sergt. C. F. Nicholas of a Hampshire regiment are the Sniping Officers.

If you know the way, you may wiggle along in and out and find yourself in an observation dugout which is burrowed below the hilltop and has long narrow slits of eyes peering out from its face at the side of the hill. Dun colored mosquito netting fringes the wooden eyelids, and bushes and grass veil it. All about this listening post is so artistically camouflaged by the intelligence men that



even after one has been there and gone but a little distance it is difficult to find the place. "We had it too green at first," said Maj. Powell "We noticed the surroundings were browner. It is rather a good job."

This observation dugout is thirteen feet square and shellproof, being covered with twenty-one feet of logs and earth, the former laid first one way then the other. Within are telescopes for watching everything and everybody, near and far, and intelligence men are always the brain behind those eyes. In these and many other ways do they see and hear and listen.

But into modern war, through the savagery of the Huns, has come necessity for smell, a neglected sense, the very name of which is somehow discredited. It is insulting to savages to couple them with Huns, though—

*"The savage mind was narrow.  
That's how it came to pass  
Men used a poisoned arrow  
Instead of poisoned gas."*

Most men seem largely deficient in the sense of smell, which is being cultivated as first protection against this cowardly method of killing. In the early days of the war the Allies were unprepared for it. Maj. Powell said he should never forget seeing three-hundred writhing in long torture, slowly dying like fish, gasping. This was after the first use of devils' breath at Ypres in April, 1915, but soon masks were invented, and now it is unwatchfulness or carelessness in adjusting masks that is chargeable for casualties. Up here in No Man's Land are the gas trenches where not only the Intelligence workers, but every man in Camp Lewis from its Commandant down, aye and the women, nurses, who are to go overseas, practice with gas masks. They make men look like a combination of deep sea diver, nightmare bird of prey, and grotesque demon, and the Germans, for all time to come, have fastened that hideous mask to their own faces. A strong clip clamps the nostrils so that it is impossible to breathe

through them, a large flexible tube connected to a canister filled with chemicals goes to the mouth. This secret compound robs the air of its poison. A mask of rubberized cotton, made to conform closely to various types of face, covers the head to the ears, and two broad elastic bands hold it. Glass or celluloid covers the eyes and a valve of rubber discharges the breath. The whole folds compactly, for the hose is "accordion-plaited", and slips into a small knapsack of canvas which is constantly worn, at the hip except when "at alert" when it hangs upon the chest.

Visitors to Camp Lewis often watch groups of men, under charge of a Sergeant, learning to adjust masks rapidly. Like everything else there, it is taught with military precision, just so many motions and in prescribed order.

"Gas!" calls the sergeant. Soldiers unbutton the flap of the knapsack, remove mask, adjust rubber mouthpiece, clip the nose clamps, toss head to one side, slip on the elastic bands, while he counts. "Six," said one to beginners. "You fellows would have a good lungful of gas by six. The last lot did it in four at the start." They reduced it, of course. When awkwardness means death, and skill safety, a class is bound to be attentive.

These masks have been improved from time to time and made to last longer, for the chemicals must be changed. Five hours is about the limit of use, but of course gas attacks never last that long. A soldier carries two of these canisters at the Front. Every mask is fitted to its owner and worn, later, in a gas chamber to be sure it fits perfectly and does not leak. After much drilling to make sure of quick adjustment, men are taken to the trenches and accustomed to the presence of gas. The United States has kept ahead of the Germans from the first and our Country's gas masks are the best, in fact they afford perfect protection. So mothers, don't worry. As Son himself admits, it is "up to" him to be safe.

A drill at the trenches is interesting and reassuring. If you look at the dugout cut you will see the doorway

which leads within. To it are hung heavy double blankets. Any housekeeper will know no gas can penetrate them. Men are constantly on the watch for the yellowish green and greenish brown gas which, being heavier than air, creeps like the serpent-thing it is, along the ground. We gain what we use, so soldiers are becoming quick to smell the evil thing, sweetish, stifling, sickening. The moment it is detected every man raises his voice in one word, *Gas, Gas!* and so yelling, adjusts his mask and rushes to the noise-makers for a general alarm. At Camp Lewis there are large iron triangles with striker attached hung by the blankets, which are to be instantly dropped. The din occasioned by these triangles would alarm Dahomey, if that synonym for savagery, had taken to gassing. In some trenches ratchets are wound, large rattles shaken, horns blown. In fact part of the training in the gas school is to contrive alarms with anything at hand, and men are encouraged to ingenuity.

Capt. Pontius of the Medical Department was conducting drill in the gas-trenches—gas work has since been transferred to the Engineers. He explained its workings and the absolute protection of the respirator. Then carbonyl gas was partly uncocked and chlorine gas was seen and smelled, the blankets were dropped, triangles pounded, masks adjusted. If I had doubted the efficacy of the blanket dugout portieres, the sickening odor of the suit worn there, proved it for days after.

When the gas had settled to the bottom of the trench, a soldier at each end began beating it out, each advancing toward the center. They used short-handled "flappers," large fan-shaped pieces of stout canvas which were struck flat upon the ground, dissipating the gas. This is done till no odor can be detected.

After other preparation, soldiers drill and march at double-quick wearing the clumsy head gear, and, at the last, enter gas-filled dugouts without fear, knowing the respirators are safe.

If all Home Folks could visit Camp Lewis, see for themselves the training and precautions against gas, and

remember that in Washington, D. C., seventeen expert chemists directed by the greatest in this country are working to nullify all such inventions, and, the pity of it, to invent more terrible for our own army, they would realize that German gas is less to be feared than even German U-boat. At first Hun preparedness was fitted against Un-preparedness, the most hampering of which was per-



LIEUT. F. H. PUGH

sistent faith in the human-ness of the Prussian; but as soon as we saw his hoof and horns, we prepared to fight the Devil like the Devil. Why, even the French and British who had fought the Prussians, did not believe a German prisoner who told them that the Huns had gas cylinders ready to turn upon Ypres. Gas was forbidden by the Hague Treaty. Strange they should have already

forgotten that to the Teutons a treaty was but "a scrap of paper." So thousands died, and a captured cylinder told how and that the gas was chlorine.

The British sent to us men of experience in the new horror as instructors, Lieut. F. H. Pugh of their Army Service Corps and Sergt. B. Campbell of the Connaught Rangers. Like the others, Lieut. Pugh fought at Looz and other battles, and the rest of the detail speaks warmly of his life at Camp Lewis. "Such fine fellows, they have treated us like brothers. How I hope we shall fight side by side." Probably they were treated as brothers because they were like them. Such fine, clean, brave young fellows, those Britishers!

Lieut. W. R. Warrell, of the British Military Mission, came to Camp Lewis as bayonet instructor, after recovery from the then new "mustard gas" used first by the Germans in July, 1917. When the bombs began to fall, he said, the men donned their respirators not knowing the effect of mustard gas, which is to burn deep wherever there is the slightest moisture, so that the mouth and eyes are always affected, and other parts of the body that are perspiring. It was a fortnight before he could see, and weeks before speech returned, of course the burns were very painful and recovery slow. Injuries from this gas are now obviated by bathing men exposed to it with a solution which prevents burns, and which is kept close at hand. Lieut. Warrell fought at Verdun and the Marne, how well, the Victoria Cross attests. Those Canadians are as bad as the Scotch at Waterloo, of whom it was said it was not enough to kill them, they must be pushed over. Sergt. L. F. Morris, Canadian Infantry, is with him, instructing, both being experts with the bayonet.

This big-boy nation of ours is surely entitled to credit for one thing not often to be found in the young, especially in the growing and precocious young, who are sadly apt to be cocksure and generally unteachable at that period. We have asked to be instructed by those more experienced in war than we and have welcomed their Military Missions to our cantonments. All the officers, British and French,





LIEUT. WARRELL (EXTREME LEFT) WATCHING BAYONET CONTEST

are loud in praise not only of the eagerness and aptitude, the skill so readily acquired by our army of civilians, but of the temper of our regulars and spirit of their officers, welcoming foreigners and gratefully accepting their instruction not only in new forms of warfare, but in new methods of old in which Americans had earlier distinguished themselves. There is the bayonet, for instance. Our army had used it as well as others, though it was a weapon which went against the National grain until the Germans used it to dispatch our wounded, then it behooved us to whet both weapon and appetite. Bayonets had changed little since 1670 when they were simply knives bound to muskets at Bayonne, France, except that they were clipped into sockets designed for them upon rifles; but our Ordnance Department is now furnishing bayonets which are un-safety razors—for Huns—and Lieut. Warrell and Sergt. Morris are furnishing experience.

Camouflage is French for a practice old as arms, military disguise, deception. Remember how the coward Macbeth was emboldened by the Witches' prediction:

*Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until  
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill  
Shall come against him.*

And then the unknowing fulfilment, and the opening sentence which applies today:

Mal. *Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand that chambers will be safe.*

Ment. *We doubt it nothing.*

Siw. *What wood is this before us?*

Ment. *The wood of Birnam.*

Mal. *Let every soldier hew him down a bough,  
And bear't before him, thereby shall we shadow  
The numbers of our host, and make discovery  
Err in report of us."*

This camouflage was successful in Scotland just nine-hundred-seventeen years before Lieut. Shaw taught the system to the 91st Division, and conducted a demonstration

of its workings upon the No Man's Land of the 182nd Infantry. The Commandant, Staff, and most of the officers at camp attended. The camouflage department should be especially effective at this cantonment where are scores of men who have been expert workers along this very line for the leading moving picture studios and settlements, as well as scene painters and ranch men.

Speaking of demonstrations, "Over the Top" conducted by the foreign officers when Gen. Helmick inspected Camp Lewis the middle of February, showed their training along all lines. Great shells shrieked over a battleground designed and dug just as it would be overseas. Then the machine guns, and the soldiers rushed forward, dropping into shell holes, crawling, firing, throwing hand grenades, and took the Boche trenches. Capt. J. C. Champion, 256th Infantry, head of the French as Capt. Mawdsley of the English detail, instructor in bombs and grenades, assisted by Sergt. Bonnett, was in charge of the advance, and after the battle, while still on the ground, pointed out the mistakes made, the principal one being imprudence in exposing themselves to fire.

"Remember, your being killed or wounded is one man less on your Country's side with which to win the fight." Men can be taught caution with good grace from officers like Champion, of bravery equal to his name. He wears the War Cross, or rather he does not, not even the ribbon which indicates it, except on High Days and Holidays, and carries his modesty to the point of boredom. All the French detail have been decorated which, in the French army, means courage indeed, when it distinguishes them among comrades all brave. That is more than can be said of the German Iron Cross, often bestowed for some especially dastardly deed.

One of these French with us was of a volunteer party of twelve who penetrated the enemy's line at night, cutting wires to obtain needed information. All but he were killed. A second volunteer party met the same fate, he only returning. Upon his urging permission to make a third attempt, he was forbidden. This was not learned from him, but



CAPT. CHAMPION

upon someone's referring to it he shrugged his shoulders in true French style and remarked, "I should not have had the Cross, but they who died." He was wrong. They won the crown, for him only the Cross.

Capt. Champion, like all the French detail, speaks perfect English. They are University men, some from English U's as well as French. The Captain spoke for the benefit of the Belgian Babies fund at a local hotel, and Sergt. Mirat illustrated the talk with cartoons which were auctioned for the cause. Mirat came to Camp Lewis the first week in November and is probably the best known of the detail for the reason that he has given both entertaining and instructive talks to all Companies, sometimes

illustrating them with wonderful lantern slides, sometimes with his own sketches. He has also published two small volumes of poems since war began. All the French officers fought in the earlier fierce battles, like Mirat, the Somme, the Marne, Verdun. Another French sergeant, Bonnell, instructor in bombing, is a good speaker who fought for three years before being detailed to Camp Lewis.

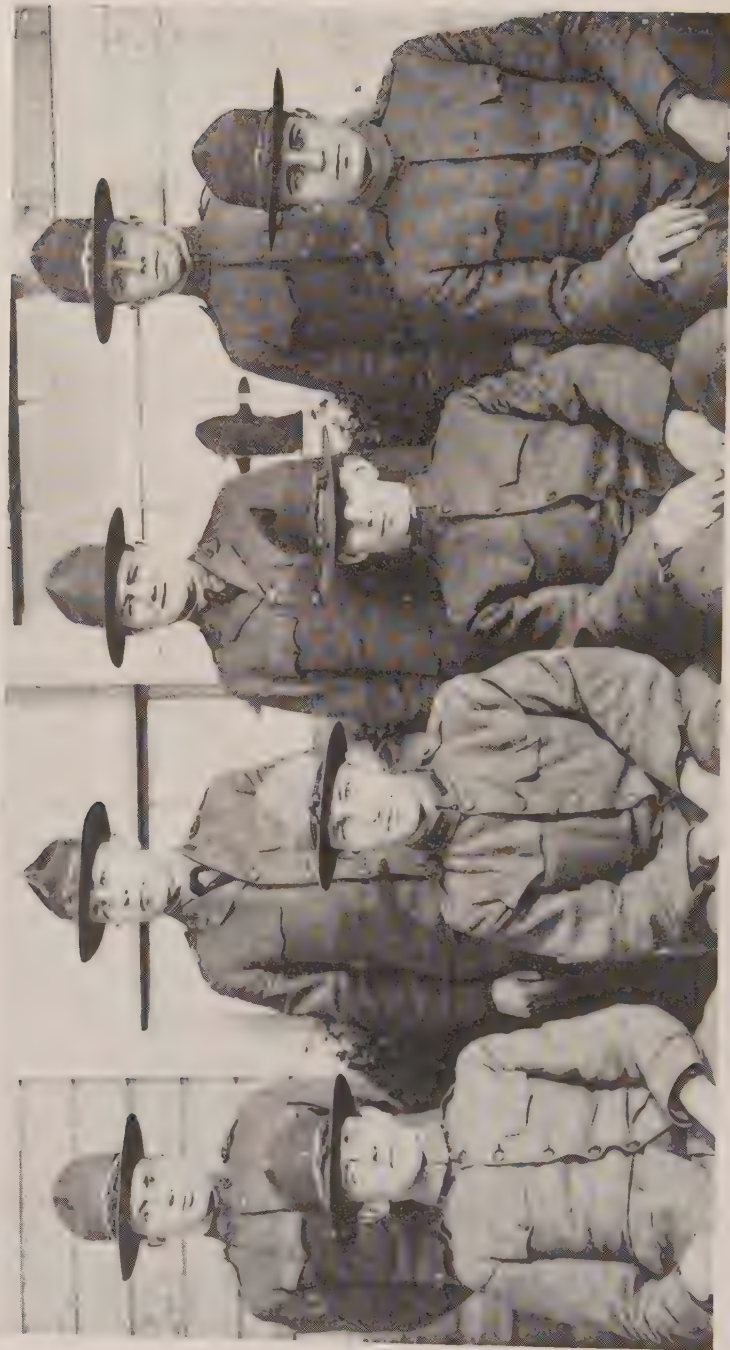


## CHAPTER XXI.

ATHLETICS—COOK, DIRECTOR—WORLD-CHAMPION HURDLER SIMPSON — WORLD-CHAMPION WRESTLER IRELAND — WORLD-CHAMPION BOXER RITCHIE—BASEBALL AND CAPTS. WATTELET AND SCOTT—SCORES OF BASEBALL PROFESSIONALS—FOOTBALL AND LIEUTS. STANTON AND MALLUM—SOCCER AND LIEUT. QUIMBY—BASKETBALL—SWIMMING, CHAMPION CUNNHA AND AWAI—ARENA AND MEET—BUTTE BUILDING AND A. J. DAVIS.

Never in the world's history has athletics played so great a part in war as today. Formerly, darkness brought rest and sleep for both sides; now men fight and work night and day, often for more than forty-eight hours at a stretch. Every muscle must be tough, every ounce of flesh hard. Knowledge of perfect physical condition breeds confidence, which is the very heart of valor in action, and endurance, which is the test of it. A third phase of its power is the assistance it gives in recovery from wounds. All that, and more, at the Front: in camp, athletics is the prime mixer, the quickest method of developing Company spirit, bringing officers and men together by means in no way derogatory to discipline, but good in its effects in a democratic army like ours. This was very soon demonstrated at Camp Lewis and answered the objectors, of which athletics, like all special activities, enjoyed its share.

The Ninety-First could not have been better satisfied if its hundreds of professional and amateur athletics stars had been allowed their pick for Division Director, and been able to agree upon the man, instead of having Capt. Trevanion G. Cook appointed to that position by the War Department, through the Fosdick War Activities Com-



THE 91ST DIVISION ATHLETIC DIRECTORS

mittee. Some man may have felt the Division could have fared better, but he has not yet been heard from, so does not figure in the First's of this book.

Capt. Cook has had twenty-seven years' experience as Director of Athletics, ten of them being in the New York State School for the Deaf and Dumb, New York City. He came West, and was director in Spokane for eight years, spent two at Wallace, Idaho, and the last year before coming to Camp Lewis at Butte, so that he knows this Northwest and its men, and many know him. Of them, he is a type; a sportsman, an athlete, a gentleman, just the one to give the right impress to the important board he heads. He has not only supervised the entire Division athletics, but has arranged and directed several Meets which have been remarkable not only in their numbers of entries and feats, but in demonstrating the value to military acquirements of athletics co-ordination. Capt. Cook had expected to accompany the 91st Division to France, but he had done his work too well to be needed there, as he is for succeeding Divisions at Camp Lewis, so he remains.

Edgar H. Kienholz, Assistant Camp Athletics Director, is another find, a graduate of the State College at Pullman, Washington, where he took a Bachelor's Degree in Agriculture, 1913, a Master's, in 1915. While awaiting the B. A. and the M. A., however, he affixed the remainder of the alphabet, won at football, basketball, baseball and track, at his college. It is said he has more letters than any other college man. Wonder how he found time to learn anything about agriculture, let alone Master it? The year after his graduation, he directed and coached athletics at Yakima High School. Then he became instructor of Agriculture, Elementary Science Department, also assistant Coach, in the state College of Washington, remaining two years. During 1916-7, he was Director and Coach at Polytechnic High School, Long Beach, California.

Then there is Lieut. Robert Simpson, who was graduated from the University of Missouri last Fall, took a com-

mission at Fort Sheridan, and at Camp Lewis is Coach of Track Athletics. These facts are ordinary, but what is extra-ordinary is that Simpson was member of a team sent to the Olympic Games, and that he holds the World's Record for both High and Low Hurdles, the former being fourteen and three-fifths seconds, 120 yard, and the latter in 220 yards. Is that good enough for you, Ninety-First? Lieut. Simpson is attached to the 44th Infantry.

Yes, for a beginning that will do, but this First Division must have only First's. Lloyd Erwin Ireland was born in Walla Walla, Washington, and attended Columbia College at Milton, Oregon. Like Hercules, he must have begun wrestling in the cradle, for he was credited with it in 1905, and won the World's Featherweight Championship in 1913. Two years afterward he was physical director of Olympia's Young Men's Christian Association. He was appointed Wrestling Instructor at Camp Lewis in November, 1918.

Ireland should rise to fame in the army, as he has served at sea on a revenue cutter and on land as a National Guardsman, while his second cousin, Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood holds rank a goal's distance from the little corporal—not meaning Napoleon though he, too was of Artillery. Ireland is regimental postmaster of the 346th Field Artillery. He has been "Kid Irish" as long as he cares to be, and he is twenty-five, anyway. If he does weigh less than 125 pounds, he is as strong as the Hercules he emulated, for he can lift ten times his own weight. Several times at camp smokers he has lifted five men, easily, and once he was foolish enough to carry the same number of men a city block, but that was several years ago.

In all, Ireland entered 448 wrestling bouts, engaging men from 115 to 248 pounds in weight, and lost but nineteen contests. He won the championship of the world in 1913 from Grimms, who had worn only a fortnight the belt which he had taken from Keegan, who had held it for years. And Corporal Ireland is not only a world's champion wrestler and a strong man, but an expert jujitsu-ist, if that is what it is called. No wonder the



wrestlers of Camp Lewis are legion and notable, with such an instructor.

"Kid Irish" came before about 3000 soldiers that packed the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium and defended his title against the challenge of Sergeant Guy "Alaska" Stegner, at a smoker given by the 316th Engineers and the 346th Field Artillery; and having won the match, he dropped name and title upon the mat, and left the hall Corporal Ireland, U. S. N. A. who is training thousands of men instead of one, and the thousands-and-one are putting their strength into a bout worth while.

In this group we will find a third World Champion, "Willie Ritchie," or, as his card in the great filing case of the Depot Brigade has it, Gerhardt Steffens, San Francisco, first of the new California draft to appear at the receiving station. Soon after war was declared, he had enlisted in the Signal Corps Reserve from which he was discharged to accept the position of Boxing Instructor at Camp Lewis, where, daily, he teaches classes composed of 472 assistant boxing instructors, who in turn carry down the work to men in groups of from forty to sixty, the result being that hundreds of Camp Lewis boxers are already a credit to any ring, and that the whole Division is rapidly gaining great proficiency. Yes, and size, men are actually growing like boys!

Ritchie grows talkative when he insists that no other form of sport, not only, but of drill, can so strengthen men for war, and teach them what to do with that strength. Boxing, he says, employs the very muscles used in bayoneting and teaches a man to take blows as well as to give them, so that when you put a gun and bayonet into his hands he feels the extra confidence of a weapon harder than his fists. It is for these reasons that the government has made attendance compulsory at instruction in boxing both for soldiers and sailors. For, as Ritchie says, it is not the Captain that will bring a man safely out of a battle, if he comes back, but his own ability to fight, with every inch of muscle and atom of sense, and to keep his eye on his adversary.





BOXING CONTEST—MITCHELL AT RIGHT

Ritchie will not talk of himself, he is not in the least like most professionals in that, though, to be sure I never before talked to one noted in his line. He has been ten years before his public and was Lightweight Champion of the world. He is too heavy for that class now, but he has lost none of his strength to the usual conqueror of fighters, for he has never drunk a drop, does not even smoke, is a good business man, property owner, and home-lover, with "one strong appetite—for ice cream," laughs one of his admirers. As a man he is much liked, and the Division was greatly disappointed to learn that, because his hearing is slightly defective, he will not go with them to France. However, as in Capt. Cook's case, what the Ninety-First loses, Camp Lewis gains, and his many trophies remain here. One, an immense Loving Cup, was presented last May when he boxed for a benefit, for Ritchie will use his skill for nothing but the army and the Red Cross while war lasts. This great Loving Cup is like the Widow's Cruse, always empty, but always able to pour forth—money, not oil.

This connection between boxing and bayoneting makes it invaluable, as is shown in moving pictures prepared by the Commission on Training Camp Activities and distributed to camps. One of the leaders is, "Bayoneting is boxing with a gun in your hands." Ritchie also received a gift of four films from Miles' Brothers of San Francisco, showing celebrated bouts, instructive to the men. Ritchie himself took instruction in bayoneting, of Lieutenants Hurlburt and Noble.

The Boxing Tournament held the first week in June might be described as the Graduating Exercises of Superintendent Ritchie's Camp Lewis School. It was held in the sports arena, with over 150 entries, men who qualified at the elimination bouts held for several days previously. For six evenings the arena was crowded, and it seats 20,000. It was said to be the superior of anything ever before staged, and, the men think, can never be excelled. Medals were awarded individuals, and handsome silver regimental trophies presented the last night, by Capt.

Worsham, whose open-air voice rivals that of Gen. Funston's father who was seldom called anything but Foghorn Funston. Capt. Worsham announced these events, and the Remount's, later.

This Divisional Ring Tournament reflected great credit upon Capt. Cook and Ritchie. Washington men in the 361st Infantry were the stars of the firmament. I am warned that this book will not be worth the paper if the winners' names are not published, so here they are:

#### CLASS A, PROFESSIONALS

G. W. Thompson San Diego, Cal., 24th company, 166th depot brigade.

"Pickles" Martin, Los Angeles, Cal., Battery A, 347th F. A.  
 Danny O'Brien, Salt Lake City, Utah, Company E, 361st infantry.  
 Joe "Butch" Simonich, Butte, Mont., Company A, 361st infantry.  
 Dick Wells, Seymour, Ind., Company A, 361st infantry.  
 Leo Cross, San Francisco, Cal., Company F, 364th Infantry.  
 Bob Sommerville Los Angeles, Cal., Company F, 364th infantry.

#### CLASS B, AMATEURS

Charles Sepulveda, Los Angeles, Cal., Company A, 364th infantry.  
 M. M. Robertson, Salmas, Cal., Company G, 361st infantry.  
 Charles Feretti, San Francisco, Cal., Company G, 316th ammunition train.

George Davis, Hoquiam, Wash., 363d ambulance company.  
 William Thompson, San Francisco, Cal., Company L, 363d infantry.  
 H. L. Peterson Fairview, Utah, Company A, 361st infantry.  
 Oscar "Kid" Koch, Mexico, Company C, 316th engineer trains.

Baseball might be called the characteristic American sport. Perhaps it is because I know more about it than any other, having lived in Detroit when the great games between its teams and Chicago's were crises in our affairs, but really it seems that more kinds of military training can be gained by baseball than by any other. However, what it is starred for, is training in throwing hand grenades, in which four motions are requisite, one showing in this cut. Don't know what it is, officially, but it would seem to be "Get out of your own way." A hand grenade is about five inches long and explodes in that many seconds after it is set, so you don't want to begin thinking "the thoughts of youth which are long, long thoughts" when it is ready for action. Our "lemons" are an improvement on the Allies' since they will not explode until a clip is pressed down, so are safely carried. These "lemons," by the way, are so shaped and of ribbed steel.

The Divisional Coach is a professional player, owner and manager of the Victoria Northwest Baseball Team, Capt. L. A. Wattelet of the 364th Infantry. He and Capt. Cook and Capt. Scott are the commission for Camp Lewis League games of twenty teams divided into National and American, which play upon fourteen out of the forty cantonment diamonds.

I notice that you betrayed no excitement over mention of Capt. Scott. It's a common name, how were you to guess it was "Death Valley Jim" Scott, pitcher for eight



THROWING HAND GRENADES

years for the Champion Chicago White Sox! Think of messing with him, having him remark to you, *personally*, that it was muddy, or that Camp Lewis diamonds are the stones.

They say he was as excited over the opening of these cantonment games as he ever was over the first day of the Big League. "Why shouldn't I be," he queries, "We're in the biggest game of our lives right now, and when we strike France we shall feel as if we had never played in anything but bush team before." Captain Scott's two-hundred dollars a month, less board and uniform, would have been too small for Pitcher Scott to see, but what is money anyway when you can fight and, on the side, play ball and manage an Officers Training Camp team which, undefeated, is out for more scalps?

There are scores of lesser lights: Guisto, first base with Cleveland Americans, Myers same in Boston Nationals Kingman, pitcher, and Mullen, infielder New York Americans, Mails, Brooklyn, and Smutz and Oldham, pitcher for the Detroit Tigers, playing for thirty dollars a month, and trying to out-do one another?

Lieut. J. E. Widmann, 346th Machine Gun Battalion, is known all over the Southwest as player and manager. He was in the Philippines for three years when Gen. Pershing was Captain there. Widmann started in the Islands as a private, becoming post commissary-sergeant. After the Spanish American war he played baseball everywhere, when this began, he took a commission at the Presidio and then went to the Fort Sill musketry school. Now he divides his attention between machine guns and baseball.

From the baseball teams of almost every company in camp were picked, after trial games, the Divisional Nationals and Americans which play in the largest Field upon all the cantonments. About ten first-class pitchers contested for the honor of playing. These opposing nines play every Wednesday, beginning the middle of May. The qualifying teams were, *Americans* 361st and 364th Infantry, 346th F. A., 316th Engineers, 316th Supply Tr., Remount, Military Police, 44th Infantry, Y. Q. M. C., Division Headquarters; and *Nationals*: Infantry, 362nd, 363rd; 347th and 348th F. A., Machine Gun Bn., 316th Am. Tr., 316th San Tr., 316th Sig. Corps, Depot Brigade and Ordnance Department.

According to a published list here are more of the Division players: Jo Connolly, 363rd Infantry, former Tacoma Tiger, McIvor, Reardon, 363rd C.; La Marra and Holloway, D. B. utility; 316th eng., p., Northwestern; Mark Higby, 362nd ambulance Co., p., formerly of the Coast league; Charles Schmutz, 362nd Amb. Co., p., majors Northwestern; Howard Mundorff, M. P., outfielder, Coast league; Hap Myers, 362d field sig. bn., 1b, Boston Braves; Harrington, O. T. C., c., Olympic club, San Francisco; Sergt. Ten Million, 361st inf. outfielder, Seattle club; M. H. Shriver, O. T. C., infielder, U. of C.; ex of Cincinnati and Richmond clubs; Roy Sharp, O. T. C. infielder, U. of C.; "Midget" McKay, O. T. C., infielder, U. of N. D.; Howell Romney, O. T. C., outfielder; Carl King, M. P., c.; Tom Hickey, 363d inf., p.; Ed. Klein, 363d p.; Hal Chase, 347th F. A., p.; Ted Allen, 347 F. A., p.





STRETCHER BEARERS

It is said that cricket, tennis and golf in England are, at least for the war, totally neglected, since they need grounds, and everybody is wild over American baseball for which 2000 teams are to be equipped from New York.

Probably the least exercised portion of the ordinary man's body is his ankles, even women, by reason of "turning" their ankles over their silly high heels, exert them more. Football, is therefore of the greatest importance in making soldiers sure-footed, a life-saving trait on the shell-torn battlefields of France. When the mother of Achilles dipped her boy in the dread Styx, she held him by the heel, you remember, so that his foot only was vulnerable. Columbia is striving to safeguard her boys where Thetis failed, by football. If Thetis had not been a sea-goddess, she would have thought of that, for football was played in Homer's time. The Greeks played a game very similar to Rugby, and when Augustus succeeded Julius Caesar, he appointed a committee to revise football rules.

As Sir Walter Scott said:

*Then strip, lads, and to it, tho sharp be the weather,  
And if perchance you should happen to fall,  
There are worse things in life than a tumble on heather,  
And life is itself but a game of foot ball.*

Eskimos are experts at it, using a ball of seal leather stuffed with reindeer hair, light and strong. They are wonderful kickers, those Eskimos, too.

Foot ball's representative and coach upon the Athletics Divisional Council is Lieut. W. L. Stanton of the 316th Supply Train, who was Football Coach at Occidental College, California. Lieut. Mallum, treasurer of Camp Lewis Athletic Organization, has been prominent in the game since the big Stadium game. But our American Football, or its English cousin, Rugby, is neither so valuable to soldiers as its Scotch cousin Soccer, which, with the twist which the Scotch tongue gives to words, straightened, means association football, because rules so formulated, forbid the holding or carrying of the ball, only foot work



THE 1918 CHAMPION SOCCER TEAM

being allowable in Soccer. For this reason it is especially favored by Brig. Gen. Foltz. It is the principal sport of the French army. Lieut. Hubin of the Belgian army has issued a challenge to ours for Soccer games, and, judging from the record of the Ninety-First's squad, Americans are ready.

And if Soccer is not a Yankee game, it is pronounced as if it were. Coached by Lieut. Quimby of the 361st Infantry—he wearing the fur collar—these boys won the Championship of the Northwest. The Lieutenant is a Stanford University man, Division Soccer Coach, and his poem upon *The Platform Crew* proves him as virile a writer as sportsman.

A ball is the oldest toy in the world. Doubtless Adam and Eve played it with an apple, Cain and Abel kicked a melon for football, or struck an orange with the palm of their hand for a tennis racket. In fact as late as King Arthur, tennis was called paume because so struck. In France, from the king down, while Columbus was busy proving the world a ball hurled by Jupiter, everybody played tennis, with a glove as buffer. In fact, Romulus and Remus, Pyramis and Thisbe, David and Johnathan, —all the rest of them, played ball.

Bayoneting, Boxing, Baseball, Basketball, all are Busy B's, especially Basketball, whose Division Team, from the middle of February till the end of March, 1918, was defeated but once, and brought back to the Ninety-First another Championship of the Northwest. It hardly seems fair to crow, however, when you reflect that Camp Lewis teams, in any sport, are the pick of the best players in the entire Northwest, pitted against a local team, however good. Take this Basketball squad: Sergt. Keinholtz of the Council, Lieut. Craig of University of Wyoming, Lieut. Hjelte, University of California, Sharp of same, Staatz, of Washington, Berndt, Santa Clara College, California, Hayer, Wallace High School, Van Pelt University of Utah, Halverson of Ripon, Lieut. Rice a Montanan and Wilson, another Californian. All these had been stars in their college galaxies.



Just before the Division went over, tennis courts were laid out in several parts of the cantonment and play had begun—suppose that is especially valuable for arm-reach and leaping.

Swimming, too, began to take its important place among sports which are so useful as hardly to be ranked among sports. Now, a government order makes it obligatory upon all soldiers to learn to swim. As usual, Camp Lewis was to the fore with a great beautiful lake, named a-purpose, American, and a teacher, George Cunnha, who couldn't wear all his medals or they would sink him. He is another World's Champion, Speed-swimmer, and has several times out-classed Duke Kahamamoku, who as you might suspect, is an Hawaiian, which is as to say, swimmer. I don't suppose any native Hawaiian was ever drowned since the sea swept his front yard and the surf beat at his door.

Just spell the heart out of his beloved island and you will have the very name of another great swimmer of the Ninety-First, Awai, George Awai, graduate of a Honolulu High School and of Kamehameha Manual. Since his countrymen speak of his swimming, he should so be noted, but he is beside, an all-around athlete—and in an office at Divisional Headquarters. Awai sings, and plays *several* instruments beside the typewriter.

Was there anything or anybody left out of your athletics, Ninety-First? To be certain of the No-s, a coordinating committee was formed in February to organize so that there should be no overlapping or interfering, yet all should be covered. Capt. Cook was chairman, Capt. Welty came over from Headquarters, and representatives of the Y. M's the K. C.'s the Jewish Welfare, all attended.

The fine Division Athletics Field, one of the largest in the country and brilliantly lighted, was finished for Camp Lewis' First Division. The April Military Tournament there was beyond anything ever before attempted. Capt. Cook must have been a proud man as he saw the time and manner in which this program, a Bulletin from Division Headquarters, was carried out without a failure. The re-



sults have been detailed elsewhere in relating regimental honors, but you men who took part before the thousands of enthusiastic onlookers, including Gen. Greene and his Staff, would like it reprinted, would you not?

1. Hand grenade—
  - (a) Distance, three trails, built-up trench.
  - (b) Accuracy, five trails, team of eight men.
2. Rescue race, two-men team, limit three teams to a unit—Rescue men to run 50 yards to wounded men, lift them on their shoulders without any assistance by the wounded men, and carry them back to the start; wounded men to weigh 150 pounds each.
3. Bayonet combat—Equipment: Wooden rifle, mask, plastron and glove; team of 10 men from each regiment; rules of the divisional infantry school of arms to govern combat.
4. Wall scaling—50 yards, 25 yards to the wall, over the wall, and 25 yards to the finish; the wall to be 10 feet high and 12 inches wide; squads must be formed and reported at the finish; hats must be worn throughout.
5. Relay litter race, 200 yards—Teams of eight men; eight teams; 50 yards.
6. Competitive squad drill—Under the general rules for such events.
7. Running trench jump—Carrying rifles and jumping a six-foot trench.
8. Bugle Competition—The regulation bugle to be used.
9. 100 yards squad relay race, teams of eight men each—each man running 220 yards, field shoes.

Some sports cannot be pursued to advantage in Winter, though then recruits need them most, so that the gift of Andrew J. Davis is one that none but themselves can fully appreciate. The size of the building, largest of its sort in the world, its cost in money, its equipments, are apparent to everybody; but the understanding, the knowledge of just how best to accomplish good to so many, many thousands of our boys, were born in the heart of the man, not his pocket. He turned its design over to the supervision of one who would know just what was needed and wanted, Capt. Trevanion Cook, whose experience is one of the "built-in" features. Then Mr. Davis asked Capt. Cook to make out a list of every sort of equipment which could complete a perfect sports center and submit it to a former Butte man, Sergt.-Maj. Harold Crary, of the 181st Brigade, who was empowered to draw a check. It is not every day that an enthusiast like the Division

Athletics Director has an opportunity to gratify his knowledge of the subject, so the pleasure he felt and Mr. Davis felt, is only to be exceeded by that the men felt when they took possession of "Butte Building"—for Mr. Davis absolutely refused to have his name in any way connected with his gift.

*"Who builds a church to God and not to fame,  
Will never mark the marble with his name."*

He had erected that huge Recreation Hall to the Men of the Cantonment, not to A. J. Davis, and he would not even be present at a formal acceptance of the structure. He looked it over one day with Capt. Cook, was "delighted with all the Captain had done for it," then slipped back to Montana, where he has lived since pioneer times, leaving Butte Building, Montana Avenue, as legacy to the Pioneer Division of Camp Lewis, and to those who come after.

In the glorious record of Athletics at Camp Lewis, thus endeth the First Chapter.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## HAIL AND FAREWELL

Reveille and welcome! No truth in the bugle's complaint, "I can't get 'em up in the morning" that notable day at February's end, no hugging pillows till the third minute before Assembly. Every man Jack in certain Companies of the 362nd and the 363rd Infantry swung out of bed at the "I" before the "can't" could sound, for, after all the months of hard training, had dawned The Day. They rushed to chow only to feel that, somehow, the mess hall already looked unfamiliar. Afterward, they swept their narrow slice of dormitory, box gone from under bed, clothing from nails in the wooden partition, their "junk" from the shelf. It really *was* The Day, wasn't it?

They looked through the windows they had vociferously cursed when first they came, loudly enquiring, in solo and chorus, why the government had gone to expense for glass when regulations required all windows to be wide open the coldest nights through. Now they wondered how ever they had slept in stuffy rooms. Why windows are made to look through, and they did it now, off to the rugged Top-sentry of the camp, Mount Tacoma, "some mountain," and, at the other end, to the sparkling water of American Lake, blue as the flag-field, "bully lake"; looked out upon great stretches of prairie parade grounds between, whereon, even now, poor fellows whose own great day had not yet dawned were drilling: marching, while they would be luxuriously rolling along; digging trenches, throwing harmless grenades at targets, charging swinging dummies with bayonets, while They, from trenches far muddier, would "hand those lemons to the Boches, then rush over the top and jab them direct."

They gazed pityingly upon the drill bodies far and near on the great plain, then back into the long bare room which would have witnessed many a homesick vigil had not that same drilling rendered bodies too weary "to stand for any such nonsense."

They had thought to leave the old barn without a regret, and as bare as they found it, yet some felt strongly, and many dimly, that they were not leaving it empty, that much of their old selves remained behind, that somehow They were not the same men who first entered these barracks months—or was it years, before? Others had noted it, so now did They, and, with unconscious farewell to their outgrown selves in the outgrown room, They passed slowly to the street.

No sentiment apparent as they lounged and joked, awaiting the dapper young Lieutenant's "Fall in,"—would it never come!

"*Fall in.*" Instantly men became soldiers, the band struck up and the ranks struck out. Behind the long stretches of barracks, the rough and muddy street was crossed for the last time, California street, and these were California boys. Last times are sort-o sad, but this was the *first* time they had started for France. A huge motor was bringing stones as basis of fine paved roads for the next draft, and just as the band came along, dumped a record load directly before them, over which they marched full soldierly, trifles like cobblestone banks no longer causing comment. They bore no arms, only blanket rolls and shining dishes. One tapped his plate and remarked, "Food wins the war, we're bears for both."

Gloomy, sullen, unwilling? Not a word of it. The sun burst into a broad smile, and every son, to the number of thousands, beamed likewise, like a football squad and rooters off for a long-desired game. The band played a "jazz" and a tall, sinewy fellow who had been loading boxes of apricots, prunes, all sorts of supplies, and who was bareheaded and barearmed in the wind, began to dance. He was grace itself as he pirouetted along the line of waiting men and extended his finger tips to the

smallest soldier. The latter advanced mincingly, presenting a clever personation of a dainty debutante, despite his high-necked khaki with blanket-roll for chiffon scarf and aluminum dishes dangling for a chatelaine at his belt. But the soldiers are too much accustomed to cleverness of this sort to heed. You know the moving picture plants of Southern California all but moved and planted Camp Lewis. Many a pretty man, so spoiled, that when he posed in love scenes before the camera, he needed no second party, turned out to be a real man, or, more properly speaking, a reg'ler human. Yes, it was as good as a play to linger 'round with the boys; it *was* a play: a human-action motion picture, in natural colors, with its "leaders" audible. The military band played for its "augmented orchestra", all as it should be, big and beautiful, when you consider the price.

The bands' olive uniforms grew green with jealousy, "No, not with this bunch, worse luck. Gee, but I wish we were. Perhaps tomorrow, but they never tell us." One of the snare drummers, relieving his feelings by pestering, persisted in playing a tattoo on the sides of the drum ahead. The soldiers would applaud the airs in kind. "*Where do we go from here?*"

"*We go to France; you for the barracks.*"

There was nothing approaching rowdyism, not an oath, not a jest that a boy wouldn't have his mother hear if she'd been there, which she wasn't, nobody's mother. Since the first entrainment, when the men's relatives made of the occasion almost a naval affair, depressing the soldiers themselves to the tear line, and the publicity of the farewell affording alien enemies an opportunity to blow up the train, the government refuses all information regarding the time, the place, or the girl. One has simply to happen along, and this time only five women happened along.

It seems hard, but the fact is war is hard, first, last, and all the time. As they could afford time and money, home dear ones had come far to visit their soldiers, and men near home had lately been there. Last words



are better unsaid. So, Dear Ones, I have taken this picture for you.

No—it is not a group picture in which you cannot find your Boy; see, there he stands, more natural than in any other you have of him, for he did not suspect I was drawing it. His “pleased expression” was not sheepishly attempted at anyone’s suggestion; it came from within. No need for the band to propose, “*Pack all your troubles in your old kit bag and smile, smile, smile.*” They had, to a man, evidently done that packing at barracks, for only smiles were in evidence; they wore them every minute of the long wait, and they wore them away, I give you my word.

Some had tiny flags thrust into their hat cords, and some carried larger ones. “Did a friend give you that to carry on?”

“No, brought it from California when I came, and I mean to carry it straight into France and on into Germany”—

“Good for you. It’s a good flag to fight for, isn’t it?”

“The finest ever,” and he gave it a toss—

“And the most beautiful, why even a German acknowledged that to me many years ago; and the only progressive flag. Remember? another star rises in its sky every once in a while.”

“That’s why I followed it first; it leads”—I liked that, and his voice, which was—well, different, so I inquired of this young Wise Man from what country he had followed the star?

From Italy—“Then no wonder you are glad to go, for you will fight both for your Fatherland and your Motherland.”

I was glad that I said that, for his face shone and so did that of his “pal,” another Italian holding a similar flag, who contributed only smiles and nods to the conversation. There are many Italians among our troops from sunny California, drawn thither by promises whispered by the olive and orange groves, then bound to the soil by the vineyards’ tendrils.

And Home Folks, because you were not there, do not think Boy left with no one to see him off. Strong friendships form in the army. There are many men of many minds to pick and choose from. Even if Son is queer, there's a queerer, sure to be. They have been in daily, close association, with nothing from without to interfere. Did not people you knew abroad ship, just those few days, come to stay in your heart? So there was calling over, "Hello Bill, you old slacker, why don't you come along?" this to a khaki-clad, rueful six-foot-fiver.

"Don't you let him tease you, sonny. Just wait till you grow up, you'll be no slacker," yells a "runt" to the giant.

New excitement, more fun! Drive up large army wagons, drawn, each, by four mules, the only old-fashioned thing in this brand-new army and its equipment, those wagons and smiles, the only thing left of the old army life among the regulars, as an army woman reminiscently remarked, and added, "I just love an army mule." These wagons are heaped with large, round blue denim drawbags, tagged with name and Company, with some democratic near-leather telescopes, and a few aristocratic oxfords.

Nothing but the kit-bags will go further than Camp Greene. Your big boys play at grab-bag now as the soldier tosses them from one side, then the other, the crowding men, however, keeping a respectful distance from the mule quartet, to be watched and avoided as alien enemies. No one loves a mule. What's that? Oh yes, yes, notably truthful; just an idiosyncrasy.

*Entrain!* Till that order some had feared they "really might not get to go," they had packed and hiked before, only to be returned to barracks. Two lines of men approached along two coaches, coming together at the rear step of one, the forward step of the next car. Each man tossed up his bag which was caught and handed into the coach. The soldier then clutched the irons and swung himself easily aboard, turning to catch the baggage of the man behind. Tracks were high, the step had no waiting porter with box. In no other small matter was the

newly acquired agility and strength of the troops more noticeable than in the speed and ease with which they negotiated this mounting.

They seated themselves rapidly in order, raised windows, and resumed fun and farewells. He was a very tall man who, a-tiptoe, could shake hands with men at the windows, but there were many such. One waving hand wore a unique silver ring. "A leftover", seeing the ring, rushed to him and touched it with its mate, exclaiming, "Here's to you." He explained that most gifts in California "had run to fruits, nuts and raisins, but Palo Alto had them all High-Treed." A handsome design was chosen from many, and heavy silver rings made from it, to be presented to every man who entered the army from that town, then or thereafter. A party was given for the first contingent, and the rings were wished on that night. The Palo Alto man showed me his ring, a large seal center with his name, regiment and the date engraved thereon. This rested upon the wing of a silver eagle at each side, beak to band. Is that not fine and American.

Something came into my throat as I thought of a man's catching sight of a like ring, in France, and fighting the better that both right hands bore dauntless eagles, striking for the continued freedom of the far-away home, that the ring sealed them to helpfulness and generosity in memory of Home Folks back in open-hearted, open-handed California.

Flashed vision of a lifeless hand upon the ground in the blood-drenched land which is No Man's, and an eagle signet ring intermittently lighted by a star-shell's glare. A comrade had seen it and staked life to draw the ring from the stiffened finger, to hide it away, to be returned to Palo Alto, his last will and testament, bequeathing its wearer's life and death to freedom, "whereunto I hereby set my hand and seal." That was the first disheartening thought. I put it by, and lost it in the fun and bustle.

And now the long black snake of many joints began to crawl, its head vomiting fire and smoke, type of the

black subtlety of that Chimera which is crawling across Europe, and which shall be destroyed from within and without.

And Dear Ones, though doubtless there were subsidiary reasons for their very apparent joy at going, one thing is sure, that your boy, Mrs. Aristocrat, your boy, Mrs. Plane, yours Mrs. Rich, Yours Mrs. Poore, yours Madame d'Esprit, yours Signora Silvera, aye and yours, Frau Schmidt, went gladly, and as Americans, all, never forget that, as *Americans*.

They leaned from the windows, cheering, waving Old Glory, which proudly waved back at them, and if, to any other came my thought of what, beside France, they journeyed toward, it was lost in Glory and Honor, and if, also, in Immortality, do not all, you and I safe at home, die once? What better way than that way, for Country, for Peace?

And as the long train passed, a woman, a mother, waved her kerchief and bowed her head and smiled at every separate Boy, yours and yours and yours, and every single Boy waved back, through her, his Fare Well, and his love to You, and You, and You.

# The 91st Psalm



**H**E that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

**I** WILL say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress, my God; in Him will I trust.

**S**URELY He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

**H**E shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust; His truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

**T**HOU shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

**N**OR for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon-day.

**A** THOUSAND shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

**O**NLY with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

**B**ECAUSE thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the most high, thy habitation.

**T**HERE shall be no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

**F**OR He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

**T**HEY shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

**T**HOU shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under thy feet.

**B**ECAUSE He hath set His love upon me, therefore will I deliver Him; I will set him on high, because He hath known my name.

**H**E shall call upon me, and I will answer Him; I will be with Him in trouble; I will deliver Him, and honor Him.

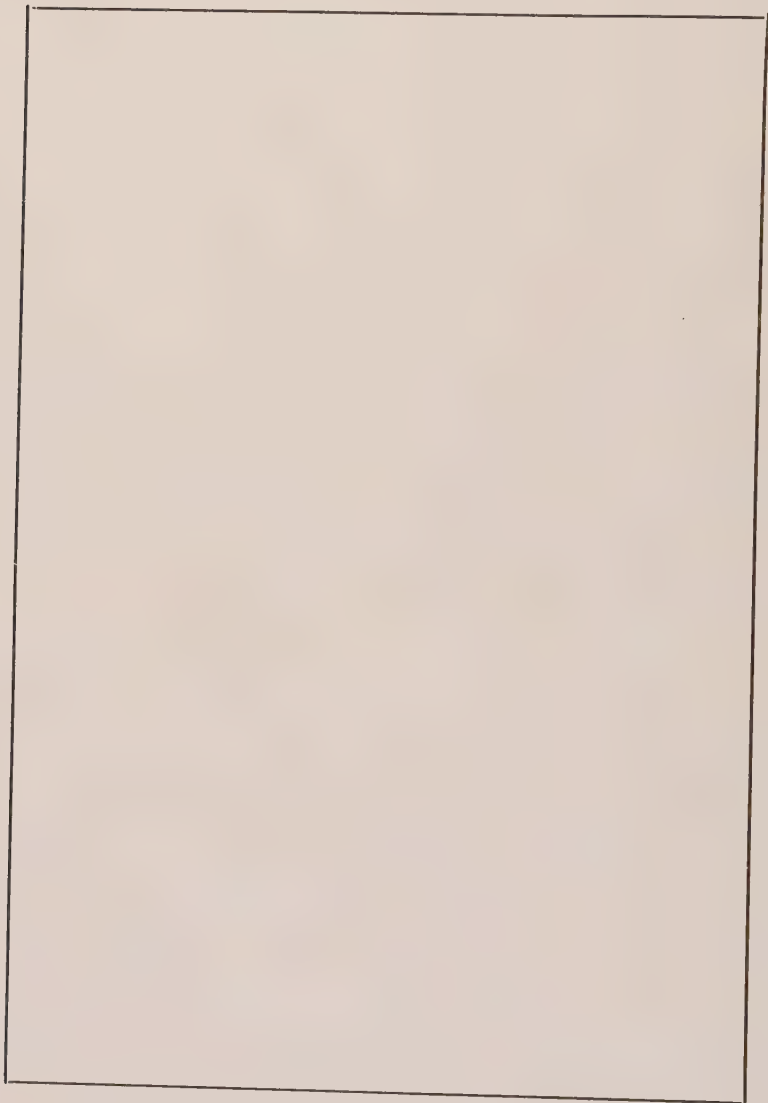
**W**ITH long life I will satisfy Him, and shew Him my salvation.







**This is the Man, no matter what his rank, or none, who  
served his Country as an Aid-de-Camp.**



Name .....

Born in .....

Home .....

College .....

Businness .....

Married .....Single .....

Wife's Name .....

War bride .....Children .....

Entered National Army .....

From .....

By Enlistment .....

Draft .....

From Regular Army .....

National Guard .....

Previous Service in .....War, in .....

From 1st..... 2nd..... 3rd.....Officers' School.....At .....

Arrived at Camp Lewis .....

Assigned to .....

Transferred to.....Company.....Regiment.....Brigade..... Division .....

Promoted from .....to .....

Left Camp Lewis .....





Shoulder to shoulder long drill days through,  
Cot next to cot through the short lone nights:  
Mile upon mile as the Continent backslides:  
On through the Danger Zone: on into France—  
See, here their Names I write, these were my Pals.

.....

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.....

.....

Transferred to ..... (Date) .....

Embarked from ..... upon..... (Date) .....

Reached ..... (Date) .....



To keep our Little Children safe and childlike in Homes  
of Plenty, to prevent immolation of Sacred Motherhood upon  
the altar of lust, that a hellish breed pollute not our own heart's  
blood to inherit our Land; to hold one great, rich, beautiful  
Country of Refuge always Open to Opportunity but forever  
Closed to Oppression; to aid the Crucified Countries allied  
against the Hun and the Hell to which he consigned them—  
then US—to do One Man's Part in Making

“The Whole World Safe for Democracy,”

I .....

entered that Inferno with the American Army, and

Fought First at ..... and

Thereafter at .....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....



And, please God, he came again Home, to finish the record with his own right hand, in the Joy of that Victory which is Sure, for

## Right Makes Right

But should he fall—falter nor fail will he never—make certain that he entered Joyously into Glory, cheering Victory before 'twas won in France, finding himself quite at Home in that Fair Country where Freedom was born, and rushing into “The House not made with hands,” just as he used to do, for 'tis his own, paid for with his life.





## The First Memorial Day at Camp Lewis

So May came 'round, and Memory Day, a Holy-day for some, a Holiday for many. At half mast hung the grieving Flag, remembering her dead, those who had dyed her stripes in their own warm blood, whose fixed white faces had looked last into her clear blue sky, where stars still shone for eyes that saw no more.

Sea and land had hid them, alas, our own land most. In far isles of the Orient had they laid them down, and now, after a generation's peace, the living had gone forth to join them. From this very cantonment had some already joined the Army of the Dead, and, invisible to themselves, or to those who stood beside them, close, were others who bore the mark devoting them to sacrifice. All this the saddened Flag knew. Some, too, of the waiting thousands, looked upon one another and in their hearts said, It is he? but seldom, Is it I?

Even the Sun veiled his face with a mist. Motionless the Flag clung to her staff, the people stood reverently quiet, even the bugles held their breath.

Then the Sun reached its zenith and flung the cloud from his face. The poised arm of the old band master fell and the massed instruments called to the Star Spangled Banner to rise from her memories to her present, to her living, loving sons and daughters gathered below, ready and willing for what lay ahead, knowing that while those Colors fly, the whole world has a Country. And she rose, shaking out her flowing skirts, and from her full height, bade the Living be of good cheer.

The band played America and the dear old tunes, their leaders having shown a kindly thought in putting all under the hand of Burger, oldest of the Band-masters, for the camp's first Memorial Day, and then the people scattered.

But I, I rode through prairie more glorious than the Field of the Cloth of Gold, spread with the Plantagenet's own flower, broom which swept away all sadness, and, midway between camp and city, entered into God's Dormitory, where "He giveth his beloved sleep," where, tucked in as

tenderly as by their own mother's hands, each lies still and safe in his lowly trundle-bed, through the long earth-night, "Till the day break and the shadows flee away." O, soldier boys, some of your heads are gray beneath the white marble pillows, but lads ye are always to your Mother Country, sons of the Nation.

Under skies as blue as the eyes of the father patriot, whose name honors the sod under which they sleep, it is hard to think of death. And why should we try? The buttercups crowd one another, each holding in its golden chalice a glistening drop. Birds swing upon every tree, every budding shrub, and all their song is of life, life everlasting. Only the solemn firs refer to the past tragedy of the soldiers' dying lives and deathless deaths, singing low requiems over their biers.

Above each grave the flag keeps guard. Having borne the stripes wherewith our country dear was healed, its stars shine fadeless, and there is no night in the little mounds.

I confess to a heathen feeling that 'tis always well with the old soldiers, as Vikings held that the Valkyrie gathered into their arms all who fell bravely in battle, and swiftly bore them to Walhalla, thenceforth to live among the gods, the chosen bodyguard of Wotan. But rather should the lowly head-stones attest to "Honorable Discharge" from the Army of the United States, mustering into A Company, First Heavenly Host, in the Fatherland above. It is as if these were the stones of which Revelation spake, "And I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written."

We used to call this Decoration Day, and that is almost as sweet as Remembering Day. To each we give the flag he fought for. The Decoration he won we place upon his breast — no iron cross, but flowers, the colors of Distinguished Service, the fragrance of Love and Memory.

So, Soldiers, if you have not already risen to higher Service, lie you yet a little longer,

*Awaiting Reveille.*

## CHAPTER XXIII.

HOSTESS HOUSE—MRS. MacMASTER AND MRS. THORNE—ITS  
 HOMEYNESS, SMILING AND EFFICIENT HELPFULNESS—  
 ITS PERSONNEL — THE CAFETERIA — MISS CONSTANCE  
 CLARKE, COMMANDING OFFICER — MRS. MCCRACKIN—  
 TYPES OF GUESTS—THE KNITTER—PROVERBS ILLUSTRATED

A city housing thousands upon thousands of men and only one home: that city is Camp Lewis, that home the Hostess House. At least that is what you enquire for first time you go, but afterward, You and He and the Home Folks, which it stands for, call it the Hostess House—God-Bless-It, even if you are American and always in a hurry.

What the cantonment ever did without it is quite inconceivable. Think of dear little Mother come to see you and no standing place, even, out of the rain except the narrow passage at barracks. Wife could not come at all because Toddler won't be held. As for Sweetheart—now what do you think about that! Wet, cold hungry, dismal was the little group which dissolved, sobbing, taking the heart, the needfulest part of his anatomy, clean out of a fellow. Desertions came about from just such conditions, not from cowardice.

Now War Department problems are worked out through Divisions, in multiplications of Camps, by the addition and subtraction of millions; but women do not like dealing with such large numbers. They solved the problem algebraically, thus:

Question—What is to be done about it?

Process— $I + U \times Y$ . W. C. A., raised to Nth Power= $X$ .

Answer—The Hostess House.



THE HOSTESS HOUSE

And Professor Who S Who of the War Department, by no means the first to sigh with relief that the class had solved a problem beyond him, directed the women to prove the answer, and they did it. A committee of one hundred, country-wide, was appointed—the War-work Council of the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association to give it its impressive name—and a trial-sheet Hostess House was erected at Plattsburg. Mrs. William Mac Master of Portland, Oregon, was in New York to attend the graduation of her daughter Maisie from a welfare training school, and was appointed upon this national committee. Mrs. MacMaster served her apprenticeship upon the Plattsburg House, becoming Master builder through that great Labor Union of Women who observe no eight-hour day, and take few holidays, if any, since they cannot *vote* their budget of \$4,000,000 for war activities, but must raise it, administer, audit it, paying themselves with Company checks good for more work.

Well, the Plattsburg experiment having settled the question, the Young Women's Christian Association was requested by the United States Department of War, to





provide Hostess Houses at all camps and posts. Accordingly seventy have been either built or contracted for, five of them for colored women.

Mrs. MacMaster came to Camp Lewis to arrange for the second Hostess House to be erected, and Major Stone,

taking his construction map, accompanied her to the site she had chosen. "Of course," twinkled Mrs. MacMaster, "I picked out the best, and the whole plat, to make sure," which, as her own Scotch would phrase it, was canny o'her. Gen. Greene was greatly interested in the proposed building and so was Maj. Stone who, giving it his personal attention, hurried its construction so that in exactly six weeks it was completed and occupied. Until last Summer, Mrs. MacMaster had never made a public address in her life, but at three o'clock one afternoon the mayor of Portland asked her to speak to a few thousands or so, and at four-thirty she did it, and did it well, for "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and she has heart room a-plenty, and thoughts to spare.

If Plattsburg had the first, Camp Lewis had the next, the best, and the largest of all cantonment Houses. It should be twice the size it is, though its "living room" is 75x50 feet, and it is crowded every day. It cost but \$33,000 though it is perfectly adapted to its uses, simple, artistic, strangely home-y considering its size, light even through the sullen Puget Sound Winter, perfectly aired without draughts through the tilting upper windows.

It is to Mrs. Chester Thorne that the hundreds of thousands of visitors to the charming place owe this beautiful building, the only one at Camp Lewis that is beautiful. Her fine taste and practical ideas are embodied in Hostess House. It is such a relief from the prevailing ugliness that everybody is vastly grateful. I do hope that, as part payment, she takes the satisfaction in it that I should feel had I accomplished it. As for the remainder of the debt, it will be paid on the installment plan, in appreciation, pleasure, nerve-soothing, quickened art perception, here a little and there a little. Deferred payments have their advantage, often coming when they are most needed, when one's life-courage and go-on-edness are running low—worse kind of poverty, that. Mrs. Thorne and the camp architect worked out the plans together. You can readily trace each in the building, and can tell which was cash down and which I. O. U. work. The other

members of the building committee, Mrs. J. P. Weyerhauser and Mrs. W. F. Geiger of Tacoma, Mrs. E. A. Stout and Mrs. Charles Stimson of Seattle, all worked hard, selecting and purchasing furnishings and equipments with one eye upon adaptability, and the other upon economy. The result is an object lesson in the comfort, home-y-ness, beauty and refinement possible with small outlay.

To begin with, Hostess House is stained gray, inside and out, not that dull, cold, impersonal, impertinent oh-do-you-think-so-gray which would be worse than the unpainted walls of the rest of the cantonment, but a soft, young, pinkish gray, warm and cheery. Why, just passing it lights up the day. The morale of the army would be improved by a coat of paint, applied to the cantonment, not to the young girls who journey to it. Goodness knows they are sufficiently painted, with reverse effect upon morale and morals. If only they would show the same spirit in giving of their paint, that has been shown in other war activities, the government could afford to make the cantonment look more homelike, and prevent decay. It would cost only \$200,000. Both faces and facades would be vastly improved. Gen. Helmich, recommended this post be painted—no intention of advertising a recent movie play, even though Camp Lewis men, doing fancy roping, did appear in the film. But the General only recommended, leaving details to others. Here, then, is a practical solution: once our young girls see they may serve their country, their camp, their company, they will gladly provide the paint by dividing fifty-fifty.

What a detour! Here we are again before the Hostess House. Mark that it has curtains; in a man's city this is noticeable. Men may laugh about women's never feeling at home till the curtains are hung, but without knowing it, they, too, feel that no matter how hospitable, home should be just a bit drawn in. That was the reply to a young officer's query—"What is it makes Hostess House look,—you know, sort-of like home, even outside?" The plain, straight curtains are all of cotton crepe, dull green at the smoking room end, old rose at the cafeteria end,

and soft yellow in the living room, yellow which catches the sunshine when there is any, and which says cheerily, "Sunshine tomorrow" when there isn't. There are cushions on the window seats below.

There's a big flagged porch which if I were a swell I shall call a terrace, though it isn't, and over it a pergola, "like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," though it only suggested that lovely verse because it is delightfully home-y and different, even if it has no vines as yet, in this city of sameness and utility. When the sun shines, the pergola casts shadows which make it look underneath like sunshine cake, every other slice frosted. When it rains, and even the most optimistic admit it has rained often this Winter—

"Not often, only once, and for keeps." Now you have interrupted. What I started to say was that when it rains, people invariably lower their umbrellas under this pergola and look up surprised when the drops strike their necks. I have seen a thousand people do it if I have one, and that one myself. There is just a spot on each side where rain does not strike, and that is in the very, very corner, about a foot square. I know that, because a tall thin private, and a short thin girl sat there for two hours one blowy, rainy dusk, and were quite warm and dry and happy.

To reach the door, unless you cut across lots, you walk over a long iron screen and a big mat. Hostess House is the only building on the cantonment that does not shout at you by word of sign, Wipe Your Feet! That's so irritating, don't you think? I always do wipe my feet unless I hear that, and then I can hardly make my feet behave.

Well, let's go in. Even the doors invite you. They are all of glass and do not shut you out. Across the cheery room is a long table scattered with great numbers of magazines and lighted with several electric lamps with soft yellow silk shades. There are roomy willow couches and dozens of low willow chairs with pretty chintz cushions. There isn't a fussy thing in Hostess House, from

its brown-eyed manager to these identical cushions, everything is, like these extremes, simple, appropriate, artistic. This is, in itself, refining and educational. Many an overdressed girl, from a home of gilt chairs and "hand-painted" rolling pins, must have gained something, just waiting there. The only unbalanced thing is the thonged chairs, which induce unkind feelings and muttered remarks. They are fairly hysterical, those chairs, flinging themselves violently upon the floor if one but hang a knitting bag about their necks. It is undignified to be always having words with a chair.

Of course you gravitate to the room's end to a huge fireplace built of stones which the glacier brought here so long ago and left a-purpose. The broad rubble chimney shows all the way to roof-tree. The man who built it, did it as one of old built the wall, "with both hands, earnestly." Verily he builded himself into that chimney, choosing the great stones and grouping them as if they were set in a coronet, which indeed they are, in the crown of Hostess House. I like to think of that workman, as his part of our Country's war, and peace, building a great chimney that would "draw", draw tired bodies and homesick hearts and beauty-searching eyes, signaling in flashes of fire its message, that, for all this fireplace typifies, men sit here far from their own, to go still farther soon. This fireplace never smokes, so if, as sometimes happens, misty eyes gaze into it, 'tis thoughts like these that fill them. Yes, that workman builded much more than a fireplace. Sitting upon the long bench before it, watching the logs blaze and crackle, this first long dreary Winter of war, thousands have seen in its coals homes upon lonely countrysides, in scattered villages, or great seaports, for truly,

*"Each man's chimney is his golden milestone: the Spot from which he reckons every distance."*

So sign your I. O. U's to the workman for a gift more beautiful than even the great blue and white vases with which Mrs. Thorne added the last touch to the broad





mantel, vases always filled with the beautiful greens of this Puget Sound country.

For three months, an immense holly wreath, eight feet across, hung high upon the chimney, the gift of Portland at Christmas. Chief-of-Staff Major Clark sent a superb tree which pierced a hole in the roof, so that stars hung upon its branches—or perhaps they were Christmas tree ornaments—but that is another story.

Half way up to the high girdered roof, across one end of the living room—you are but camping out anywhere else on the cantonment—is the writing corridor, with many camp-made pine desks, with pretty yellow shaded electric lamps. Good stationery is yours for the asking, and postals with four views of Hostess House, also free, which say, "Write home what you think of Hostess House." In these days of economizing, this is a clear case of ink-waste, because everybody does write about it without being asked. However, it is the first Hostess House I ever saw which would dare request people to write home what they thought of it. It is to be feared the Hostess women will be spoiled by undissenting praise. A breezy 'tenant insists, "I've been stationed in the motor section at seven of the cantonments. Camp Lewis is far-and-away the best, and its Hostess House is right in at the jump.." Fact is, there may be some little grumbling at camp, but the man to voice the first adverse criticism of Hostess House is yet to be located, so is the woman.

No sooner said that, than heard of both. Several women said the writing gallery is monopolized by men. "Why don't some of them write in their Y. M.'s or Knights-of, and leave one desk at least for us women?" In fact I said that once myself, and the man said he grew sick of sitting in a hall where one had to stop writing to hew out another square of smoke every time he turned a page. That certainly surprised me, for the whole Country seems to have gone daft over smoking, like tangoing before the war. Why, the very women who went about preaching the evils of tobacco, are soliciting money "for soldiers' smokes", in response to "pathetic appeals" from said sol-

diers; have unpinned their white ribbons, and for all I know are tying them around packages of "coffin-nails."

Beyond the writing gallery, separated by an unseen hall, are the bedrooms of Hostess House Y. W. Staff, small camp quarters of pine, with swinging casements and chintz and muslin curtains, bare floors save for a large soft Navajo rug in each. Drawers and tables are camp-made and the unceiled sloping roof suffers the rain to play a soft Tattoo and to sound Taps in truly martial style; for, by special act of Congress, these women are allowed to live within the cantonment, enlisted as war-workers, the only women except nurses who are allowed. So you see why Hostess House and the Base Hospital are truly the only bits of home that the men have; for men may build houses, but never homes. In these huge cantonments it is even lonelier that it used to be in army posts, where the officers had their own little homes. Even were they stationed here, privates, by army regulations, could not enjoy their hospitality; so Women-kind, you should share the gratitude of your boys at camp that these two groups of noble and attractive young women, albeit so few and so busy, are vouchsafed them. No wonder there is arising a new chivalry among them, which if it still existed, has been very generally hidden of late, especially in this West which once boasted of it. In street cars, for instance, men have shoved women aside to rush in and pre-empt seats—one disgusted conductor said sarcastically to two women with bundles who had been repeatedly pushed aside. "Ladies, ladies, *will* you not kindly step aside and let these gentlemen aboard." I have repeatedly seen women, hereabout, give their seats to mothers holding babies, while men looked on; have seen old gentlemen rise with a bow to insist upon white-haired women taking theirs, while boys grinned. Never, now, if the seated are in khaki. The uniform seems to transform the commonest men. Once 'twas "an officer and a gentleman", now he is "a soldier and a gentleman." Speak to any private on the cantonment and prove it, always a courteous reply, and respectful. Perhaps the nurses, immaculate in white gown

and caps speaking *Mercy*, these Hostess women with lettered bands upon their arms spelling *Service*, with faces clean of rouge, eyes that shine with helpfulness, but do not burn blackened circles, look more worth-while, and awaken American Chivalry in war time. This Chivalry is another Compensation.

Speaking of smoking, under the gallery a large room is devoted to it, with a fireplace, easy chairs, small stands and trays, a womanly little hint, piano with music, newspaper files, magazines. It is noticeable that men spend very short periods in this room.

The women's rest room beyond the office is a godsend, restful even to the eye with its green rugs and curtains, its green covered pillows and couches, with warm coverings not forgotten. A long dressing table, daintily covered and topped with glass, a mirror over its full length, ranged with chairs, enables Miss Fair to look her prettiest when Mr. Young arrives.

Off from this room is the dearest nursery, pale gray and rose, low white table and tiny chairs, dolls and blocks and cambric scrapbooks, and child pictures upon the walls for sleepy eyes to lose when they close in the white cribs, warm under the rosebud covers. Rose-color for them, dear little ones, but a deeper red for many of their fathers fighting for them Over There, soon. Mothers who have come a long way, want an undisturbed talk, and a Y. W. who loves children is there for no other purpose than caring for them.

Here's the office where one may check belongings and obtain stationery free, buy stamps and gain information. If there is anything that those young women do not know, and do not tell with smiling and untiring patience, I have not yet heard it. There is no patronizing, nor manifest amusement when questions are absurd. It is safe to say that no one ever left that counter smarting from a mental pinprick. There is no keeping people waiting while the attendant gossips with friends. In short, it is as business-like as any army office in the camp, and there's a kindness, a personalness in the atmosphere which in itself



is reassuring. Yet such funny things do happen. One day up rushed a fluffy young girl whose brains, assuming she had any, were successfully camouflaged, and said breathlessly, "Ring the General up quick. I must see Charlie this minute. I've just come. You know we were only engaged one day before they made him come here. I want General Greene to send him right over."

This was surely a test case, but the informant answered pleasantly; "I think we would better not speak to the General about it. He's rather busy, and the Lieutenant, or even the Company Sergeant, would be more apt to know him, you see." It would help, too, if she knew his regiment and company—by the way, what was Charlie's other name? It transpired she could answer all three questions, and the Y. W. 'phoned for the excited girl.

By strange chance, that private was Charlie-on-the-spot, and at liberty, and allowed to come at once to Hostess House. When he opened the door she rushed at him and he at her. There was a swirl of girl and a wrapping of khaki which made everyone gasp, and the Hostess felt obliged to interrupt. "But we're engaged," cried the girl.

"Haven't you a private room!" exclaimed *Charlie*.

The Hostess explained that such contingencies had been unprovided for. "But what are we to do?" *both* demanded. The hostess suggested that the seat beside the fireplace was a trifle less conspicuous than the center of the hall.

"And can't I even hold her hand?" inquired Charlie. "Not if I see it," replied the hostess, trying hard to purse her lips sedately.

Hostess House was opened November 10. Perhaps it is just as well that the men had those three homeless months, and their women folk had nowhere to meet them, it is the more prized. I thought every man in the Ninety-First had been there, but in March found one who had just paid it his first visit, a young fellow from a wealthy California family, whose mother had come to visit him. Of course she must be met at Hostess House, which he had all along steadfastly refused to enter. He's making



a perfect nuisance of himself now, telling men who have spent every spare minute there all Winter, what a bully place that is. "I've been a plumb fool. I want to get it off my chest. Thought I'd strike a line of Darbs just inside the door. The head one would inquire my name and I'd say Sutton. She'd introduce me to the next, rapid, who would look clean over my head and say, Dee-lighted, Mr. Dutton? Next Button, then Hutton; each would hold out a limp hand and the end one would say, "Oh Mr. Nut-ton" which I should be, "come again", which I'd never do, and hand me a Bible." I assure you I have quoted him verbatim, his president, David Starr Jordan, is, as you know, a stickler for elegant English.

Now this is positively the only time Hostess House women ever were lined up, and you see for yourself it was for the purpose of taking this picture. They are always so busy that they flock alone—this is St. Patrick's day. I shall never see it without thinking of that "line of Darbs". The boyish-looking one in the center is Miss Constance Clark, manager of a nine whose team-work is wonderful. The vicious person on her right is a libel upon Mrs. McCrackin of San Francisco, Hostess. The tall one next is Miss Maisie MacMaster of Portland, Assistant-Hostess, with the smile that won't come off. The bright-eyed woman next, is Mrs. McBride. California, manager of the cafeteria, incidentally "pal of half the boys at camp", one of them says. There are three in a row not German anyway—and beside her Mrs. Dawley of Spokane, cashier. The little little one at Miss Clark's left is Miss Morjorie Greig, Tacoma, information clerk, the one who has never yet added to I-don't-know that insolent I'm-sure of most information clerks, and who kept serious finding Charlie. She has real genius in helping people with suggestions, the next Darb Miss Ruth, Gazzam—from Seattle, is as her friends call her, the Girl-with-the-million-dollar-smile, book-keeper. Mrs. Williamson, Santa Barbara, is in charge of the nursery and rest room, and the end one, a war bride, Mrs. G. A. Davis, San Francisco, assistant in the cafeteria. It is only just to add that the smiles were not donned for



the occasion, any more than the clothes, just every-day. The picture is remarkable in that it caught Mrs. McCrackin, the very first time she was ever seen, by anybody, unsmiling.

I, too, "must get it of my chest;" I had had considerable experience in Hostess Houses at various expositions, and I Did-Not-Like them. To be sure I had not, being myself an official, been "of the mob" to be snubbed there, but neither snob nor snub in mine, to be slangy. My visualization had not been a line of Darbs, but a group of society women, drinking tea in a handsomely furnished house, built at State expense, occupied by hostesses without expense to themselves, appointed, not because tactful, gracious, or even clever, that they might make their State people, who were paying out their own money at the exposition, welcome and comfortable, *dear* no! but to pay political debts, to sponge, to make everybody who dared it once, so unwelcome and uncomfortable that a return snub was superfluous. So I refused to attend the opening of Camp Lewis' Hostess House: I despised Hostess houses.

There, I have had that on my mi—chest, for some time, and been so ashamed of it. This Hostess House is just exactly everything those were not. The grand piano is for anyone to play, and there is good music every day. The camp boasts many voices hitherto heard only on concert, or even operatic, stages, many really great pianists. These drop in for a bit of home and are heard off-hand. Soldiers with instruments, on their way to give a free concert somewhere on the cantonment, play some numbers here. Anyone may start the fine phonograph and feed it records by the hour—and alas and alack, sometimes does. *He* enjoys it, anyway. There are books on shelves beside the fire; help yourself. There is no rank at Hostess House. If any distinction is made, it is in favor of enlisted men. When General Greene drops in, as he sometimes does of an evening, nobody pays any attention. He talks with the Hostess ladies or anyone else he knows and applauds what he enjoys at the piano. Full of fun himself, he likes to see people having a good time, and they have it here.

The highest officers in the army stand in line for the meals they often eat here. All celebrities at camp drop in informally, Joseph Fall, the Canadian ace who brought down twenty-nine airplanes, said Hostess House was bully, and, when cornered, admitted flying also was bully—oh, everybody comes, even from the world's torn edges.

For courtesy's sake one of the Military Police is kept on guard at Hostess House, though he has never been needed. Only once has anything unpleasant happened. When the negro troops were at camp, one of them, with a beautiful voice, came one evening and sang: delightful songs at first, then some that jarred, then some which disgusted. The Hostess had never been present at such a performance. She confesses that her knees shook like her voice when she crossed to the negro and said, "You cannot sing anything like that here." He glared at the gentlewoman who faced him, but a smile broke. He sang once more, something fit for his fine voice and left, having the grace never to come again. Several soldiers apologized for not interfering. One candidly said, "I think the others are as ashamed as I that we allowed such a thing in Home House and that we weren't sooner disgusted ourselves. We were just eating it up. I say it's too bad." And it was; but it was the first and, to date, the last despoilment of the beautiful hospitality of Hostess House.

\* \* \* \* \*

Camp Lewis' H. H. (Her Highness) is everywhere conceded the most successful. At the recent national meeting of the association, it was commended as model in every respect. Committees constantly visit it for suggestion. In February came a lady from Camp Fremont to study it, for all Hostess Houses are not yet built. The same month Mrs. Walter Douglas visited the House for the National Board as Supervisor over War Activities for Women. By the way, talk of a capitalists' war; that, in a sense, it is. Here is a family of them, Douglas of Douglas, Arizona. The son, Lieut. Lewis D. is at Camp Lewis,

and his mother for the Winter at the Country Club just outside, while her husband, Maj. J. S. Douglas, is in charge of Red Cross stores in France where he went when the United States entered the war. Walter, his brother, accompanied his wife upon this inspecting trip. What's the use of copper mines anyway, if Huns should come to operate them, impressing *our* women at "twenty lashes a day" and ordering *our* little children "beaten if lazy", to work in them?

And who is the head? See that young woman with the frank, brown yes, the nobly shaped head with its mass of brown hair, with the ready, winning smile and the alert, confident bearing? That is Constance Clark, and Constaney is what has trained her for this. She is another one who did not happen. An officer's daughter, her life has been spent at army posts from West Point to what might be called our East Point, the Philippines. She can ride, she can swim, both her eyes and her feet can dance, and she uses her head to think with. Miss Clark entered Y. W. C. A. work with characteristic thoroughness. She was assistant at the conference grounds near Del Monte on the famous Seventeen-Mile Drive, and in the Y. W. cafeteria at the Panama Exposition. In 1916, Miss Clark entered Simmons College, Boston, for a special one-year course in Institutional management. Methods there do not follow instructions in the poem beginning, "Mother, may I go out to swim?" The 1500 students took turns at catering for 500. They learned commercial laundering by doing it, and dormitory work likewise. They spent thirty-two hours a week learning the management of hotels, cafeterias, and servants, by managing and serving. Miss Clark can direct and supervise and buy, because she herself has done it all, and more. That is what the people of eight states and a territory—to begin with—have against Miss Clark, she has demonstrated her unusual efficiency so markedly, that she has been ordered to France to take charge of a large hotel for Y. W.'s in Paris.





*"In life's small things be resolute and straight  
To keep thy muscle trained.  
Who knows when Fate  
Thy measure takes, or when she says to thee,  
I find thee worthy, do this deed for me."*

But her measure is taken, she can fill a larger place, and Constance Clark is to go. 'Twould be too much luck even for fortunate Camp Lewis, to expect such another.

If Mrs. Thorne had been clairvoyant, she would have planned for thrice the space occupied by the cafeteria, the only place allowed on the cantonment by the War Department where food can be sold except by the government. Under generalship of Mrs. Mabel McBride, who has been for years in Y. M. C. A. work at Asilomar, California, the Conference Grounds, the Panama Exposition etc., the cafeteria has grown in success from the first, serving as high as 3800 in a day, with good home-like food, everything being prepared and cooked by the thirty-eight helpers. Because of this and Mrs. McBride's careful management, Camp Lewis Hostess House is not only self-sustaining, but establishes another First in clearing some money, to be expended for a much-needed cold-storage plant and screens. The cafeteria and modern kitchen occupy the North transept of Hostess House. Nothing escapes Mrs. McBride's keen but merry eyes. Why, even her heavy hair is rippling over the joke of its being gray, such jolly hair. Smiles are catching at Hostess House. One day when help was short and the line long, someone said to Mrs. McBride, who had herself turned in to help clear up dishes, "You must be almost wild, Mrs. McBride."

"Oh, do I look it? That won't do," and the half-smile brightened. It's not theory but practice with her. So the servers look as if they hope you will enjoy your food, and feel sure, from inside information about the spotless interior, that you will. And the Filipinos who carry off the trays, smile when they break the line. It is the same good feeling from one end of that Hostess House to the other. And to think I—and the ladies pay for their own

cafeteria living. Meals are served from seven A. M. until a quarter of ten at night.

After Retreat, a long line of soldiers and their friends extends very often the length of the building to the end of the smoking room. A joker said, "I decided on pork, and by the time I got out of the smoking room to it, it was bacon."

But there is no grumbling. People visit as they stand, and many of the women knit. One lady's sweater attracted several diners' attention as she stood in line knitting, for, in front, three large initials were knitted in. "No, not original, the one I saw had U. S. A.", and she would good naturedly show it. Patience and Smiling are two more Compensations of this war. Impatience has been an American characteristic, but when people's whole time is an anxious, working waiting, trifles do not vex. As for smiling, women have been stand-offish, but already, before we have really begun to suffer, the circles are broken. Before, had you smiled up at a woman standing near, she would have glanced about to see who was being recognized, or she would have stared, unsmiling, back; but now, oh now, *you* have somebody in the Service, and *she* has, and you are both knitting, and fearing and hoping, and smiling. Yes, you are certain to have your smile smiled back.

But of course anybody would smile who was near Mrs. McCrackin, the hostess, not Hostess, for among the thousands who come and go, she moves with a personal welcome and genuine interest and friendliness, and helpfulness, that are in no sense institutional nor perfunctory. To many, so very many, she stands for what she does to me, the ideal woman—but for goodness' sake don't tell her I said that, how she would laugh. Frances Willard said, "*The mission of the ideal woman is to make the whole world more homelike,*" so, evidently, Mrs. McCrackin is a woman with a mission, though you would never think it to look at her. She is the widow of a Commodore in the United States Navy, has traversed many countries, and known many charming people, but never one more charming than herself, so genuine, sympathetic and full of fun.



Like the rest, she knits, has become an expert, but—it is too good to keep: at first she could not achieve a *pair* of socks, and 'most everybody's feet match, you know. She knit five before she could mate them. It was playing sock Solitaire. Every now and then, she would finish a sock which would chum with one of the originals. The first time this occurred she was insufferably proud and hadn't the heart to give them away. It was not till the game progressed that she did. This explains how it is that Mrs. McCrackin, an eminently truthful woman, answered so many young soldiers who watched the work of her white fingers, "Yes, this one is for you"; more than likely it would be another odd sock. It really was not a case of the man who promised sixteen people each a puppy from a litter of five, because he considered it a pretty mean man who wouldn't promise a friend a dog. Mrs. McCrackin nearly lost one sock because a six-foot-two man pulled and stretched it to make it do for him, but she rescued the sock, nursed it back to life, and put it under her mattress to press.

Ever notice where the pockets on khaki come? You need no X-ray to detect what is there, but every man expects you to be unaware of it when he produces the picture. Almost all soldiers have one, and it requires slight encouragement, if any, to draw it forth. One young fellow had none till last week when he went to Seattle. By next post a special delivery letter came to Mrs. McCrackin announcing that the sweetest girl in the world—there are so many that one might almost write just S. G. I. W. as one does Y. W. C. A.—after five years' refusal, had consented to marry him and he "just had to tell somebody." Is it not a genuine compliment that the somebody is usually the hostess of Home House? And it is not always the young fellows who need mothering. One day an elderly man with nanny-goat whiskers said to her, "Be you the mother of this shanty? *No-o*, you're not old enough."

Mrs. McCrackin asserted she was quite old enough, and falling into his humor, for she somehow always knows when people need her, asked, "Don't you want to confide



in mother?" And he did, poor old grey-haired boy, for his son was very ill in the hospital and, and—

"And this is my rest hour, so we will go right over and find him."

"Well, you're on the job all right," was his grateful, if not graceful, response. But that is her way, her rest hour is usually spent visiting the sick, going part way with the dying. Mothers, mothers, how much you owe this slender woman. Think your love from afar over to her, that it may shield her from trouble.

Our war uniform could hardly be improved upon for service, but no one has yet arisen to call it beautiful. Young Lieutenant So-and-So, when in the world, is rich and spent goodly sums upon clothes. Quite casually he enquired at the desk if anyone had asked for him. Nobody had. He began a close watch upon both doors. Had he but been a British officer, his buttons and belt loops would have been brass, susceptible to a gold shine, but alas, nothing of his was amendable to polish but hair and puttees. He must have buffered his blonde hair, and the buttees resembled copper greaves on a knight of old. They actually reflected chair legs as he passed. No wonder he was aching to be beautiful when one saw the Somebody. *Copper greaves!* "a warrior bold with spurs of gold" he should have been. The Lieutenant is quite a joke, by the way, for unable to pour his money into usual channels, he has bought of costly equipment, "two hundred pounds, or I'll swallow a cartridge-capsule", laughs one of his Company. Since nothing beyond regulations can be carried when our Lieutenant starts for France, the Tacoma Red Cross Gift Shop may receive some handsome impedimenta soon.

Lieut. So-and-So, the diamond on his finger flashing signals to the diamond on Hers, sat down not far from the meeting of two such different people. A little old lady, her sweet face eager despite a deathly pallor, one arm covered with a shoulder shawl, was so intently watching the door that one could not help joining the look, to hurry the arrival. In rushed a tall private and grasped the dear little woman by both arms. Joy in her face faded swiftly

into pain and the story came out: boarding the train the day before, she had slipped and fallen upon her arm. "It hurt dreadfully. I thought it broke, but I was afraid they wouldn't let me come, so I covered it quick with this shawl, and climbed up the car step. It hurt considerable all night and I'm a little tired 'cause I couldn't lie down in the seat, but nothing counts, dear boy, 'cept seeing you. I'd pay ten times that pain; only, just hold my other hand, George-boy." Of course the brave little woman, widow of a Civil War Veteran and seventy-nine years old, was driven over to the Base Hospital, where the badly fractured arm was set and where Mrs. Hammond remained several days. She had borne the pain for twenty-seven hours without a murmur, to visit the grandson she had "raised from babyhood," and her sole support for years.

"Ask exemption? I should say not. I didn't raise that boy to be a slacker, but to be a credit to his country, and he is." Yes, anyone could see that, he could not be otherwise with such a grandmother. If he is as brave as she, in the battles to come he will win a medal she should wear. Hostess House has sheltered never a braver woman, though many a one has smiled through a fare-well visit which was breaking her heart. You can tell the thorough-breds every time, and women have so great a part in the force which goes to the Front. Not long ago, a private on guard duty tried to shoot himself with the gun issued for the defense of his Country, two countries, for he was born in Italy. His wife had recently visited him, weeping and wailing, and begging exemption. Powder-burned, he was taken to the guardhouse, saved from a second attempt by a fellow guard who grumbled, "To-elle was where he came from, and to hell he was trying to go when he has a chance to go to France, and ticket some Germans to the afore-named."

Where you find one coward, you generally find two; and when you find one brave, you usually find two. A woman came from the rest room and sat under a window to wait, woman's heavy task. "I've shed buckets of tears this Winter: thought I'd run out, but my fourth son leaves

tomorrow and, well, I just went and bathed my eyes, wouldn't have *Tom* know it—my eyes aren't red, are they?"

She turned as brave and steady blue eyes as would sight a rifle. When I said that, they shone. "There are no cowards in our family. We have fought in every war. None of my boys were drafted. I did feel a little bad about the fourth, not seventeen and over six feet. He went where he wasn't known, but they found out his age and refused him; he kept on. He's learning to fly. I went South to see him. His officer says he's wonderful, that the world will hear from him, and that I shall be proud of him, but of course," she added simply, "I knew that myself. All four are good boys. The very air of this Hostess House is heartening. Oh, there he is"—

Sometimes it is the S. G. I. W. who comes from the old home to see her lover. They sit very close upon the low couch, eat at the cafeteria, and after She is gone He sits apart at first. Sometimes he has gazed into the fire rather puzzled and has dropped that, "She seemed just the same, and somehow I am different since I came to Camp. I don't understand." Others do, he has broadened. Likely he came to the cantonment a joking, irresponsible, just-for-a-day boy. In these few months he has attained to the stature of a man. Already he has distanced her, must go *back* to find her. If it is true now, will there not be, as Bishop Paddock said during a sojourn at Camp Lewis, an army of heart-and-soul misfits when the men come back? They will have fared forth in the Great Adventure, will have exchanged views with men of many nations. If the women at home exchange pink teas only, batting tennis balls while their men are firing rifle balls, limit their activities to a golf range, while Over There 'tis an Artillery; or even if they knit and make surgical dressings while their loose-jointed minds "play at make-believe think", the tragedies of by-and-by are even now being written.

This is the time to begin French, or if the ordinary foolery was begun at school, to learn to *speak* French that when He returns She may surprise him. Instead of

best sellers, Atlases should be all the rage, now that every boundary and river and town should be familiar to the stay-at-homes, and the pronounciation of its name recognizable. The limit so far, is Wipers (Ypres).

Many of the beautiful, ancient chateaux of France will henceforth and forevermore exist only in memory, in history and pictures, but some are today occupied by our soldiers. The stories of these centuries-old piles are fascinating. Several of the palaces and chateaux belong to an old great family, la Rochefoucauld, and their Duchess of today was of your own State, Oregon, Senator Mitchell's daughter, and sister of the wife of Federal Judge Chapman of Tacoma.

Following the army in Belgium, in France, in Turkey and Palestine and Italy, even on paper, that's travel. The great cathedrals which German Kultur is leveling to earth,—Joan of Arc—have you read that exquisite life of her by the last man you would think could write it, Mark Twain? Read of Shakespeare, and Verona, and Padua, and Venice, and of the Hun pouring his hordes toward Italy to batter down those dream-cities. Then, when They come to us, we shall not be strangers to our best and dearest, but have grown in mind and heart and soul with them; shall not find ourselves separated for a second time, and for life, from the real selves of those we love because they have passed us,—what a long, long way and back, from that brooding young fellow by Hostess House fire.

Mothers and young wives who are living near the cantonment while the troops are in training, begin to arrive the middle of the morning. They sit and knit, socks and sweaters, and friendships, and, all three being hand made, will wear long. Some knit so mechanically that if they lay their work down long enough to tidy their hair in the rest room, the needles go on slipping in and out by themselves. Not in? Well out, anyway—Literal people are so wearing. Before the order about used-shells went into effect, some knitter picked up brass machine-gun cartridges, just the thing, connected by a piece of elastic, knotted into a hole pierced in the side, to cap needles so's

not to penetrate their knitting bags, knitting bags of every hue and cry. Of them all, one "sounds out" as Regs would say, a symphony in purple, a concerto in C, a colored jazz band! Extravagant language? It is evident you have never seen that knitting bag: I have.

All the Hostess House ladies knit incessantly, so, as relaxation from surgical dressings, does Mrs. Greene, who directs a class of forty in Tacoma two days a week, leaving her home at eight in the morning and allowing nothing to interfere with those two entire days. Mrs. Greene is greatly interested in Hostess House and counts it a rare pleasure to sit there awhile. "Perhaps you think you're going to wear out that sock-heel on a hike," remarked a ruddy-haired, bright little wife, "Well you're not. Mrs. Greene taught me to turn that heel, and it's to be the family saving-sock while you're gone. Jimothy."

Yea, truly do they all follow after that women in the Birthday chapter of Proverbs, "*who seeketh wool and worketh willingly with her hands.*" I always did like proverbs, one day a Y. M. C. A., young man gave me a little khaki-covered copy. Sitting before a blazing fire at Hostess House, turning its leaves, the whim came to illustrate the verses with living pictures, for Woman is neither ancient nor modern, but the Eternal Feminine.

Even in those old days, knitting was by no means all she could do. Like that successful California fruit grower woman over there, "*She considereth a field and buyeth it: with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.*"

Beyond is a woman "*whose husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land,*" and, oddly enough, she makes her own clothes: "*She maketh herself coverings of tapestry, her clothing is silk and purple. She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household are clothed with scarlet.*" It seems bright colors were in vogue then as now.

The athletic woman of that time could join in conversation near, though she might be no clearer about the difference between a brassey and a—golf is too much like working your passage: "*She (too) girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms.*"



The original Hoover, be it remembered, was Mrs. Hoover, and as a matter of fact, she is now. From Eve to Evelyn, Woman has always been the conserver. *"She riseth also while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens."* Did you ever know a man who would bother himself about that? *"She bringeth her food from afar. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good"*—Did you even know a man who would not slip out of such household details? She did not wait for a food conservation card to hang in her window, for *"She looketh well to the ways of her household."*

There sits a woman clad in the very purple and fine linen of this chapter and of the D. A. R. Chapter, to both of which she belongs, but unless the recipients offend her by telling, you would not guess that *"She stretcheth out her hands to the poor, yea, she reacheth forth her hands"*—not a social secretary's—"to the needy." Notice she goes out of her way to help, stretches and reaches.

There are two young officers awaiting a woman who, with the cheery husband, was here this morning. There they come. *"Her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also and he praiseth her."* Will that ever be said of Mrs. Fluffy Ruffles, the charming war-bride of the society column, over there by the piano, already flirting with Major Blankety Blank—her husband is only a Second-Lieutenant—can *"The heart of her husband safely trust in her?"* Will she *"Do him good and not evil all the days of her life?"* I hae my doobts.

As for the girl with the bold black eyes, the defiant air, she won't stay long, though no one will even hint that the atmosphere of Hostess House is rather high for her heart. Lemuel's mother taught then, what Lemuel's mother says now, *"Give not thy strength unto women, nor thy ways to that which destroyeth kings,"*—not to speak of soldiers.

Having fitted words to the portraits of some who have graced the House, the closing of that chapter shall be the closing of this, a toast to Hostess House and its workers: *"Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates."*

## Mother's Day

Upon the fifth month's first day, centuries ago, joyously went forth our English forebears into the fields for hawthorne, wherewith to decorate their homes, so "bringing in the May." Of their maidens they chose a queen and crowned her with flowers. They hung wreathes high upon a ribboned pole and circled it from dawn till dark. Sweethearts, dancing and song, all well enough for May's first day, but May means "to grow" and that holds more than Spring.

One tropic night, the fireflies, "watchmen of the insects, swung their tiny lanterns to light us to a great dim church in Cuba, toward which groups of children wended their way. Before the altar stood a priest who blessed the flowers they brought, then laid them down till the brilliant blossoms banked the transept, "*Not know?* Why it is the month of Mary," of the Mother of children, lovers of flowers and flowers of love. So it is fitting that one of Mary's days should have been chosen for remembering all mothers.

Anna Jarvis must have had the kind of mother that the dear sweet word suggests, and she honored her in millions of lives, when she builded that mother a monument reaching from earth to heaven, from time to eternity. Every stone in it is a day, and once a year in Mary's month, every mother-lover in America turns mason and adds his to the wondrous shaft, first having written upon it all the loving words he may have left unsaid. This, then, he sets into the monument and it becomes his own mother's as well as Anna Jarvis' mother's.

Never before was such a Mother's Day as May 12, 1918, the first her Boy was gone to war. There were never so many letters written in one day since Cadmus, blessed be he, invented the art of fixing thoughts that they might live forever. Would it not be tragic if thoughts should die with people, or even before?

Gen. Pershing had anticipated the day by this message:

"I wish every officer and soldier in the American expeditionary forces, would write a letter home on Mothers' day. This is a little thing for each one to do, but those letters will carry back courage and our affection to the patriotic women whose love and prayers inspire us and cheer us on to victory."

Secretary of War Baker added a line urging soldiers yet in this Country to remember the day by writing home. This was read at Retreat Friday, and this:

"The division commander wishes to add his urgent appeal to the men of this command to act upon this suggestion. Do not forget that the time will come when this act will be impossible. Do not let that time be filled with vain regrets for lost opportunities to cheer the mother heart with a little letter."

Thousands of the letters you wrote that day, Ninety-First, are laid away with the dearest things your mother owns. They have already been read so many times that she can, and does, repeat them to herself, every word, when she wakens in the night, otherwise the paper would be quite worn out. Just as likely as not they are now in the same box with your Father's love letters. There is probably room there for more which he has not written, so yours are especially precious.

At Retreat there was also announcement made of special services at all Y. M. C. A. huts and K. C. halls, come Sunday. Forgetful men could not forget, for Saturday morning there lay at the plate of every one who was to leave the cantonment, a mother's-day card and a flower, and the same greeted every man who was at Sunday's breakfast. There were more than 40,000 of these cards furnished the soldiers by chaplains and the community workers of every sect in camp.

When Congress officially inaugurated a National Mother's Day, in 1914, we were not at war. Perhaps if we had been, there would have been permission given soldiers, for that one day, to wear a flower upon the uniform, as insignia. A white flower bespeaks a Mother gone on ahead. *There are more white flowers every year.*

Many men remembered this, and anticipating that woeful day when watchers should lay their tardy flowers upon a quiet breast, sent them this Spring, to be opened in joyful excitement by Mother herself, to be proudly worn by Mother—"My Son, who is a soldier, you know, sent them to me." How beautiful she looked! All good Mothers are beautiful, they never fade like other people.

The saddest men were not they whose flower was white, but the poor fellows who knew in their aching hearts that theirs were the mothers who were best forgotten. How terrible that must be. And if any who read are those mothers, woe unto you. The void in their hearts shall be unbridged in yours.

Some men sent their Sweetheart-Mothers candy. A few were shame-faced about it, too, as if they had never done it before; but that's no sign they will not do it again. Men at Camp Lewis have learned many things beside firing rifles and cannon. You remember Christmas? Well, to thousands of you, was not Mother's, another Red Letter Day?

## CHAPTER XXIV.

RELIGIOUS CREEDS BY CENSUS AT CAMP LEWIS—KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS—MORMONS AND ELDER CALVIN SMITH—FIRST N. A. CHAPLAINS' CORPS—JEWISH ASSEMBLY HALL AND RABBI EGELSON—THE FLAG OF JUDEA—MANY ACTIVITIES OF YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION—BODY, MIND AND SPIRIT TRIANGLE—FOSTER, EDITOR OF TRENCH AND CAMP—THE BIBLE DRIVE—FAREWELL CARDS.

Early in the year, under orders from the War Department, a census of creeds and religious forms embraced by troops at Camp Lewis was taken, under charge of Lieut. George W. Raymond, personal Aid to Gen. Greene. The compilation listed 123 ways to Love God with all thy heart and thy neighbor as thyself; 123 readings of the meaning of "And what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly before God!"

Of the 30,000 then in camp, 7390 were Roman Catholics, 1114 Mormons, 354 Jews, 226 Greek Orthodox, all requiring special chaplains, beside 20 from alien nations and unusual forms of religious belief among Americans, leaving 20,916 Protestants of varying denominations, including 2616 Non-Sectarians, and excluding 196 avowed unbelievers in anything. There were 6 Christadelphians, 3 Golden Rule-s—would all could honestly subscribe to their tenets—2 Holiness, and 6 anything but that, Holy Rollers, 17 Mennonites, 4 Moravians, 23 Dunkards, 5 New Thought, 1 Non-Progressive Christian—afraid a *spiritual* census would add many to this lone professor—41 "Orthodox Christians" who seem to be *quite* sure among the thousands—several Quakers and one Indian Shaker, a Swedenborgian, 17 Theosophists, *One* Good Samaritan—what a careless census, there must be more than *that*—



and 1 Rosicrucian. Believe he signed that just to start people guessing about Rosicrucianism and himself, for some say it was a real cult and still exists in greatest mystery, and others that it never was anything but a hoax and died long ago. Of leading sects they numbered 4487 Methodists, 3156 Presbyterians, 2494 Lutherans, 2229 Baptists, 1628 Episcopalians, 112 Congregationalists.

Christian Scientists numbered 660. They, also Lutherans and Episcopalians, have no chaplain accredited to them, but their denominations sent visiting clergymen at their own expense, as did the Adventists, numbering 149. Both Christian Scientists and the Salvation Army built in Greene Park.



"Number 1, K. of C." has a large auditorium and stage used for frequent entertainments and dances. Adrian Ward, the bright young General Secretary of the Knights of Columbus, has his office in this building, which is to be greatly improved and doubled in size. The Divisional basketball team is there coached by Capt. Cook, and boxing and wrestling under Ritchie and Lloyd are frequent,

the Athletics office being nearby in Liberty Theater. Stationery is furnished at the long desks, as in all such buildings.

Beside six Catholic priests spoken of as chaplains in connection with their regiments and Base Hospital, is the Rev. Augustine Dinand of the Jesuits, who is stationed at the first and largest of the Knights of Columbus buildings, near Liberty Gate. Behind the stage, between it and the priest's rooms, is an altar at which Father Dinand officiated at the First Mass celebrated at Camp Lewis, the First Sunday in October, 1917. Another unique service was conducted by Father Dinand in the isolation ward of the hospital where meningitis carriers are kept in strict quarantine, being even obliged to wear masks because they, immune themselves, convey the dread germs to others. A nearby shed was used for an altar.

The Rt. Rev. Patrick Hayes, "Chaplain-Bishop of the United States Army and Navy", was an important visitor at Camp Lewis, where he spent two days upon a tour embracing all the camps, and visiting all Knights of Columbus buildings. Another noted visitor was Lieut. Paul Perigord, who enlisted as a private and won his commission by distinguished service in France, where he was wounded and given leave of absence. He is a priest, a classmate of Chaplain Nooy of the 346th F. A.

There are three Knights of Columbus halls throughout the camp and the next Division will benefit by their improvements. Catholic literature is given out free, and khaki-covered Douai Testaments.

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As Utah is one of the draft-contributing States to Camp Lewis, there are many Mormons in the 91st Division, including a number of officers, notably Maj. Mark Croxall of the Military Police. For this reason a chaplain has been assigned to the Division at large, Elder Calvin S. Smith. In age, he is a younger rather than an Elder, having been born in 1890, Salt Lake City.



He was graduated from Normal School of the University of Utah at twenty, and at twenty-one appointed President of the Chemnitz Branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. He served a year, and another as President of the Conference in Hamburg. There were five-hundred in these branches in Germany where he spent nearly three years, so that he speaks German well. Upon his return from Europe, he spent two years at the University of Utah, from which he was graduated in 1915. He came to Camp Lewis in February as Chaplain-at-large to the Mormons.

Elder Smith is very proud of the record of his church in this war, which has subscribed \$450,000 to Liberty Bonds and sent \$600 toward fitting up one of the regimental halls at Camp Lewis for a Library and rest room, (the 346th M. G. Bn.)

Heber J. Grant, President of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles of the Church, is Chairman of the Finance Committee in the Utah State Council of defense; C. W. Nibley, Presiding Bishop of the Church, is a member of the Transportation Committee and the Committee of Industrial Survey, and John A. Widstoe, President of the University of Utah, belongs to the Food Conservation Committee of the State. James H. Moyle, Prominent member of the Church, is Assistant Secretary of the Treasury at Washington, D. C., and Brigham H. Roberts, a member of the First Seven Presidents of Seventies in the Church, is Chaplain of the 145th F. A.

As for the family of Brigham Young, who succeeded the founder of the faith, there are thirty-seven in the service, from Col. Willard Young, a son, through twenty-two grandsons to fourteen great-grandsons. Sixteen of these were taken in a group at Fort Douglas. He says at Kearney there was an entire Mormon regiment officered only by Mormons. Richard W. Young, President of the Ensign Stake of the Church, Colonel of a Utah regiment, has been promoted. He commanded the 'Mormons' in the Spanish American War. Richard Burton, a grandson of Brigham Young, has been awarded the *Croix de Guerre*.

"And", adds the Chaplain of the 91st, "Utah's quota for the first draft was 4945 men, seventy-five per cent Mormons. Until the first draft call, Utah was fourth in the Union in the percentage of enlistments."

Latter Day Saints of the 91st Division has as Chaplain one of the family which founded their church. His father, Joseph Smith, President of the Mormon church, was nephew of Joseph Smith who founded it, claiming to have discovered buried metal plates containing the book of Mormon in an unknown sacred language, which he translated. He also promulgated the doctrine of polygamy to which the Germans are reverting.

The Book of Mormon says:

*"Wherefore, at that day when the book shall be delivered unto the man<sup>e</sup> of whom I have spoken, the book*

*shall be hid from the eyes of the world, that none shall behold it save it be three witnesses, by the power of God, besides him to whom the book shall be delivered, and they shall testify to the truth of the book and the things therein. And there is none other which shall view it, save it be a few—that the words of the faithful should speak as if it were from the dead”.*

<sup>e</sup> The footnote referred to is “Joseph Smith, Jr.,” and of the “few”—which were eight, three of Calvin Smith’s family, Joseph Smith, Sr., Hyrum, and Samuel H. Smith, signed the testimony:

*“Be it known unto all nations, kindred, tongues and people unto whom this work shall come, that Joseph Smith, Jun., the translator of this work, has shown unto us the plates, which have the appearance of gold; and as many of the leaves as the said Smith has translated, we did handle with our hands; we also saw the engraving thereon, all of which has the appearance of ancient work, and of curious workmanship. And this we bear record with words of soberness... We have seen and hefted, and know of a surety that the said Smith has got the plates of which we have spoken. And we give our names unto the world to witness unto the world and we lie not, God bearing witness of it.”*

Naturally, the Mormons segregated themselves in the religious work of the camp, though Elder Calvin Smith was secretary of the *First Chaplains’ Corps organized in the National Army*. Unique surely, in the world must it be, Catholic and Protestant, Jew, Gentile and Mormon, divergent in faiths but convergent in works: Father, Rabbi, Reverend, Elder, in the Church Militant, but Lieutenants all in the National Army, wearing one uniform, aiming only at Service. Every fortnight they meet in the Library of the Depot Brigade to discuss tactics, to lay plans for additional work for their already overworked selves. For instance, Chaplain Rexroad was appointed to see that a regimental quartet, its chaplain and a Y-man go weekly to Base Hospital to sing in the wards, where the boys welcome them with shouts if able, and smiles if



weak. Beside what is mentioned elsewhere, chaplains have erected five assembly halls and furnished them for the soldiers with funds raised by entertainments and gifts.

Entertainments themselves speak plainly for the broad spirit which this war is engendering. Perhaps for that reason, chaplains are in demand everywhere, though they used to be reckoned by army and navy, to be quite frank, very largely as a nuisance. So much are they needed, and wanted, that the government has sent out an appeal for ministers of any faith to apply, and a school has been established at Fort Zachary Taylor to train chaplains. It will be readily seen that only clergymen who long for the work will resign their charges to accept a uniform and thirty-three dollars a month, first class private's pay, while they begin a hard day's work at a quarter of six in the morning. They drill an hour as infantry, an hour as cavalry, take concentrated doses of instruction in sanitation, first-aid, military and international law and courts-martial, for part of a chaplain's duty is to visit guard-houses and to represent their charges as council at trials. When graduated, they receive mileage to their homes, and when appointed to regiments are rated First-Lieutenants.

Now that a great revival of faith in God is sweeping the world, though it would seem that faith would falter, if not fail, amid the horrors of this war, the chaplain's road strikes straight to the Front, and the man has become a *minister*.

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Jewish activities are under direction of the Jewish Welfare Board with headquarters in New York, which prepares its workers in two schools for service. The first course is well stated by themselves:

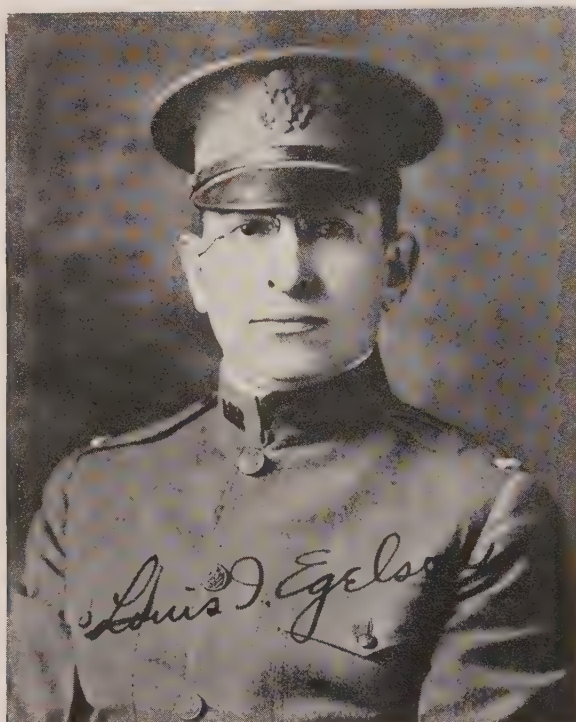
*"It begins with the President's message to Congress, outlining the reasons for American's participation in the war, and the ideals for which America is fighting. The fact that the Jewish religion has never taught non-resistance to the forces of evil, and that the Old Testament teachings are strongly in favor of fighting for a righteous cause, is impressed on the Field Workers and through*

*them upon the men in the ranks. Furthermore, the course familiarizes the workers with the organization of the Army and Navy, and provides them with the information needed to answer questions raised by conscientious objectors and by those who would give heed to peace propaganda. The Draft Law is carefully explained, together with the Insurance Law as it affects soldiers and families of soldiers. Other lectures provide information on the organization and activities of the Commission on Training Camp Activities, the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the K. of C. and other agencies with whom the Jewish Welfare Board workers are required to maintain the closest and most cordial relations.*

After this a course of four weeks' practical training at Camp Upton proves whether they are suited for appointment. These field workers conduct services, including a daily service; the educational work, which includes English to foreigners or the illiterate, American History and Civics, French, Social Affairs etc. Mr. Eimon Wiener was Field Representative at Camp Lewis until Spring, when E. N. Saulson of Detroit took his place, with headquarters in the Depot Brigade. The next Division will have a fine building, to be erected near Liberty Gate. Nathan Eckstein, president of the Northwest Branch of the Welfare Board has been progressive in all this.

The first Jewish Chaplain at Camp Lewis was Lieut. Louis D. Egelson, appointed to serve "at large" and who went to France with the 91st Division. Born in Rochester, educated in New York City, he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts from the College of the City of New York, 1904, Master of Arts, Columbia University, 1907, and of Rabbi from the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, 1908. He served as Rabbi at Washington, D. C. and then became Assistant Director of Synagogue Extension of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations. He was organizing congregations and religious schools on the Pacific Coast when called to the service. He was commissioned in San Francisco and came to Camp Lewis in March, 1918.

It is one of the home-iest places in camp, this Jewish Assembly Hall, for the large room has been "grouped"



LIEUT. LOUIS D. EGELSON

into smaller rooms, scattered with rugs, big wicker rocking chairs and plenty of tables. Until one lives in a cantonment, he never thinks how tables and rockers are missed. There are pictures upon the walls and hanging baskets, and a reading corner, for this is a branch of Liberty Library. There is a handsome clock upon a shelf which holds jars of tobacco from which any man may fill his pipe. Cigars and cigarettes are passed about, or candy, cakes, tea, it is quite like dropping in at a friend's, for there is an atmosphere of good fellowship about the place that attracts others than Jews, especially those of the Officers Training Camp hard by. Nothing is sold in the building, nor was anything bought for it. Friends





furnished it; some send cigars and cigarettes in large quantities monthly, and every week boxes of cake come from nearby cities. Every Wednesday also come a group of young women to mend for the soldiers at Welfare House, to visit their sick and those of others at the Hospital, and to take dainties—*Welfare House*, that's a beautiful name.

When Jewish recruits arrive they are welcomed here, and every one receives a comfort kit, a "housewife" with toilet articles etc., and upon leaving, a farewell box containing various essentials to comfort upon a trip, handkerchiefs, tooth paste, shaving cream, two packages of cigarettes beside "the makings", a corncob pipe, nuts, raisins, candy, and fruit cake which will keep as long as a man's patience will allow him to wait for it. Great cases of these farewell boxes were despatched from home towns to this hall when the Ninety-First went Across.

Over in the corner, in Chaplain Egelson's desk, is a box containing cards in three colors, indexed; alphabetically, according to camp organizations, and according to home towns. In this way Chaplain Egelson knows every Jew in the cantonment and can "keep track of the boys." That box went with him to France and will mean much to the Home People. It was an original idea, so was the naming of the Jewish Headquarters that its initials should spell the Hebrew name for God, *Jah*.

Jews have always beautifully blended home and church life. They have a deeply interesting custom of honoring, with an annual memorial service, the day of a parent's death, no matter how many the years which have passed. No true Jew ever fails to say *Kaddish*, and many observe the death anniversary of any member of the family. Such a service may only be read before a "congregation" which, ritually, must include at least ten males. So Mr. Saulson, in charge of Welfare House, has broadened the scope of the card index by the addition of lists of the dates of these personal memory days for all Jewish soldiers, and very carefully looks them through every week. He never fails—and he is in entire charge at present, working early and late, in camp, in Tacoma, and in the district—he never fails to have ten men present for the precious service.



Khaki-bound copies of portions of the Scriptures contain, for one book, Proverbs, for whose pregnant wit the ancient Jews were noted, even among other Orientalists, who always excelled in this fascinating form of terse literature. Also bound in khaki are the beautiful prayers of the Jewish ritual printed from back to front, Hebrew upon one page, English opposite. Commenting upon this to Lieut. Jacob Goldstein of the Depot Brigade, he remarked that at camp many read one as easily as the other. As for himself, the family tutor taught him and his brothers to read both at the same time. The Latin classics he acquired at the University of Syracuse. No other people within our borders are such fine linguists as Hebrews, who commonly know four and five languages; their educated classes often speak more. One at Camp Lewis grammatically and fluently converses in eleven, including Arabic, Turkish and Rumanian. This is so well known that if an interpreter is needed, the Jewish Welfare House is likely appealed to, and Mr. Saulson has added another valuable card index by listing twenty-seven languages which men of his faith speak. These are upon separate cards so that, for instance, if Bulgarian is needed, he has but to turn to the card so headed and find upon it the names of all Jewish men who speak that language. If one soldier cannot be found, another may. It is astonishing upon how many of those cards the same names appear.

Within the book are a "Prayer for the Government," *America*, *Hail Columbia*, and *The Star Spangled Banner*. By the way, do you know that a new flag flies, new to Today, but the oldest in all the world, the flag of David? Its field is of white, with a double triangle of blue, forming a star and called the shield of David, in the center, and a horizontal stripe of horizon blue at each side. It is long indeed since that flag has streamed toward the blue and white of the sky, and it beckons its people toward a new hope.

Jews readily enlisted, at first in the British army, and when we entered the war, in ours. There are 8000 in the Palestine Legion, composed entirely of American and

English Jews fighting under the Jewish and British flags for the restoration of the ancient Fatherland. All who survive of these men will make their homes in Palestine. They have already adopted the Hebrew language. This Palestine Legion is commanded by Col. Patterson—whose famous mule regiment saved the situation in the East in the early part of the war. All officers except the Colonel are Jews.

An army of 10,000 is now being raised in America and England, recruiting from Jews who are not as yet citizens of this country.

Jews have raised much money and have entered enthusiastically into all war activities. Reasons for this enthusiasm are inherent. The United States is the only country which from the first has afforded them all the rights and privileges of other citizens, yet it is not gratitude alone which rallies them to her flag. Were Germany victorious, Russia, Poland, Turkey, Palestine, Mesopotamia absorbed, Jews would suffer martyrdom as of old; but with victory to the Allies, Great Britain has promised the establishment in Palestine of a Jewish center which might develop into a Republic as pure as that which Jews realized, for many centuries, before any other was even dreamed of, for theirs was the first democracy recorded in history. Four thousand years ago it shone out from the darkness: think, *forty centuries* before again it became necessary to wage this war "to make the world safe for democracy," safe from a people reverted to the type, the savage.

As for the sacred land itself, what of the Hun in Palestine could be predicted from one act of the Kaiser, who ordered an ancient moat filled to make an unnecessary new road for his conquering vandal feet. How different, how wonderfully different, when the British General Allenby took Jerusalem and, halting his victorious troops without, with a little group of his officers entered without fanfare, and passed through the ancient *Gateway of the Friend* into the Holy City. That is its beautiful name, many centuries old, and this was surely the advent of a

great friend, whose first greeting was a proclamation that all people within the city, of any race and any creed, were safe, and should be protected by the victors. Of that historic entrance Helen Gray Cone wrote this exquisite verse:

*When through the gateway that men call The Friend  
Passed quietly in the little English guard,—*

*Brown soldiers, battle-scared,—  
A mystic Presence all unseen, unknown,  
His age-long weary wandering at an end,  
Gray Israel returned unto his own!*

Elsewhere is noted the strange connection between Camp Lewis and the taking of Jerusalem, so that all Jews, and especially those of this cantonment, feel the keenest interest in Capt. Oldenborg of the 91st Division. By the way, a brother of Capt. Welty, is in Mesopotamia, having gone at the beginning of the war with the British as a Y-man, and been on the firing line ever since. Somehow one never thinks of anyone's living in Mesopotamia today. Here's another connection. Mesopotamia was the original home of the Jews. In the dawn of history, Abraham emigrated from that country to Palestine.

When, July 17, the Fast of *Av*, the Black Day, is commemorated at the Jewish Assembly Hall, the men who have hitherto gathered there will be upon the sea, nearing the Titanic struggle which will restore to them that Jerusalem whose destruction, 2504 years ago, the Fast mourns. Maybe by next *Av*, they will be entering Jerusalem, their City of Peace, after many centuries of wandering and suffering. What a marvelous Home-coming, a Nation's, and that People the oldest existent! To that Home-coming, a Toast, drunk from the clear waters of American Lake, "*Next year in Jerusalem!*"

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The Young Men's Christian Association work at Camp Lewis has already been noted, but should be further referred to in this chapter devoted to religious activities. The Huts are always short-handed, and to speak of individuals is like counting chickens in the open. One man,



however, is so closely identified with the Y. M. C. A. work at Camp Lewis that A. M. Grilley naturally comes into the mind when it is spoken of. A Westerner, Kansan, he has been for many years identified with that work in Portland. He is another man who can laugh; people like to have him around. He it was who thought of supplying soldiers with baseball for noons, for the trenches, and, when the draft came in before the Ninety-First vacated barracks, "rustled Y. M.'s for haysheds" and every other available place to keep the newcomers from being homesick. He, too, first sent Y. M.'s two-hundred miles down the road to meet drafted men's trains and come in with them. That, up to this writing, was done by no other cantonment. In other words, "Grilley's alive."

Twenty a month is their quota overseas, so that there is scarcely a man at Camp Lewis who was there in the Fall, and the call is constant for volunteers to the Y. M. C. A. training schools in New York, Cambridge and Chicago. Graduates wear a uniform similar to the army's, but gray, rank as sub-lieutenants, so to speak, not allowed the officer's cap nor a cord upon the service hat. The association's red triangle is upon the sleeve. This symbol signifies their efforts toward the development of the whole Man—Body, Mind, Spirit. The uniform of the Knights of Columbus is similar, with K. C. on the sleeve, while Jewish workers wear the star within a circle, "the shield of David" on them.

*Body:* Both associations have been right-hand assistants to the Division Athletics Council in developing recruits. Boxing bouts are held once a week. Equipment for it, and for all forms of ball play and other games, is purchased in factory lots. It is one of the wonders of military training how soon men are toughened by drill and wish such continued violent exercise as baseball. Even on hikes soldiers demand gloves, bats and balls, and Y secretaries "hit the trail" with them. This is one of the Compensations for the war: The United States will be a nation of athletes, and, so fathered, mothered by women very generally doing manual work, children will be as strong and beautiful as those of ancient Greece.

When the Divisional trenches were being—built? dug?—men working in shifts from sun to sun, demanded a Y-Hut. How pretty it was and how good it smelled, fir boughs and tent. In the center a fireplace—just that, a place for fire, and a big one, piled with pitchy wood when the men came in shivering from their digging. It had an octagonal rail of saplings just high enough to rest a fellow's damp shoes upon, and a pipe went up through the top. At every joint of this rail stood a post of small tree bearing a candle, that one might read, and upon every little pine desk bounding the tabernacle, stood another, in an artistic literal candle-stick, that one might write—triangle stationery there a-purpose. Also there was upon each a



vase of beautiful wild flowers, which grow all about. Now H. W. Page, who designed and engineered that lodge, is a remarkable man in at least two respects, he knows that even wild flowers cannot look anything but down and out in a baking-powder can, so he fitted to each a bark jacket from a tree whose curves were those of the tin cans, and the flowers never suspected they had left home; secondly, he can be, and was, bright and good natured on four hours' sleep, which he "takes between-times so the night bunch won't feel neglected." His lowly cot was curtained off by fir boughs. A box on the counter enabled men to make their own change when they wanted their eternal candy, gum, tobacco and stamps. Athletics equipment had been brought along, and they were even planning a moving picture projected by means of an automobile magneto.

Not having room for games in their Huts, as the eight long, one-story brown buildings upon fire breaks are called, the Y's built two large Play Sheds containing ball courts and diamonds, boxing and wrestling rooms. When troops numbered nearly 52,000 just before the Division went out, these, Butte Building and the K. C. Halls, were all turned over for barracks.

Speaking of moving pictures, airplanes are the only place they are not carried, and heaven knows aviators have theirs, real and reel beneath. A regular weekly evening is given to good moving pictures at every Hut, free, of course, and a Divisional at Y. M. C. A. Auditorium. It is common for men among the onlookers "to see themselves as others see them," or with shouts and jokes to recognize those "others," so many picture-men are at Camp Lewis. A delightful innovation is now possible. Home Folks, if you will send clear photographs with a few explanatory words on the back, to F. F. Runyon, First National Bank Building, San Francisco, your boys will be delightedly surprised by seeing a bit of the home town, crowded with people they know, an odd or historical house, whatever your locality boasts. The Y. M. C. A. want such pictures from every place contributing men. Think of the possibilities!

*Mind:* Camp Lewis is many a man's College, a Y. M. C. A. Hut his *Alma Mater*. This is another Compensation. As was said in the talk before Hostess House fire, if women at home only keep step with the marching men, the intellectual uplift of the nation will endow children with brains fit for strong and beautiful bodies. For one thing, we shall have acquired the musical speech of France. Seven hundred men a week in one Hut are studying it. Prof. C. L. Helminge, who has been spared half the time since September by the University of Washington, has now been generously loaned entirely to Camp Lewis University, in exact opposition to the reason the Germans sent their professors to this Country. He was born in Chalons, France—center of terrific fighting—and served for three years with the French army in Algeria. He is teaching all the officers of the 361st Infantry, one-hundred ten, nearly twice that number from the Signal Corps, more, lately, from the Presidio.

Another French teacher of romantic life and unusual opportunities is Charles Pioda, formerly court interpreter, Seattle. Born in Switzerland, where his father had always been prominent, the young man accompanied him to Italy where the elder was for eighteen years ambassador, and those years the unification period. Under his father, Pioda was in charge of the embassy at Rome for ten years. Another son was ambassador to the United States from Switzerland. Mr. Pioda knew King Humbert, Queen Margharita, and the present King Victor when he was a boy. He was well acquainted also with King Gustave of Sweden. He met the present Kaiser's father, but never had the pleasure of meeting the present incumbent and incumbrance—though both Pioda and a son who was injured, had hoped for that pleasure, having offered war services. The former well knew Ollivier, Napoleon Third's cabinet minister during the Franco-Prussian war,

From Italy Pioda went to Egypt where he was intimate acquainted with Ismail Pasha, the dethroned viceroy, and his successor son, also "the Gloved Prince," Hassan, whose palm bore the hated cross, branded by Abyss-

sinians when a prisoner among them. He knew Gordon Pasha, too, and Kitchener, in Egypt's stirring times. As for rulers of the realm of music, these were friends; Liszt, Rubinstein, Tosti, von Bulow, Wagner, and he knew Renan.

Pioda was in Spain when he met a California girl studying abroad. They were married and went to South America, living for ten years in the A, B, C, countries, traveling everywhere. Why, Pioda needs every one of the several languages he speaks, and could fill as many more with stirring and delightful experiences—if only he does not notice he is telling them. One would learn rapidly from Pioda just to be able to hear his French thoughts.

Yes, the 91st Division has been fortunate in French teachers. In an emergency, Col. Cavanaugh's orderly did so well that he will continue to help, for Varello, though an Italian, has lived in France. There are other instructors, all under charge of the Y. M. C. A. The class rooms at Y-Huts are crowded every evening.

The University of Washington has been alive to Camp Lewis from the first. Prof. Landes, Department of Geology and Head of Survey work, had a ten-foot square map made to assist Y. M. C. A. instructors in keeping up with the war. This was such a success, that copies were made. The first large map, however, was made by Secretary Coan, whose daily lectures upon war movements regularly attracted fully fifteen-hundred soldiers during the Spring offensive, lines being shifted upon the map as battle waged.

In every cantonment, as part of the Y. M. C. A. War Activities, a paper, always called TRENCH AND CAMP, is published. Again the Ninety-First was fortunate. Its editor, Chapin D. Foster, was not only a newspaper man of thirteen years' experience, with what is inelegantly termed "a nose for news," but one whom everyone likes, witty and interesting. He covered camp personnel, progress, fun, and with such variety of real information, that TRENCH AND CAMP was eagerly read not only by soldiers, but by everybody else when it appeared Sundays as supplement to the Tacoma Tribune. Of all copies of



CHAPIN D. FOSTER

Trench and Camp published at different camps: it is surely brightest and broadest. No sectarianism was allowed to creep into this paper. All camp news was "played up" in the same spirit.

Mr. Foster, who had for several years been owner and publisher of a paper at Grandview in the beautiful Yakima Valley, was eager to fight, but being refused, leased his paper in January and came to Camp Lewis to accept what he *could* do, and, as Editor Foster, was really of much greater service in TRENCH AND CAMP than Lieutenant Foster could possibly have been in camp and trench. The author gratefully acknowledges many hints gained from TRENCH AND CAMP.



Illustrations added to its value when mailed "back home", as it very generally was. Fifteen thousand copies weekly were placed upon Y. M. C. A., Hostess, J. C. and K. C. counters, where they were free to anyone who wished them. Some men regularly mailed them to a number of friends in various parts of the country. In this way people were apprised of what the boys were doing and what was being done for them. It is only fair to add that the publication of TRENCH AND CAMP by the Tacoma Tribune was very largely the gift of its owner, Mr. Frank S. Baker, who was one of the men in-



fluential in obtaining the acceptance of the cantonment. Several hundred dollars a month, beyond part expense covered by the Young Men's Christian Association, was Mr. Baker's quiet contribution toward the war. He is not aware that this is mentioned in these pages, nor even known; mayhap would not wish it, but soldiers will like to know that he cared that much.

This is the new Headquarters Building where camp secretary A. M. Grilley and financial secretary Wilson have their offices, with other general Y. M. C. A. workers, and Editor Foster. There also is a happy-faced,



efficient stenographer and typist, crippled as to body but whole of heart and brain, who gladly serves his country in the only way he can, and by his good cheer unwittingly reproves those of us who will not answer our own prayer, "*Lord, make me willing to run on little errands.*"

Y-secretary Morth, formerly a Yakima lawyer, has given soldiers legal advice and assisted several in making their wills, free, of course.

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And how the world has changed when dancing is a Such! Think of an internationally known solo dancer doing his bit at a Y entertainment; another, listening to a phonograph, making shorthand—or would you say short foot-notes? upon triangle paper, composing a new dance for "stunt night", which is a regular weekly institution. A sign in a Y-Hut urges every man to register what he is good for, and surely there remains nothing new. The Y *has* thought out a new service, however, which is clearing the dazed look from many a visitor's face, the information booth near the bus station.

As to musicians, writers, lecturers, who have appeared at the Huts, is it not pleasant to meet people like, for instance, Fred Emerson Brooks, poet, author of many books, inimitable story-teller, albeit as genial and witty upon the floor as he is upon the platform, which cannot be said of most celebrities. And that is a strong advantage in hearing such at Camp Lewis, they are working for love, love of country, love of its men. They are at their souls' best, as they would be in books. Lord Bacon was "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind," so we are really fortunate in knowing him only at his wisest and brightest, with no hint of meanest, in his works. Some of the inspiration of "*Pickett's Charge at Gettysburg*" will go with the grandsons of the men who made it—will it not, Ninety-First?—into their charge upon the Huns. Would Brooks might be there to immortalize you!

Y-2 featured a series of evenings devoted to representative entertainments by and for the men of allied nations who were in camp, and in this way accumulated a number of handsome presentation flags. Y-8 is the newest of the Huts, and like the youngest child is best provided for, though that may be because Secretaries Oliver of Los Angeles and Cameron of Anaconda were so popular at home. If there is anything a soldier does enjoy it is a rocking chair, he need not fight for one here. There are dozens of flags, and curtains; and *shades*, first at camp, and piles of music, and from the evening Col. Saville opened it, the Trains have made it their Depot. They even had a wedding there just before the Military Police started for France, when A. Z. Taft qualified for writing Margaret Winkelman's name as war bride. The favorite Hut for weddings, however, was Y-1 where four couples were married in one week.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Spirit*—but the true man is indivisible. One of the Y. M.'s expressed it about the weekly religious evening. "Of course; but we aim at that every night, *according to its kind*." Saturday brings Quiet Night; then, if your Boy is not taking his holiday in town, he is re-reading your letters and answering them, looking furtively, or straight-forwardly, at your picture—you know which—and thinking, with all his heart, of home. And if it is a real home, *that* will be his religious night, and he will smile up at the motto on the wall which says "*Let's be what they think we are*," a smile which answers, just as if he were two-foot-six instead of six-foot-two, "*Let's*."

There is much of good literature given away at Y-Huts beside Testaments, separately-bound copies of Psalms, St. John etc., and of a size to slip into the uniform pocket. Also women sent out thousands of card copies of your own Ninety-First Psalm which you will find herein. One boy said decidedly, in the language of the day, "Look what this opened to on its own, *Five of you shall chase an hundred, and one hundred shall put ten-thousand to flight*. Me for the Book, and Us for the Huns." In Spring the

Y. M. C. A.'s conducted a Bible Drive, issuing cards for signature to promise to read the Bible throughout the war. One young fellow, and he had been a prize fighter too, said with a comical mixture of seriousness and fun:

*"If the Bible's good tactics for General G,  
"It's mighty good tactics for Corporal C,—*

come on boys, right by fours," and his squad signed with him. The card bore these words of a good fighter, Gen. U. S. Grant:

*"Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet-anchor of our liberties; write its precepts on your hearts and practice them in your lives. To the influence of this book we are indebted for the progress made in true civilization, and to this we must look as our guide in the future."*

One of the signers said he did not need the book for, on November 12, 1917, his mother had given him the Testament presented to her father November 12, 1862. So Corporal Kennedy of the 316th Engineers will carry through this war the little Book which his grandfather carried throughout the Civil War, perhaps under Grant himself.

Chaplains, K. C.'s, and Y. M. C. A.'s united in providing every man's place at breakfast, Christmas and Easter mornings, with suitable cards, the first, doubtless, that many men had ever had to welcome those Holidays, and the Jews joined them with pretty cards for Mothers' Day.

At first recruits had been welcomed at the gate, afterward incoming draft trains were met a day away, and the Y. M.'s "went a piece down the road" when the soldiers left for other camps; but when the Division started for France, the Y. M. C. A. had a khaki-colored card for each with *Bon Voyage* upon it and Gen. Pershing's words, *"Let your valor as a soldier and your conduct as a man, be an inspiration to your comrades and an honor to your country."*

## Red Cross Military Relief Bureau at Camp Lewis

In appropriate proximity to Hostess House and Young Men's Christian Association Headquarters, midway stands a small building representing a big work, and bearing upon its walls a Red Cross. In fact the work grew so fast that the building had to extend, and a small warehouse now adjoins it. This is the Camp Lewis Bureau for Military Relief and if there is anything all other organizations does not accomplish for the relief of soldiers and their families, it is covered by this Red Cross bureau, which might be called the Relief Quartermaster Department. A special bulletin issued by Gen. Foltz, commanding, is worth reprinting in entirety, because succinctly stating its province, under Field Director Arthur Pritchard, of Tacoma:

"To give emergency financial aid if it will relieve distress in your family.

"To make sure that competent legal or medical aid, or both, is given to your family if their necessities call for either.

"In other words, to relieve your anxiety about your beloved ones and to provide emergency relief.

"It is expected that your family will assist themselves in every way possible before application is made to the Red Cross.

"Applications for assistance should be made by the soldier in either of two ways:

"Direct to his company commander, who should take up the matter with the field director at the Red Cross building, 1st avenue north and East Way, or

"Direct to the field director of the Red Cross, 1st avenue north and East Way.

"The American Red Cross society desires to furnish one woolen sweater and two pairs of woolen socks to all members of this command who need them. These articles are to be issued to each regiment as part of the regimental equipment and not as the personal property of the soldier, so that when a man is separated from the service these articles should remain with the regiment for reissue.

"Regimental and separate organization commanders will submit to this office before noon Monday, January 28, 1918, a requisition of the number of sweaters and socks needed completely to equip their organization."

W. R. Van Valen and his wife are resident managers of this work. The former is bonded and every article passing through their hands is accounted for and monthly statements made of all activities. Mrs. Van Valen is a

host in herself, for it is just the work she loves, and for which she is therefore fitted. She does not furnish relief more bitter than lack, bruising feelings already black and blue, as some self-important Red Cross workers have done, but shows an inventiveness, a ready sympathy and understanding that are themselves comfort and help.

Early in the year, much of the assistance given by the camp Red Cross was necessary because of the delayed allotments, which occasioned not only actual suffering in the families of soldiers, but rendered the soldiers themselves almost worthless from worry. The worst of it was that it was so needless in a great rich country like ours, with its billions of subscribed moneys. To some families the delay was not only embarrassing but humiliating, and they would not tell of it. One woman of culture and family, was about to be turned into the street when the Red Cross at camp stepped in and saved not her alone, but our army, from such disgrace. All such were instantly relieved, and without publicity or the binding of red tape which ties up so much so-called Charity work, which, indeed, is not Charity, either in its sense of Love, or its non-sense of injustice, but simply gives somebody who has no other chance to attract the public eye, or to climb a rung higher upon a society ladder, a chance to perform.

In one month there were 150 consultations with soldiers, relative to many things. Free medical attention was secured for their families, three operations performed without expense, etc. All this is as it should be, only justice, not that hated Charity, which I, for one, would rather die than accept. In time to come, all medical aid will be afforded a nation by taxes, I firmly believe. It is to a Country's self-interest that all its people should be healthy, whole, and efficient.

The importance of having a woman, and a sympathetic woman, in connection with Red Cross work at Camp Lewis was several times seen when women visited camp or came to ask for help in the life-crisis which women, some scarcely more than children, must meet, each for



Legal advice was furnished several, and if necessity demanded, the telegraph speeded decision. The Red Cross even took charge of the household belongings of a young Lieutenant who was suddenly ordered away and whose little home was near camp. He handed the assistant-director the house key, told him the price asked, and left. Another Lieutenant and his wife moved in and paid the money to the Red Cross worker.

Thousands and thousands of sweaters, socks etc., have been carefully distributed by this Red Cross bureau at camp. These came in hundreds of packing boxes which so crowded the warehouse, that a larger had to be built. At the Country Club, army men's wives worked almost as many hours as their husbands, upon knitting and surgical dressings. Mrs. John H. Leavel, wife of Capt. Leavell of the 316th Engineers, and Capt. Harmon Bonte's wife of the same Corps, were workers two whole days in a week, and the former took charge of classes.

Space was arranged at the Red Cross camp bureau for many women who came to mend sweaters, also. This, as every woman knows, is a difficult thing to do, and a tiresome; but many expensive sweaters were thus saved, woolen socks darned, and the like.

Yes, men, women and children are enthusiastic over the Camp Lewis Red Cross Bureau. This co-operative spirit of genuine helpfulness is a great Compensation for the war, and will last over into the great peace which will follow. Men at camp have contributed much to its stores. A sewing machine, in recognition of the sewing the Red Cross does for them, was one much appreciated gift. As for children, they are natural enthusiasts which the world has not spoiled. Boys have made packing boxes, and girls towels and gun wipers and wash clothes and—oh, everything. Four large boxes of tobacco at one time were presented, boxes of figs, whole cases of gum, boxes of raisins. An odd but useful gift was twenty-three flash-lights. One hundred invalid chairs were presented. Over 1500 pints of home-made jelly were sent from Red Cross organizations in Salt Lake, for hospital patients at camp.

But, when Filipinos have a Red Cross parade in Manila, and men, women and children, *lepers*, on Molokai, give \$248 for Red Cross work, it is not to be wondered at that peoples, great and small, of all colors and religions, of all social ranks and attainments, group themselves at the four quarters of the earth upon the great, square,

## RED CROSS

## CHAPTER XXV.

ONE MAN LIKES "WILD WEST" FOR DIVISION NICKNAME—  
CAPT. JACKSON AND ROBERT MORRIS—CAPT. RAEDER—  
IMPORTANCE OF VETERINARY CORPS—ANIMAL OPERATING  
ROOMS AND HOSPITAL—PROCESS OF HORSE TRAINING—  
PURCHASING POINT, FORT KEOGH, LT. COL. WINTERBURN  
—HORSE-SHOERS', SADDLERS', AND PACKING SCHOOLS—  
REMOUNT ASSEMBLY HALL—COWBOY RUSSELL'S GIFT  
AND LETTER—FIRST AND LAST REMOUNT EXHIBITIONS—  
FAMOUS RIDERS—EXPERT FARM HANDS—A BIRTHDAY  
REMOUNT PARTY.

While Gen. Greene was in France, the nickname Wild West Division was "wished on" the Ninety-First. Upon his return, asked if he liked it, he emphatically answered, "I do not." Most people agree with him, but Capt. Jackson answered quite as emphatically, "I do." He went on to say that men of this Division are unusually husky, with the rush and enthusiasm of the West, young, eager for the war; that he thought that the moral effect upon German ranks, hearing them so heralded, would be incalculable. They would fear Wild Westerners, picturing them bristling with Bowie knives, their "hip pockets built for quarts," drawing seven-shooters if coffee was weak, wearing neckerchiefs like that eternal Hart's, with the rest of the wild-and-woolly of the moving picture West. They would expect whole Companies of painted Indians, tomahawk in hand, ready to scalp German prisoners, to wreck upon them tortures more exquisite than the Huns have visited upon their captives. Yes, Wild West, *and a yell to go with it.*

"There's much in a name," said he, "witness the Death's Head Hussars, and Roosevelt. Why, his very

name is worth a thousand men to any regiment in France." Capt. Jackson and the doughty ex-President are old friends.

This was a new view. I myself notice names, as you may have guessed. At any rate, if there is any place in the cantonment where Wild West applies, it is to the Auxiliary Remount, for there, approached by a broad prairie for a road, fenced in only by the virgin forest, is all that remains of what is meant by the West.

*The West—*

great snow-clad mountains and milky falls, broad-rushing streams fertilizing empires, forests so high, so dense, that the sun is lost within; ranches wider than principalities—these remain; but of the old free life, the generous helpfulness, the broad, warm neighborliness, what? In the city hard by, with its narrowness and lack of interest, its petty greed, its fear of one another's schemes and scorn of poverty, nothing; but in this Remount, peopled by men who have lived widely and feared none, who are the real West, much.

Here are men who have done things, who have sacrificed big interests, left their broad acres and moneyed positions to enlist their expert knowledge and energies where they can be best applied, but where there is small chance for parade, promotion or prominence. As Capt. Jackson said, "These fellows can't walk, never learned how, but they can ride. They know horses as thoroughly as horses know them, and they are willing to dig post-holes if that is what is wanted. Never have caught a surly look, never had a court martial, nor a man in the guard-house, nor a fight, nor even a quarrel. These Remounters are men, let me tell you."

It would only be odd were they not, for two reasons—oh, a dozen reasons, some of which have already appeared, but of these two, one is why they are at the Remount. Most of them enlisted, men whom Capt. Jackson knew, or knew of. Afterward, he wrote to the Sheriffs of counties in the cowboy country asking the record of men who were coming in the draft and, when these applied to him, as they frequently do, insisted upon being satisfied upon two

points only, were they men and were they horsemen, and the first was quite as important as the second. It was not enough, either, that a man could ride anything on four legs, even a bucking horse coming down upon all four, stiff; he must understand horses. It is significant that they do not "break" horses at the Remount, but "gentle" them. Why I went into one corral where a big animal would insist upon your riding him, his head was upon your shoulder, his nose poked into your pocket for a possible apple; he was a perfect nuisance. Three weeks before he was a biting, kicking, jumping, man-killing outlaw. When kindly Sergeant Richardson would say of a horse, "Appleuce has Arabian blood in him, but he had the meanest disposition I ever saw," you may know that was a Hun of a horse. While we were talking about him, another came by, went up to a window from which blankets were hanging to air, pulled them out and dragged them in the dust before his owner. "Now he knows better than that, but I can't punish him because I didn't notice the poor fellow. A horse is like a small boy, often doing mischief just to attract your attention."

All over the Remount you will see nothing but kindness to "our little brothers, the other animals," and, strangely more uncommon, nothing but kindness from humans to humans. The whole atmosphere of the place is work, expertness, good cheer, courtesy, and generous appreciation of the other fellow. Oh, but it is refreshing. And the Commanding Officer is typical of it all, the embodied spirit of that West which is passing.

Capt. J. W. Jackson is a Harvard man, as are several others at the Remount, three of his own fraternity. He arrived at Camp Lewis September 1st, "twenty minutes ahead of the first load of horses." He is tall, lean, lithe, capable, soldierly, joking, "the best loved man on the cantonment," whose opinion counts; the kind of a man, you know, of whom no one even casually speaks without adding, with lighting face—Bishop or boxer, officer or orderly, Y. M. or K. C., horse or dog—"Now that's some man," or its equivalent. You would not know his sect,



but you would his faith. When a Commanding Officer's orderly brightens up at sound of the buzzer, and his men beam as they salute, and his horse wonders if he will be too busy to ride today, that man gets all there is of service, because he gives all.

Capt. Jackson takes after his ancestor, Robert Morris, signer of the Declaration of Independence, whose large fortune, accumulated by his own energy, was freely at the disposal of the government when it was a magnificent experiment, penniless, warring. In fact, ten years before, he had sacrificed thousands in trade relations by assenting to the Non-Importation Act, and ardently espousing the Colonial cause. Morris served for years on the Ways and Means Committee of Congress, rough, narrow ways, and precarious means, involving his firm's credit and his own. More than once the Morris hand signed the Morris name in crises which threatened his Country, and the million and a half dollars which enabled Washington to carry on that last campaign against Cornwallis was raised by Morris' untiring exertions and upon personal notes secured by his unquestioned integrity. Liberty Loans in *those* Liberty Days were harder to raise among an almost penniless people, than now, when unbounded wealth is secure under an established government.

From 1781 to 1784, Morris had entire charge of the monetary affairs of the United States. He established the Bank of North America. He sacrificed his own business and fortune to those of his Country, though he absolutely refused to become Secretary of the Treasury, and suggested Hamilton. Having served with all he had, he resigned, though he was afterward Senator from Pennsylvania.

J. W. Jackson responded to the same love of country by leaving his great ranch at Williston, North Dakota, and organizing the Camp Lewis Remount, a clearing house for animals used in every branch of military service, cavalry, artillery, officers' and orderlies' mounts, headquarters troops, military police, ambulance corps, supply trains and quartermasters'; horses and mules. Thousands gathered



REMOUNT OFFICERS

by United States buyers and inspectors throughout the country, are shipped in carloads to the Remount Station. Many of the animals have never known bridle. Add to their wildness, car-sickness, and bruises and injuries from travel and kicking, and you can understand that hundreds of such animals, unloaded at the siding at once, need expert care, treatment and training. And that is just what they have, for among nearly 500 enlisted men at the Remount are not only the champion riders of the world, but those owning and managing great ranches and ranges, and men whose whole lives have been spent in rearing, training and curing animals.

A regular army man among these Remount officers is he who, literally and figuratively, is at the right-hand of Capt. Jackson, its center. There is only one other place he would rather be and that is in France, especially since Capt. Jackson, just before the 91st Division went overseas, was ordered to organize an enormous Remount Station in that country. Capt. Raeder enlisted in 1899 and served in the Philippines, in the island of Luzon and in Manila. He has known Border service, and as Quartermaster agent brought back all stock after the evacuation of Vera Cruz in 1914. From Galveston he went to Panama and the Culebra Cut. At Camp Gaylard he was in charge as Quartermaster-Sergeant. He had served in the 1st, 3rd, and 6th Cavalry, and at Panama passed the examination obtaining a commission as Captain, and was ordered to Camp Pike, Arkansas. He was assigned to the Remount early in October, 1917. Upon the departure of Capt. Jackson, Raeder was in charge until the arrival of Capt. H. C. Bayley. He has put his heart into the work as well as his experience, so that its success is his.

At Capt. Jackson's left is Capt. Andrew W. Donovan, Division Veterinarian, who has accomplished much in this great department throughout the cantonment where thousands of animals are used, beside those of the Remount, at which Capt. Kenneth F. Hinckley, center of the second row, is in command of the Veterinary Corps. This Corps has lately been placed under the general supervision of

the Division Surgeon, since the diseases of man and beast intermingle, if they are not identical. More and more the world finds the weal of one to be the weal of all, the ill of one to be the ill of all. The remainder of the group are First-Lieut. Sandberg, Second Lieuts. Patterson, Roettiger, Ward and Selby, and First Lieut. Spencer, all of the Quartermaster or the Veterinary Corps.

Very ancient is medical science for *veterina* (beasts of burden.) Early Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, all studied it, and Hippocrates, the most celebrated physician of antiquity, born 460 B. C., esteemed it of sufficient importance to leave, among his sixty medical works, a treatise on equine disorders. Yet Hippocrates was *nineteenth* descendant of Æsculapius, a physician so great that he was deified as God of Healing. You can see his Caduceus in his statue arms today. The Veterinary Corps bear it, with V upon the staff.

Just 150 years before Capt. Hinckley was graduated from the Chicago Veterinary College, the first was established at Lyons, France, under the King's patronage.

The Veterinary Corps has gained greatly in importance during the war. Owing to automobiles, horses had grown scarce, and because of tractors, so had mules. Both are becoming very valuable to the government. There are some places in which they cannot be supplanted by motors. Horses do the showy, quick work; they are proud and fearless, but not so enduring nor patient as mules, require better food and more care. But, as in other things, war is showing the best uses for all.

Horses and Mules are mustered in at the Remount very much as men are at the Depot Brigade. Upon unloading at the railroad siding, which accommodates five cars, all animals are carefully examined. If sick they are sent to the hospital; if injured, to the operating rooms; if well, turned into the paddocks, of which there are twelve adjacent. They are quarantined as carefully as men, and receive their "shot" for glanders and their "uniform" brand of U. S. service, in the dipping vat. approached by a narrow runway at each end.





THE DIPPING VAT

Operating rooms are four, and as many as twelve horses a day have gone upon the table. Everything is as clean and sanitary as in an up to date hospital for men. The operating table is shaped like a woman's sewing lap-board. It stands upright till the horse is securely fastened to it by broad canvas bands which pass through holes in the table. He is blindfolded, for horses are as nervous as people. The table is covered with canvas and the animal, while unable to move any part, is not uncomfortable. Then, by means of a windlass, the table is tilted and laid flat, being moved to right or left like a turn-table. The animal is chloroformed from a leather nose-bag. It usually requires a pound of anaesthetic, but one extremely nervous horse took two pounds, and it was ten minutes be-



fore he passed under its influence. Pretty expensive that, with chloroform high and rare. Still, as the doctor said, "Horses are lots scarcer than men."

Animals are shaved about the operating area and disinfected with iodine just as other patients are, and iodine is so scarce that at Base Hospital it is recovered from the sponges to use again. The surgeon stands within the half moon cut into the table. His instruments are disinfected. If necessary, the horse patient is slid off upon a "stone-boat" and dragged to the hospital.

A huge cream-colored mule brings sick horses in a special ambulance from any part of camp, and is suitably proud of his size and importance. He can easily draw two horses, the stretcher, and the ambulance in which they lie. His name is *Cutie*.

Wishing to see how an animal was placed upon the table, Corporal Scott said he would have Socks show.

Socks was the horse that dragged the blankets to his owner. Nobody at the Remount really owns a horse, it belongs to the government, but Capt. Jackson believes in allowing every man, and horse, to love his own—so Corporal Scott went to the corral and snapped his fingers, and Socks ran over and followed the corporal like a dog to the operating room, where he went through the rehearsal readily. He had done it before.

Lieuts. Sandberg and Selby are noted horse surgeons, say others at the Remount. They have been very successful with something usually considered fatal, Poll Evil, generally due to bruise, and which causes necrosis of the ligament the whole length of the neck. Animals return for fresh dressings to the table. The first time, says the Lieutenant, they are nervous and shiver, but after that they understand the relief and readily await adjustment.

There are six hospitals with "beds" for one-hundred patients each. Contagious cases are isolated. Charts are kept by the Veterinary nurses, and every animal is tagged. The only thing that is not done in our best hospitals is putting up powders in newspaper. Sergt. Keefe does it all day, but weighs them carefully for all that. Between

9000 and 10000 horses have been supplied with medicine from the Remount, sixteen camp Veterinarians prescribing.

After the animals leave the hospital they are kept in corrals for the sick and, later, in others devoted to convalescents. There is plenty of room in the 400 acres belonging to the Remount, the prettiest part of camp.

If horses are well, they are trained as soon as they are out of quarantine in "bull pens." In all large pictures of the camp you have seen them, looking like six gigantic wash tubs standing together. The walls of these slant back slightly, so that wild horses cannot crush their riders' legs against the sides, a favorite trick. This first riding furnishes thrills enough for a dozen moving pictures and Roundups. After the worst is over, the horses are ridden in a larger pen with only the corners rounded. When thoroughly trained, they are put to work in the Remount or camp, or shipped to other points or to France as needed, just as men from the Depot Brigade are assigned to Companies here or elsewhere. The Remount is not a part of the Division either, nor even, in a sense, of the camp, but is directly under government control.

All the buying is done by Lt. Col. G. W. Winterburn at Fort Keogh, Miles City, Montana, and he is superior officer over the Remount. His men have shipped horses from thirteen Western States to this Auxiliary. Mules are principally brought from California where they are largely used around Sacramento. It is significant that the Remount could furnish enough bays for 1259 of the 346th Field Artillery, matched blacks, and sorrels enough for other bodies. Mules are recruited from grays as much as possible, for nature has camouflaged them so that it is almost impossible to distinguish them from the ground they cover when they carry ammunition to gunners, or bear Engineers' material.

There are a number of schools in the Remount which, incidentally, educate both men and animals. The first is the Horseshoers' with recitation rooms of forty-eight forges, and a course of four months. When a man takes his degree from this college, he surely is an adept, for many of the animals he shoes have never worn them.

Some, in fact, are so wild that they rear upon their haunches, strike with their fore feet, lunge upon their sides, bite, scream. These are put into the stocks. Even then one man-killer kicked for fifteen minutes before he could be trussed up, kicked so fast that, as one shoer put it, he looked like a gigantic humming bird. The horse is lifted from the floor and the foot to be shod is fastened to an adjustable steel stanchion. In these stocks a horse is humanely held, and the man is safe.

Shoes are always put on cold, and are as carefully fitted to the foot as any fine lady's. In fact, in this great equine shoe-shop, all shoes are practically custom-made, despite being selected by size, for every pair is shaped exactly to the foot. Pair! Yes; fore feet are different from hind feet. Shoes are beaten into shape upon the glowing forge quite as Vulcan fashioned his, except that he bent a straight rod. He too understood healing, and likely, the preventive connection between a hoof pared to the quick, corns, ill-fitting shoes, and diseases of the hoof: probably taught his helpers as the four expert instructors, each with two assistants, do at the Remount. At any rate, Capt. Hinckley, under whose charge this school is, does, lecturing upon hoof and leg. Students must know every nerve, muscle, ligament, in their part of the horse or mule, and pass written examinations upon all phases of the subject, before diplomas are awarded them. The practical work is in chapters of a horse a day, shod.

All organizations send students to this school. The insignia is a horseshoe upon the sleeve.

Wonder when horses were first shod, wonder why horse shoes have always been considered lucky? Of course when Cortez shod his mare with solid silver it would be lucky to pick up a shoe she had cast but—probably it saved much labor even if it were an iron shoe, before coal and coke were known. At any rate, some automobilists will stop a car and seize upon a horseshoe, rare nowadays, though every stable used to wear one over the door, and the papers upon this desk are weighted by a rusty find.

After animals are gentled and shod, they attend school, with packers as fellow-students. Here the former learn to carry 225-pound packs and to follow the bell-mule, while the latter learn to fit the saddle to the back and pack and strap it. There are seventy-five in this school. The Aparejo pack is a roof-shaped wooden contrivance upon which the load is balanced and which is stuffed underneath with hay to conform to the mule's back. If an animal has a sore back it is legitimately blamed upon the packer, for if properly done the mule never minds his load, which is, officially, 225 pounds. This Aparejo pack is used all over the Southwest, across the desert and over the mountains, and experts are teaching it at the packing schools of the "Wild West" Remount. So successful is it, that the entire army will copy it. I have seen burros in our Southwest all but hidden under the loads they carried with ease by reason of this scientific adjustment.

Both packers and packed are trained with numbered pieces of ammunition, wagon parts etc., and mules and packs are numbered, so that all are accustomed to one another. Beside this, the mules are taught to follow the leader. Almost falling upon one another, burros used to bring my heart into my mouth on steep trails in the Rockies. Mules soon learn to know their own bell.

I could hardly tear myself away from that corral, feeling that at last I had broken into Society, for Mrs. Belle Mule, with a half-veiled glance at us, quite like a society leader wearing a rope of pearls about her neck instead of a bell rope, would start off on some fool's errand and the rest would slavishly follow the leader, even to curling their lips superciliously or switching their tails—I mean tails. Mules are very human.

But there is something which cannot be trained our of mules, their dangerous bray, therefore, this June, Western veterinarians operated upon a mule, removing a cartilage in his nose. This seems to have been successful, though he may recover his voice; if so, the tail muscles will be severed, since no mule can bray without raising his tail.

It remains to be seen, however, if, in quieting him, they have not broken his spirit, for the mule admires his voice far more than we do. Still, he has his kick left, and nothing but amputating his hind legs will cure that. As it is doubtful if he could learn to walk upon two feet in time for this war, beside which even an Arapejo pack would then slide off, that scarcely seems feasible. Then, too, if this literal and lateral kick were removed, it might strike in, breaking out in another place, perhaps in his disposition. That would be too bad, for I have seen burros turned out after a long journey over the desert, and a climb over mountains, lick the moisture off a rock, eat anything else that happened to adhere to it, then bray from a full stomach and a contented mind, and be ready for an evening of pleasure tagging their society leader.

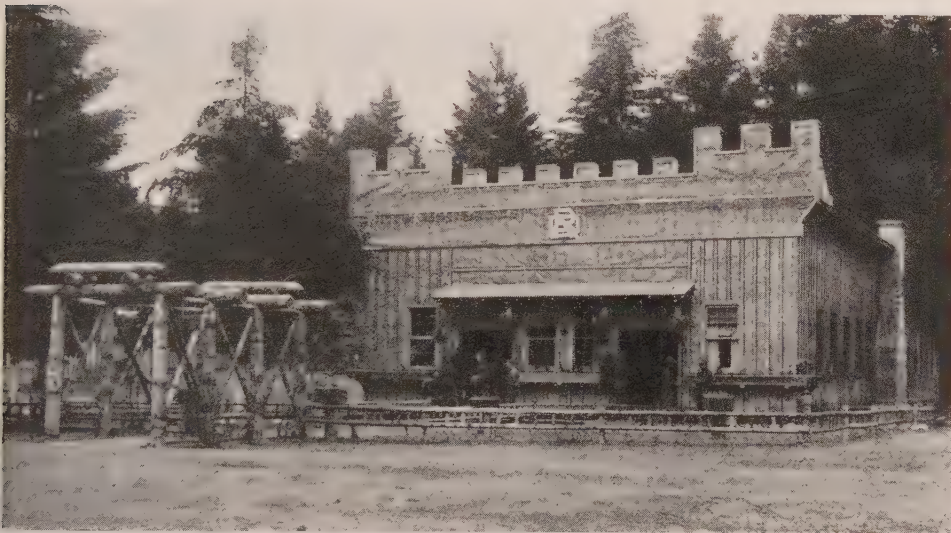
Another school at the Remount is the Saddlers', where twelve men remain for a course of nine crowded weeks. Harness work is included, and men, trained, are returned to their units. The emblem is a saddler's knife which, in felt, looks much like a spread fan with a long handle. This knife is shaped exactly like an Esquimo woman's, or a chopping knife.

There have been 6500 horses at one time at the Remount, and 650 teamsters have spent two months at school learning to care for them properly. All stable sergeants and wagoners are furnished camp organizations from there. The latter's insignia is a wheel. The farrier wears a horse-head, the mechanic, crossed hammers. Farrier used to mean, horse-shoer, a worker in iron, *ferrum*. All these have become experts in paying trades for use after the war. The "professional man" will be less common then; man and manual will be more honorably coupled, and the present connection between men and menial will be lost. Oh, the war will bring many compensations—

*"It's coming yet, for a' that,  
That man to man, the world o'er  
Shall brothers be for a' that!"*



Capt. Jackson knew every man in his command and took an interest in everything. The beautiful Remount Assembly Hall was fathered by him. Battlemented without, like an ancient keep, the idea is carried on in the hall, which was designed by Andrew Doppee a Belgian, student at the Brussels Beaux Arts, and who as an Engineer worked upon the fortifications of Antwerp. The stone



THE REMOUNT LIBRARY

fireplace is beautiful. The wrought-iron andirons and fittings, suggesting halberds, and the artistic light fixtures, were all made in the Remount blacksmith shop: Vulcan was an artist in wrought iron. Appropriate pictures, most of them colored prints of cowboy scenes, riding, roping; mottoes, framed poems, one, I remember, Kipling's inspiring *If*, fine mounted heads, rustic boxes of flowers—all true horsemen love flowers—artistic everything. Comfortable chairs and tables, a branch of Liberty Library, and a small one of their very own including a copy of *Rough Riders* autographed by Theodore Roosevelt

§ 33

"for his friend Dr. Jackson," and another by Maj. Gen. R. G. E. Leckie, homey all of it, no wonder the Remount men haunt the place and have clever programs almost every night. Think of the talent there!

Over the high mantel, upon a background of logs, hangs a beautiful painting by the celebrated "cowboy artist," Russell. This is the letter which accompanied the gift, through his old acquaintance, Capt. Jackson, who showing it, drew attention to the careless hand-writing of the *man*, and to the beautiful lettering and little sketch upon the envelope, the work of the *artist*.

Great Falls, Mont., December 8, 1917.

Dear Captain Jackson:

*I am glad to know that my kind of men are delivering the goods. The boys I knew on the range long ago were rough on the outside but under the hide regular men.*

*The cow puncher is the last of America's frontiersmen. The trapper, bull-whacker, stage driver, mule skinner, have stepped into history. The cow puncher must soon take the same trail, but like all others of his kind will not be forgotten by romance or history. He was part of the West that time can't wipe out. If a plain's Injun wanted to say that a man was alright in sign language he made the sign for strong and heart—meaning that the man was brave, square and all that's good in a human. This sign would go for most of the cow hands I know and these young men you have today are out of the same mold. I've known punchers to give a man the Sheriff was hunting a fresh horse.. This aint according to law, but its friendship and the man that does it will die holding his flag.*

*I am sending you the only cow puncher picture I have, punchers scaring cattle out of the brakes—called "Smoking 'Em Out." Hang it up and when you get tired of it or the Camp breaks, send it to some city where it can be sold and turn the money over to the soldiers in a way you think best. If you sell it, get \$1,000 for it. That is the least I would take.*

*With best wishes to you and all the boys.*

*Yours sincerely,*

C. M. Russell.



There are other interesting things at the Remount: a pair of superb silver spurs weighing over three pounds, with which a Villa bandit spurred his Death Charger over the Great Divide, so needed them no more; a piece of Zeppelin which dropped its driver into the Undiscovered Country,—this was sent the Captain by his sister, Miss Alice Jackson who has adopted forty war-orphaned French children.

Also, a Remount blacksmith reproduced a weapon, if one might so designate something used against the defenseless, an iron about eight inches long, pointed, set with spikes, and used to despatch the wounded, found upon a German battlefield.

Two wonderful Rodeos, three, were produced by the Remount. In December, the program included an old cowboy diversion, a package race. Ten men rode fiery horses to a goal, dismounted, opened wrapped bundles, donned whatever apparel or impedimenta they contained, and raced back. There was competitive Aparejo packing; there were range races in which the men must first catch the horses, then saddle, mount, and circle the track; relay races—everything. But all this is play for such horsemen as Camp Lewis' Remount boasts.

The Remount staged the First and Last exhibitions of the Ninety-First at Camp Lewis. Their own arena, built for the former, was crowded for the latter, and the 18,000 seated, looked upon nearly as many upon the grassy slope opposite. Capt. Jackson planned it as a demonstration of the military efficiency attained by all animal-equipped units, for which the Remount had trained and furnished horses and mules—graduating exercises, so to speak, for Man and Beast, Division and Remount. Being ordered overseas before they came upon the stage, the big affair devolved upon Capt. Raeder, in command, who managed it as if that had been his sole business.

The program was carried out as planned save that the field ambulances could not appear owing to the mules being in quarantine; but of course that only served to make the performance more natural and home-like—



somebody was always quarantined. There was no lagging, either. Contestants were fairly crowded out of the field. Officers entered all events open to them and cheered the others—there was always close goodwill among them and you, was there not? Of course Capt. Cook helped, as he always does.

Fully thirty thousand people enjoyed the spectacle, massed bands played, soldiers on the slope sang, the Division Athletic Club was thousands of dollars richer, Companies took handsome trophies, and individuals won prizes of every sort to which Governors Bamberger of Utah, Alexander of Idaho and Houx of Wyoming; Mayors Rolph of San Francisco and Baker of Portland, among many, contributed. As usual, Portland was to the fore. Its Chamber of Commerce sent a Loving Cup, and its City Commissioner twenty dollars, bettered by five from their Mayor. The prizes ranged from a fifty-dollar Liberty bond from a Seattle restaurant to a briar pipe from its finest hotel.

Naturally, the Remount itself took the majority of prizes. Setting up an escort wagon, for instance, was interesting to the crowd. Men driving, leaped at a signal from them, took them to pieces and put them together. There was a mounted courier dispatch, a machine gun drill, all taking on stern interest because of the feeling that this was to be hereafter a contest with life or death for first prize, health or wound for second, freedom or capture for third. Everything in the program was strictly military except the Cossack riding and the Roman race in which McDowell, Diest, Peabody and Barkley of the Remount took first and second, and Goodnight of Headquarters Troop and Binna of 181st Brigade Headquarters, third.

The sun shone encouragingly, and nobody was hurt nor robbed among the whole 80,000 who visited Camp Lewis, so said the Military Police, although 14000 autos entered the cantonment.

Yes, it was a perfect day, that Sunday, except for those to whom it was shadowed by your departure, Ninety-First. Some of you left that very week.



Capt. Jackson insisted, though no one disputed it, that in the whole world no better horsemen ever assembled than at the Remount during the life of the Ninety-First, for the sufficient reason that there never have been better. He took back the pictures of several he had given for this book, saying that he would have them all, that not a man should be omitted, but he left so unexpectedly that you cannot now see many between these covers, and it is a pity to refer only to a few when there are scores. Never in one place have so many champions gathered, working prosaically, cheerfully responding even to—

#### STABLE CALL

*Come to the stable all ye who are able,  
And give to your horses some hay and some corn;  
If you don't do it the Colonel will know it  
And then you will rue it as sure as you're born;  
Come then to the stable all ye who are able  
And give to your horses some hay and some corn.*

No other Division has the cowboy States to draw from, no other Remount than this Wild West. Both Division and Remount are accustomed to World Champions, in consequence. What will the clumsy Germans think when men like these rush down upon them? Sergt. Walter Kane—right end—and his brother Ray, also of the Remount, were riding inspection, buying horses for the Government. When we went in, Capt. Jackson wanted these “wonderful horsemen”. Both resigned their lucrative positions, gave over their large ranch in Nevada to the management of another brother, and volunteered. Ray is called “Captain” because he is a private, as Mark Twain called his dog Spot because he had none, and Sergt. Kane is Beartracks. He assisted Sergt. Richardson in arena management at the Remount’s wonderful performance in Tacoma’s Stadium 4th of July, where, as he said, were gathered men whom a million dollars could not have assembled in peace times. Next him is Earnest Winning, he was actually baptized both appropriate names. He won the title of champion bull-whip of the world. How-



ever, the only part of his name by which he is known is "Buckles." Roy Barkley, "Slivers", could ride a wind without injury, he was in the hippodrome race at the Stadium, and "Sandy Hutton," next, took part in "Hoolihaning" the steer, and in all the wildest riding. The end man is Elmer Teich, whose "proper name is Ten Shot, the best roper and rider in Montana," rather a big bill to fill, but on authority of Capt. Jackson—"Teich, German? No German gets a job here." He is a private at the Remount. He ran his own ranch at Sheridan where he sold \$14,000 worth of cows last year.

John Mama's Boy Bell has worked up to mess sergeant here, but managed his father's ranch at Cheyenne, Wyoming. Bell can rope and throw any bull that lives. As for the ranch, that has a world's record of 125 tons of—now what *was* that, *something* at \$30 a ton—the last year before Mama's Boy broke away from home and into the Remount.

It must be great fun "*to see yourselves as others see you,*" especially when you are doing such impossible feats as those riders and ropers do. The Pendleton Roundup pictures were shown one night at the Remount's Assembly hall and a number of the men who sat in the audience had that pleasure. Private Paxton Irvine, son of former United States Senator from Wyoming, was one of them. Young Paxton owns a \$60,000 stock range at Douglas. Private "Art Burmeister was another whose ride in Roundup and film was the most sensational. He is shown wearing a superb silver belt, but he does not appear in it at the Remount when stable-boying. What he was given for one ride then would pay him here for a year. Another prominent figure in the picture was the "Calgary Kid" whose "maiden name" is Ora de Mille. He came down from Canada to volunteer for this notable Remount. His people own a ranch at Calgary. He specialized in driving the stage coach for Wild West pictures, so has not yet had a smash-up in the wagon train at the Remount. Joking aside, there has never been an accident at the Remount, and Capt. Jackson is proud of that record, says, and truly, that experts are careful.

A. M. McDowell and twin brothers are all there from the Crow reservation; "Shoat Eyes," "Dad" and "Jock," three riders great enough to be mentioned by the Captain. They own a ranch near Billings. As for Sergt. Donelson, he has discarded a horse as too easy to jump from in "bulldogging" a steer. At Miles City he did it from a racing auto and threw his steer in twenty seconds. At the first Camp Lewis Remount Rodeo he militarized this achievement by leaping from the tin bath-tub attached to a Headquarters motorcycle, going at American speed. His mother named Donelson, Rolla, but this has necessarily been shortened to "Oklahoma Slim."

Mickey Millerick was a California bareback or surcingle Pony Express show rider and, with several others at Remount, moving picture rider. Purposely, "horse" was omitted. Mules, wild steers, zebras, bears, anything, though it seems chamois was not mentioned. However, a chamois leaping from rock to rock, up or down a mountain, would only give Millerick a broader view of life; he would mount, there would be no remount about it.

Still further, from Headquarters at Wyoming and Washington Avenues, perhaps three miles, lies the Flying Circle, most remarkable ranch in the world. Its foreman is Sergt. Walter Kane, and probably every "hired man" on it individually owns a ranch in which that would make a nice, roomy paddock. George Wilson, for instance, high corporal, has 2000 head out at pasture on his place near Salinas, California. Russel "Little Ax" Farris, owns a ranch near Cheyenne. "Guinea" Maggine, Charles by the card, managed a famous Oregon ranch. Edward "Tyboe" W. Whitaker, rode United States inspection before he volunteered for the Remount from Utah, where his father owns a ranch near Ogden. Sergt. William Lockie is one of Lockie Brothers, Miles City, Horse and Cattle Company. Sergt. Bob Clark is one of the best horseman in Montana.

There's a private of twenty-one crowded years at Remount, whose father is Col. Bullen of the British Hussars, whose uncle, Gen. Cavanaugh, is British Cavalry Commander, whose cousin, Gen. John Gough, holding the Vic-

toria Cross and Distinguished Service Order, was killed early in this war. His brother, Lieut. Bullen, is of the Royal Field Artillery. Just out of Harrow, the boy wanted to be a cowboy and drifted to Eaton's ranch out in Wyoming near the Indians of whom a Britisher dreams. Then he worked for three years on an even Western-er ranch in Australia, and now he is at the Remount while his kin are famous on the battlefields of France.

At the Stadium Remount performance, which was the birthday party of Camp Lewis' first year, the pick of both riders and mounts was shown in a Wild West performance which can never again be staged, for soon after, many were gone where needed in the Titanic struggle overseas.

It was headed by the new officer in command of the Remount, Capt. H. C. Bayley of Virginia, who was but twelve years old when he began to ride at horse shows. He and his brother three times won the national championship government cup. He also rides to hounds and is a noted polo player. Capt. Bayley has made both high and broad record jumps, so that he must feel quite at home among the Remount horsemen, though their riding is as different as their lives from his in Old Virginia.

Capt. Raeder was general manager of this exhibition, and Sergt. Richardson, director. Beside the riders mentioned, the Askins brothers, champions at the Miles City Rodeo last year, Private Baker, for two successive years winner of the world's bucking-horse contest at Fort Morgan, Colorado, Bell and Irvine, world's champion ropers at the Cheyenne Frontier Days' contest, Coleman—if there is a *very* best bucking-horse rider, considered by many that best. In the "We-wont-go-home-till-morning" race you will grieve to know that Wesley Deist was the most hilarious, in spite of his two sanctified names, and the added nickname of Silent. Even "Midget" Douglas, who has been a figure in Wild West Roundups for years, appeared, having been drafted a few weeks before.

One of the most wonderful features of the exhibit was, however, the horses themselves, the understanding they



showed in pursuing a wild steer and, when it was lassoed, in standing stock still, seemingly without signal of any kind, while their riders ran to the steer, grasped its horns and forced it by sheer strength to the ground. Until they dismounted, they were Centaurs indeed. Remember Centaurs were men of Thessaly, and, as the word implies, bull-killers, but so ceaselessly were those ancient cowboys in the saddle, so well did the ride, that horse and man seemed one, and the fable grew.



However, everything in the Remount, from the men, the horses and mules, to Sergt. Richardson's goat, and his Airedale, ever on the alert to salute, is trained. The Sergeant, kindly, telling every man's triumphs but his own, is one of the world's great riders. Of the 482 at the Remount, he picked most of these mentioned, for the "Birthday party", beside Roth Clark, Harry Peabody, Norman Venable, Edward Aspsas, Frank Daniels and Virgil Absten, to mention them baptismally, to represent

that West of which they are a typical remnant, the boundless, adventurous, dramatic but genuine West, antagonistic to everything for which the Hun stands, and, against him, and him only, the

WILD WEST.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

THE FIRST—LAST 44TH INFANTRY—COL. E. N. JONES AND  
LIEUT. E. N.—A BENCH SHOW—OFFICERS WHO MOVED ON  
AND SOME WHO STAYED — CHAPLAIN KENDALL — AN  
ASSYRIAN, A SERBIAN, A GREEK, AN AMERICAN, AND AN  
INDIAN—SERGT. BIRD'S AMAZING JUMP—THE TWO ENDS  
OF AN ARMY FROM ONE CLUB—A SELF DEMOTION.

Probably no other than this verse in the Bible is implicitly believed by every man in an entire regiment, "The first shall be last and the last first," that regiment being the 44th United States Infantry. It was organized early in the Summer of 1917 at Vancouver Barracks, of volunteers only, men eager for immediate overseas service who thought "Regs" would sooner reach the Front than the National Army. Only attached to Camp Lewis when the 91st Division formed there, the 44th was never a part of it, patiently awaiting marching orders. The only ones who moved on were their officers, scarcely one of whom remains. Other bodies were ordered abroad from time to time, and finally the entire Division went overseas, but the 44th remained. It speaks well for the fiber of the enlisted men with it that they did not entirely lose spirit under these repeated disappointments. They had trained intensively, they were of Americans and the West more than any other regiment, not a man of them was drafted until some time after their arrival at Camp Lewis. A private spoke for others: "We enlisted to follow the fortunes of war but instead were followed by mis-fortunes of peace. It was the limit when they wished hundreds of aliens on us, picked green at that, but we're soldiers we—we don't even talk."



COL. EDWARD N. JONES

Although Col. Edward N. Jones did not rejoin the 44th until November, he has remained with his regiment, almost the only officer to do so. He came from the 8th Infantry to organize his own at Vancouver Barracks. He

has seen longer service than any other Commander at Camp, having been graduated in the same class with Gen. Pershing from West Point, thirty-six years ago, but he is a younger man than the General, for he was but seventeen when he entered the United States Military Academy. In those days candidates were first examined at a city in their own State and the successful contestant then went to West Point and was again subjected to a difficult examination. If he failed to pass this, he had the mortification of returning to his home, and at his own expense.

When, ambitious to enter this competitive examination, young Jones went to Selma, Alabama, not very far from the plantation upon which he was born, he had never been out of his native State. His father, a noted jurist, had followed the practice of Southern gentlemen in those days by erecting a small school-house upon his plantation, assembling the children of near-by planters, and bringing in a teacher. The young boy, small for his age, had had no other schooling but was ready for college when he entered this competitive test with a number of boys, all older, and prepared in city schools. An uncle urged the youngster to return for a visit, assuring him that he stood no chance with the others, but, to this day from that, man and boy was sure of what he knew. He remained and won. In fact, that was a family characteristic, judging from what has been accomplished by various members of the Welsh family from which they sprang. The Welsh seem to have so few names and them such common ones,—Lloyd, Williams and Jones almost exhaust the supply, that men must distinguish themselves to sound out. From before the Revolution, and during it, Jones did so sound, in fighting, in authorship, in law. A Jones owned large estates in Virginia and was repeatedly member of the House of Burgesses. From one, Peter Jones, Petersburg was named in Old Virginia.

Lieut. Edward N. Jones was given his commission just in time to do some fighting against the Apaches and help round up Geronimo. Only Col. Jones and Gen. McDonald wear the red service ribbon at Camp Lewis. The former



was still Second-Lieutenant when troops were fired upon by the Sioux, resulting in the disgraceful Pine Ridge massacre, between Christmas and New Years 1890-1, resultant upon the Ghost Dance troubles, after which Sitting Bull came to his merited end. A pipe bag belonging to this old scoundrel and some ghost shirts and paraphernalia used in that wonderful movement are in my own collection.

It was upon this campaign that Lieut. Jones marched with his company, the thermometer registering forty degrees below zero the entire forty-two miles, to Fort McKinney. This, in reply to a young fellow of the 44th, who, telling of the long hikes they take in that regiment to harden them for campaigning in France, said that one day they had just returned from a little stroll of twenty miles when he overheard the Colonel inquire of a young lieutenant, with no hint of irony in the tone, "*fatigued?*" It helps these green young National Army boys to know their older officers did it all, and much more. As for hikes, the 44th *began* with twelve miles.

In the Cuban war, Jones was Aid to Gen. Randall. Then he went to the Philippines for five years, and saw some real fighting. The cities were peaceful but he was unwilling to remain so. He pursued Gen. Caillas so relentlessly that the latter set a price of \$10,000 upon his head and posted the offer wherever he thought it unlikely Americans would see it, throughout the island. Quite a flattering price for bringing in one caput when you reflect how the head-hunters enjoyed the sport for its own sake. However, Col. Jones is still wearing a cap, in fact was Chief Quartermaster for nearly two years with Gen. Leonard Wood at Mindanao after that.

Not being Gen. Wood's Aid, there is not the slightest connection of ideas in the decision of the former's little son, years ago in Manila, when he and Frank Davis, the 361st Colonel's son, were forming their leaden soldiers for battle. Frank, as head of the Benzine Board, was about to cast out several bent and broken as unfit for the ranks, when little Judge-Advocate Wood said, "No; we'll just lean them against this post, they're good enough for Aids."

Jones unearthed plots concocted against our government in the islands by one of the other powers, whose consul thought it advisable to flee. Then he brought in another conspirator, with proof, only to be told that the man would better be dismissed, that international complications might arise. But Jones insisted that either the man was guilty or he himself for accusing him, and that one or the other *must* be tried, which was finally done, and the plotter sentenced to be hanged. He was only imprisoned, however, and a general amnesty afterward freed him.

That is a peculiarity of Col. Jones, he is as sure as Lord Macauley of what he knows. One day when the regiment was on parade, there was something about escorting the colors which did not satisfy the Colonel, who is a stickler for regulations. He complained to the Captain of the Company, who cited page and paragraph of the manual to prove that the ceremony had been correctly performed; for Col. Jones, though strict, has a reputation for justness not less than authority upon such procedure.

"Tear it out," yelled the Colonel, "if that's what it says, tear it out, it's wrong." "And," added the relater proudly, "It was. Col. Jones knows what he's about, and everybody knows it."

There have been of his family in every war of this Country, and the Colonel welcomed his only son, Lieut. Edward N., into this. Straight from graduation at West Point, he came to visit his parents and was given what might be called his coming-in party at the officers' hall of the 44th, all its officers and their wives receiving with Col. and Mrs. Jones, and a large number of guests dancing. There was a great birthday cake, too, for Lieut. E. N., Junior, was twenty-one, the age of Lieut. E. N., former, just after taking his commission.

The band of the 44th is enough to make one dance, anyway. For a long time, the regiment, expecting to go Across, did nothing to improve its surroundings, but finally erected the most artistic bandstand on the cantonment. The foundation is octagonal, of crossed logs, steps of puncheon. The rail has 44th intermingled in varied

styles. Log pillars uphold a roof of saplings. Rustic flower boxes and baskets make it gay. A twisted dead tree still serves to swing a sign inviting everybody to tri-weekly concerts, and twelve large and comfortable rustic benches encircling the green, repeat the invitation. These seats were made by the mechanics of every company of the 44th, in a Spring competition. The prize of ten dollars was awarded that made by Company H. It is really beautiful, of scrub oak with the gray lichen and bark left upon it, Company letter and Regiment number set in as ornament to the back, and the whole pinned together in Dutch style. Company K's is a close second in beauty, with brown hazel branches forming a long graceful curve from its high back for its seat. Most of them, however, are artistic, and all comfortable to rest upon of an evening after coming in, tired and dirty, from the rifle-range.

Capt. J. G. Platts has given the men talks upon astronomy, for they must march by the stars at night, and upon map-making—they have an eight-by-fourteen map, for the day use. The 44th has specialized in battalion night work. Those wearing white upon their hats and arms are enemies to be sought out.

The 44th came to Camp Lewis under command of Maj. Isaac Newell, now full Colonel, and long since gone from the regiment. Maj. Charles E. Reese followed the leader in both respects, and is now Colonel in command of the School of Musketry, Fort Sill, Oklahoma—no wonder: he too, holds the rare Distinguished Rifle Shot Medal, third only, of those coveted medals won, to my knowledge, by officers stationed at Camp Lewis this first year. Maj. W. J. Hartigan, of the 61st Infantry, is in France.

As for Captains, Huston, All-American football player at West Point, went to Fort Leavenworth, Kenneth Halpine to Camp Beauregard, Harold Dabney, now Major, to the 76th Infantry. All these were Regular army men, West Pointers. A present Captain, J. C. Baker, would have been of them had he not disagreed with the traditions of the Military Academy. However, he informed his father,

Colonel of a Texas regiment, that if he, J. C., didn't wear leather leggings and ride a black horse, it would be because they were not longer made nor bred. His leggings, you observe, are leather, and, being Adjutant of the regiment and so of the staff, he already rides his black horse, although if it were not for his ability, he would be awaiting one more rank to mount him.

Capt. R. K. Smith is another Colonel's son, retired—the Colonel, decidedly not the Captain,—and Supply Captain Reade M. Ireland is a nephew of Col. Ireland who went to France upon Gen. Pershing's Staff. There are a number of Michigan men in the 44th. First-Lieuts. Ireland and Lankaster are of them, sent from Fort Sheridan.

Some of the 44th Infantry say that Chaplain Kendall should drop his first name, John, in favor of Truman, his descriptive second. He was born in Wisconsin, to which state his grandparents came in the '50's,, and where Grandth'r Kendall put in thirty years of missionary ministry.

The chaplain is a graduate of Lawrence College, same State. He entered the ministry in 1898, enlisted in the Wisconsin National Guard, in 1908, was commissioned chaplain and Captain of the 2nd Infantry three years after, mustered into United States Service in 1916, into the Regular Army as First-Lieutenant, September 12, 1917, and assigned to the 44th.

He has taken much interest in the club-house, where a branch of Liberty Library is housed, where there are card, billiard and pool tables, desks with 44th Infantry stationery, a piano, a rest room for women, for it is a long way to Liberty Gate—and a hard wood floor for dancing. How odd it would have seemed in a recent past for a Methodist elder to be managing dancing parties! He would have been "churched." Instead, Epworth Church has adopted the 44th.

The men have contributed to a fund which pays bus fare both ways for those invited to their dances and their chaperones, although the rate, as with the Artillery buses for the same purpose, was *raised* for their benefit.



CHAPLAIN JOHN T. KENDALL

In passing, the bus service to and from the city has, from first to last, been a sore subject. Soldiers have wasted, all told, *days* of precious time standing in the rain in a two or three-block line waiting for ramshackle vehicles to take them, and their entire day's pay, for the trip. Here's hoping the next Division will be better provided for.

Beside Lieut. Kendall, another of this regiment is from Lawrence College, Wisconsin, though he was born the world away, in Kurdistan, not far from ancient Nineveh. Lazarus George first attended the little rural school at Baz, then, for three years, the Presbyterian College at Urmia, Persia. He was upon a furlough when Dr. Coan, president of that college, visited this Coast and Camp, so,



to George's great disappointment, he missed seeing his former professor.

Lazarus George enlisted from Chicago, and is now corporal in Company B. He is an Assyrian. When Russians and Kurds abandoned the Allies, they left his people to the tender mercies of the Turks. All of his family and relations were massacred except his mother and one other who escaped from the country but doubtless died of starvation, as he has never heard from either. It was the knowledge of their suffering that made the rug-merchant volunteer as soldier: the native of a country covered with wonderful ruins of a high civilization, extending as many centuries *B. C.* as this baby one of ours lies *A. D.*, to join men of America against an uncivilized foe. When this war is won, he will return to the land of his fathers as missionary of new faith and new works.

Another foreigner in the 44th who volunteered, and who already wears two stripes upon his sleeve, is Bogo Popich, Serbian. He, too, has a debt to pay, not only to his oppressed yet dauntless land, but to hated Austria. Of two brothers, drafted into the army there, one was killed in action, the other basely murdered. Jumping contests were held in his regiment for a money prize which the despised Serbian won. The following night, Austrian soldiers robbed him of the money, dragged him from his tent, and beat him to death with the long loaves of black bread furnished the army. Bogo Popich was in this land of freedom but enlisted at once and grimly awaits his chance.

That jumping contest recalls another in which a 44th man made an amazing running trench leap of nineteen feet-three inches at the Division Meet, not in trunks, mind you, but in full uniform and field shoes, not carrying propelling weights, as Popich's brother did, but a gun and bayonet weighing nearly ten pounds. Perhaps his name helped him, Bird, Sergeant Bird.

More than that, he was obliged to hold his alighting position, to pierce a dummy lying upon the ground, withdraw his bayonet after the leap and thrust it into an imaginary standing enemy.



The 44th is very proud of taking third place in this Meet, and with reason. As was said, the regiment is not a part of the 91st Division, so it was somebody's omission that they were not informed they were expected to take part in the contests. Other regiments practiced

all their free time for weeks, but this, which beside was not then at war strength, did nothing along those lines. Not until Retreat the night before the tournament, was a Bulletin from Headquarters read informing the 44th that it would compete at 1:30 next afternoon, trench-jumping, relay race etc. etc.

Dismay, and something blacker, forsooth, clouded their faces, and tongues ran relay and squad races till Taps. But Col. Jones rose to the occasion, boast the boys. He ordered the regiment massed at seven next morning and himself addressed the men. He told them they should have the *entire morning* to achieve what others had weeks to prepare for. He suggested that very Company choose its athletes, and they, leaders, for intensive training. This they did, with two of the results as above.

"Yes, and we *should* have had first instead of second place in squad drill, everybody concedes that. It was given out that no applause would be allowed to distract contestants, and there was none until our squad did such perfect work that the onlookers applauded and one of our men lost his head—or his foot—Oh, but we were sore!" this from a man of the 44th, as you have guessed.

An athlete who for a time acted as physical director at the near-by Y is Private Frio of B, who was for three years featherweight champion of New England. He was traveling with a circus when he decided that a pup tent was the big one, and enlisted while West.

Private W. E. Stevens of F hails from Cheyenne, Gen. Pershing's home, where a star upon the service flag of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, says Stevens, shines among the 300, for Pershing. Private Stevens of the 44th, and Gen. Pershing, head of the United States army in France, belong to the same club in Cheyenne, Wyoming.

One Company of the 44th, too soldierly, being Regulars, to comment, looks perfectly blank if by any chance one touch upon phychiatry. The reason is a Greek, who no longer belongs. The man never spoke, not even yea or nay, till it got on a fellow's nerves; it was fair uncanny. This went on for months, till one day he suddenly opened

the floodgates of his speech and inundated his messmates. He talked from Reveille to Taps and from Taps to Reveille. He proposed the most preposterous schemes, discussed idiotic inventions. First he was disciplined, next he was taken to the infirmary, finally he was brought before the Psychiatric Board and dismissed from the service.

Suddenly and permanently restored to normal, P—— is now steadily employed, at good wages, at a local shipyard, "but what can you expect of a Greek?"

On the contrary, there's an American private with a large auto business at Bellingham. Whenever he has a day off, he buys a machine, runs himself home in it, sells the car, and comes back to Camp Lewis by train. Then, again, there's First Sergeant John Walker of Headquarters Company, who enlisted last June "hoping to go quick." He became Sergeant-Major of the regiment, but demoted himself because he "wanted to get back into the line and a fighting chance." He'd had enough office business in the big smelter in which his father is partner. But then he is not a Greek, either, though not so far back an American as Jeff Secena, also of Headquarters Company, a Chehalis Indian who enlisted in Salem, Oregon.

Walker is not the Sergeant who has recently been training recruits, and who is still out of breath. Double time, it should be explained, is top speed, while quick is only a dog trot. The sergeant had ordered double and, seeing a friend he wished to speak to, called "quick." Instead of slowing up, the men, eager to do their best, started off at a pace to win a race, and the sergeant, who is stout, "lost ten pounds catching his men. Wish he had the ordering us to France."

Well, the first shall be last,

*But*

the last shall be first, 44th.

## After You Left

You remember the 1st Infantry were at Murray awaiting your departure. Well, commanded by Lt. Col. E. A. Shuttleworth, they entered your barracks the very day you vacated them, though their Pioneer Company, under Capt. Meriwether Lewis, with Clarke, four sergeants and twenty enlisted men, broke the trail in 1803. It took the regiment a long, long time to reach here, but you see it is old, the oldest in the United States, born in June, 1784. They had celebrated the first Fourth of July in the new Nation, and they celebrated the first in the new cantonment. Pity you were not here for the Birthday.

As in many a family, the youngest was first to break the home circle and go out into the world: so you. Some of you were but boys, yet your un-lived college days lie long behind. Suddenly you are men, gone upon a terrible business.

Some of you wedded the women you love before you went, resolved, so you said, to seal them to that future which you were sure you would return to share. And many of those brides, such girlish brides, are bearing your absence and your little ones at the same weary time, but very bravely, be sure you realize that. Winning the greater glory, yours is the lesser courage.

And some of you left little curly-heads behind. Their sleepy eyes sometimes close in the midst of their prayer for you "away, 'way off in Fwance," but She finishes it, or rather carries it on to you. Other women we had all thought hard, or rattle-brained, absorbed in trifles—and, indeed, they were: you suspected, perhaps even knew it—are putting the little ones to bed themselves now, every night, to the wondering joy of the children. You should hear their unwonted prayers, but very likely you do. Messages by wireless from the soul are picked up clearly even amid the dim of battle.

A few of you left older children who are back at school, studying hard to do you credit, making no trouble for mother and grandmother, they want me to tell you,



trying to take your place, though of course that is impossible, no one in the world can do that, no one; but they are trying to be a comfort. They are quieter than they used to be, graver than perhaps you would like to see them, but not moping, you understand, just standing by the women you left to care for them, or was it to be cared for by them? No matter, it is working both ways. It would make you proud to hear what Paul and Pauline say of their soldier father. At least you *should* be proud, but perhaps—no, of course not, it cannot be that it makes you ashamed.

As for you elder, ranking officers, whose sons fight with you at the Front, leaving your women folk doubly bereft and doubly proud, they would be insufferable in that pride were they not humbled by the loneliness. But you must hear only how brave they are, every whit as brave as you across the sea bearing the leadership of this great Last War for Peace.

And so, from the wee baby who has not yet come wailing into this sorrowful world, from the dear little imps who laughed when you went, and the elders who smiled till your trains pulled out, to the dear old people who "go softly all their days," we are loving you, longing and praying for you, believing in you, proud of you, working hard and waiting hard for You.

In our language there is, unfortunately, no word of farewell, which, like *au revoir* or *hasta la bueta*, presages happy return; so we upon the watchtower in beloved America, light you this beacon, and throw its gleam across sea and war, signaling—





















